

GLENN JOSEPH “JAKE” LAWLOR: ORAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IOWA NATIVE, WITH A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF NEVADA ATHLETICS, 1926-1971

Interviewee: Glenn Joseph “Jake” Lawlor

Interviewed: 1970-1971

Published: 1971

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #044

Description

Glenn J. “Jake” Lawlor was for more than five decades one of the best-known sports figures in Nevada. A native of Iowa and at nineteen already an accomplished athlete, Lawlor arrived in Nevada in 1926 to attend the university at Reno. There, in company with his brother, he achieved recognition for outstanding performances in baseball, basketball, and football. The Lawlor brothers were familiar to hundreds of spectators at sports events all over the West during the 1920s.

After graduation from the University of Nevada in 1930 and a brief career in professional baseball, Jake Lawlor became a high school coach at Virginia City, Nevada, where he served as mentor for high school, elementary school, and town athletes from 1932 to 1937. Leaving Virginia City to pursue graduate studies, he subsequently accepted a new coaching assignment at Delano, California, where he coached the teams of the Delano Joint Union High School from 1938 to 1942, visiting often in Reno to see friends or for summer work.

In 1942, Jake Lawlor returned to the University of Nevada, where he served as coach in nearly every sport, as a friend and advisor to hundreds of students, and as an inspiration both to young players and to other coaches. Lawlor was at the university during its brief “big time” sports era and through years of retrenchment in the athletics program. He was coach to both outstanding professionals and to youngsters who just enjoyed a good game. Many, if not most, of the present-day high school coaches in Nevada learned their craft from Jake Lawlor; probably thousands of students acquired the elements of sports and sportsmanship under his tutelage. Lawlor’s oral history ranges widely over nearly all segments of his lengthy career.

**GLENN JOSEPH “JAKE” LAWLOR:
ORAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IOWA NATIVE, WITH
A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF NEVADA ATHLETICS, 1926-1971**

**GLENN JOSEPH “JAKE” LAWLOR:
ORAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IOWA NATIVE, WITH
A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF NEVADA ATHLETICS, 1926-1971**

An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Copyright 1971
University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

All rights reserved. Published 1971.
Printed in the United States of America

Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program Use Policy

All UNOHP interviews are copyrighted materials. They may be downloaded and/or printed for personal reference and educational use, but not republished or sold. Under “fair use” standards, excerpts of up to 1000 words may be quoted for publication without UNOHP permission as long as the use is non-commercial and materials are properly cited. The citation should include the title of the work, the name of the person or people interviewed, the date of publication or production, and the fact that the work was published or produced by the University of Nevada Oral History Program (and collaborating institutions, when applicable). Requests for permission to quote for other publication, or to use any photos found within the transcripts, should be addressed to the UNOHP, Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, Reno, NV 89557-0324. Original recordings of most UNOHP interviews are available for research purposes upon request.

CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Introduction	xi
1. Early Life, Education, and Career	1
2. The University of Nevada, 1942-1970	27
The “Big Time” Sports Era	
The Athletic Program after 1951 and the Far Western Conference	
The Western Collegiate Athletic Conference	
Comments on Sports Competition in the University Program	
“Minor Sports” at Nevada	
Black Athletes and Their Problems	
Observations on Coaching Practice	
Comments on Special Aspects of the Athletic Program	
The Block N Society	
Dealing with the News Media	
The University Presidents: Their Attitudes on Athletics	
The Board of Regents and the Sports Program	
3. Conclusion	127
Plans for the Future	
Original Index: For Reference Only	129

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Glenn J. “Jake” Lawlor has been for more than four decades one of the best-known sports figures in Nevada. A native of Iowa and at nineteen already an accomplished athlete, Lawlor arrived in Nevada in 1926 to attend the University at Reno. There, in company with his brother, he achieved recognition for outstanding performances in baseball, basketball, and football. The Lawlor brothers were familiar to hundreds of spectators at sports events all over the West during the 1920’s.

After graduation from the University of Nevada in 1930 and a brief career in professional baseball, Jake Lawlor became a high school coach at Virginia City, Nevada, where he served as mentor for high school, elementary school, and town athletes from 1932 to 1937. Leaving Virginia City to pursue graduate studies, he subsequently accepted a new coaching assignment at Delano, California, where he coached the teams of the Delano Joint Union High School from 1938 to 1942, visiting often in Reno to see friends or for summer work.

In 1942, Jake Lawlor returned to the University of Nevada, where he served as coach in nearly every sport, as a friend and advisor to hundreds of students, and as an inspiration both to young players and to other coaches. Lawlor was at the University during its brief “big time” sports era and through years of retrenchment in the athletics program; he was coach to both outstanding professionals and to youngsters who just enjoyed a good game. Many, if not most of the present-day high school coaches in Nevada learned their craft from Jake Lawlor; probably thousands of students acquired the elements of sports and sportsmanship under his tutelage. Lawlor’s oral history ranges widely over nearly all segments of his lengthy career.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Lawlor accepted readily. He was a cooperative, gracious, and good-humored chronicler of his career through six interviews between December 9, 1970 and January 11, 1971; all taping sessions were conducted in the Athletics office at the University of Nevada, Reno. Mr. Lawlor’

s review of his oral history script resulted in no substantial changes in language or information.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University of Nevada libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Glenn J. Lawlor has generously assigned his literary rights in the oral history to the University of Nevada, and designated his memoir as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1971

EARLY LIFE, EDUCATION, AND CAREER

Well, I will start out with the early history of my life; I suppose it starts when I was born. I came from the state of Iowa, born on a farm about three miles out of a small town named Victor, of about seven hundred people. And, of course, the outlying farm areas (and it was essentially farming) would include a lot more in the county area. Most of the people in that area were of Irish descent, or German, and a good many Belgian people moved in. When I was young, there were a lot of 'em there then.

I came from a rather large family of ten children. Today there are six of them still living, three boys and three girls, or three men and three women. Early, I can remember the outstanding things in—when I was real young, over Christmas and Easter, and sort of festivities that we'd have in our own family and with relatives, typical of a small town and a small country community.

My dad, John, was a farmer all his life. We had about two hundred acres of land. And in Iowa, it's a dry farming activity (there is no irrigation), and I can recall many times my dad being worried about rainfall. We'd have a dry

spell, he'd have to wait for the rains to come because there was no other way to irrigate.

I went to a country school about two miles from our house, up the small county road. There were three of us attended that school, three of the older ones. I was the second in the family, my older brother, Michael, Mike, and then right behind me was my older sister, Catherine Lawlor. And we, of course, walked to school. I won't go into any detail about how deep the snow was, not that a lot of people don't talk about it. It was a one-room schoolhouse, with a typical stove, wood and coal, and I'm sure that the one teacher we had, who handled all eight grades and some thirty to thirty-five country youngsters, started the fire in the morning unless some nearby farmer might feel like helping her out.

We had all the subjects that were popular in those days, and I know there weren't near as many as there are today. I can recall the two teachers I had in the two years I went there, Alma Hovey, rather a quiet but sincere and very interested teacher. I even recall seeing her many years later and enjoying talking to her

about the early times in the old schoolhouse. And then the next teacher the next year I had was my mother's sister, which, of course, gave me a break on grades. We had the usual games in recess and after school.

Most of the time after school, the country youngsters were told to get home as fast as they could, particularly because of chores that most young people had to do within the family. We all had ours outlined. I know my dad ran the family pretty strict. Although I wouldn't call him a real tough disciplinarian, he expected cooperation. And I think it worked out pretty well for all of us. Now, when I'm talking about this, of course, some of the youngsters weren't born yet. They came along all the way from about twenty years, these ten youngsters were born.

The two things I can remember that always stood out every week were going in to Victor, the town (population of 700), particularly in the summer, to attend the band concert. The youngsters would walk up and down the street, typical of a small town. And there was a movie, I remember, that came into being about the time I was eight or ten. It was a real small movie house, and, of course, the pictures were silent, since this was back in 1912, '13, '14. And then Sunday, we got all dressed up and everybody went in to Mass, in to church. There were several denominations of churches in Victor; I believe there were four. And after going to church, we would visit our grandparents, and I can recall them looking forward to it every Sunday, and also, other relatives who came in. We'd all meet there. My father came from a fairly large family, so there were a lot of relatives around that area.

Then about time I was seven—six or seven, my dad—things were pretty good then, and my dad decided to build a house in town, and particularly because a parochial school was just being built, named St. John's. It started out

to be a grammar school and later added high school within a couple years. This is more or less typical of the families around there. I think church had a great deal to do with their lives, regardless of what denomination, and so on.

Anyway, we lived about two blocks from the school, which made it very convenient to get there. It was run by nuns. And, of course, the principal was the pastor in the church, more or less automatic. Never were there too many students in any class. Maybe we'd have eighteen or twenty, and on up through, and we had about five, six teachers at the start, and then I know they added some when we started high school.

We didn't really have a place to participate in any athletics or physical education. I don't think physical education was really thought of in those days. But we always managed to find a place to play. We didn't have a gym. We had a tennis court, and that's the first area that I ever played basketball on. It was behind the church and kept up pretty well so it made a nice, smooth surface. And the pastor put up baskets, one on each end, and I can recall my brother [Mike] and I—I don't really remember when we started to play any game, but it seemed like we played from birth. And we spent many hours there when we didn't have chores or work to do at home.

Now, when we left the farm and moved into town, it eliminated a lot of the extra work that we otherwise would have had to be doing, although weekends, my dad always found plenty for us to do out on the farm. I can recall in the wintertime cutting wood in real cold weather, which is typical. of Iowa and the Middle West. And, of course, all that was what we burned in our furnace in the house in town. I recall in the summer cultivating corn (and this is when we were real young, still in grammar school) and working with teams and shocking oats, which may be a strange

sound to some people, but it was one of the main crops in that area—timothy and clover hay—and we made that, put it in the barn and stacked it. And then I recall a colorful time each summer, always, was threshing, when we had the threshers, as we called them then, with one machine working for about twenty farmers, moving from one farm to another and threshing the grain. And I can remember the big engines coming in.

And probably the one thing that stood out—and I still am really flabbergasted—was the amount of food that those people that worked ate. All the different women around would come in for ours, specifically, and bring pies and cakes, and they'd make a big, heavy meal. And it was rather typical of the Middle West to eat two heavy meals, and I really think the noon meal was always the heaviest. But there would be two meals a day, and if you had two days—enough grain where it took two days to do it, why, you'd have the same thing twice. And I know for us youngsters, it was great to be around and watch the machinery work.

And later on, of course, when we were living in town, every summer we would move to the house on the farm, and we'd stay there most of the summer. The house in town would be practically closed. And it was a good experience, going back and forth. And we kept pace with all the other young people in the town, working at the jobs typical of the farm, and, of course, doing the chores, which are basic, because you have to do those in the morning, you have to do them at night. And I always used to wonder why my dad insisted in milking cows at five in the morning. I'm sure they didn't have an alarm clock, but it was part of the act in the Middle West that all chores had to be done real early. And you can imagine me at the age of ten, twelve, thirteen getting up at five in the mornings, even in the summertime.

I recall barn dances, which were probably the key social activities. The grain would be taken—or, rather, the hay'd be taken out of a barn, and a big barn dance would be planned. The women would decorate (not too elaborate, of course), and the floor in any barn loft never was too smooth. And the music was always provided by fiddlers, they were called in those days, about four, maybe five of the parents around there who could play a violin. My dad was one of them. I recall there wasn't a one of them put the fiddle up to his chin; it was always held on his chest, the old-time fiddler type. And these were great for youngsters. We'd run all over and get in everybody's hair, and it was really the times when those things were important.

In school at St. John's, we'd have our typical school parties. Not too many times—*never* were we allowed to do anything during school days; that was taboo because they felt that was for the old reading, writing, and arithmetic. I went one year in high school there, and, as I say, the only gym I ever saw was an outdoor one on a tennis court. (But I recall playing basketball in a gym at Iowa City when we played St. Patrick's.)

In 1920, my brother, Mike, who is the oldest, two years older than me, was sent to boarding school in St. Ambrose. Now, St. Ambrose is in Davenport, Iowa on the Mississippi, about a hundred miles from our town. And in those days, a hundred miles was a terrific distance. Ahead of Mike, my brother, were other relatives. The Kilcoin family, a couple boys older than us, went there; my dad's brother's oldest boys, Red [Raymond] and Gene [Eugene], they went there. And then Mike's turn came, and so actually, that was more or less routine. It was the number one Catholic academy in the area. Times were good, and my dad always was concerned with our education, which

was, of course, a great thing for us. We didn't realize it at the time.

But I know I couldn't wait for my turn to go, and when I was a sophomore, I entered St. Ambrose Academy in Davenport. It was an academy and college combined on the same campus. However, we just attended the academy. And then when I did get to go in my sophomore year, having looked forward to it a whole year and knowing I was going (of course, it wasn't any surprise), then we started to branch out athletically, I guess you could say. Of course, we still went to class and were able to keep up our work. We didn't at any time flunk out. I wouldn't say there was any Einsteins in my family. But athletically, we both seemed to just gravitate to it. In the little activities at Victor, of course, we were limited. There was a public high school there with a gym, but, of course, we never had a team of any consequence, so we didn't play in it. And now, we were in a sort of a new place, a city of some 40,000. And, of course, a boarding school is just that. You're more or less controlled and inside the fence most of the time, and there's a lot of time on your hands, and so athletics filled in those extra hours that we weren't studying or sleeping or what else.

We both played. My brother had played on the St. Ambrose Midgets, which we—it's the same thing that you'd call a jayvee in high school out here now. And then when I went, he moved up to the varsity, and I played with the Midgets (if you can imagine anybody my size playing with the Midgets). At that time, of course, I was a lot younger, and probably not as wide! But I enjoyed those days there very much.

I thought they had a wonderful program at the school. I recall my first coach, who was Father Anthony Adrian (he later was a bishop in Nashville, Tennessee) and was a very firm, determined man. He was a what you'd refer

to as a "winner." I'm sure some of his ideas in coaching I remembered all through my life and probably used a lot of his philosophy. He was a very fine man and I'm sure had the respect of everybody that ever played for him. I'd say he was in his late thirties when I first knew him, and he just took care of the Midgets. It was sort of an avocation with him. They had some fine teams, and I won't go into any detail on how we won or lost or who we played, but we played plenty of teams around the tri-cities, Davenport, Rock Island, Moline. And he always had a great record of wins.

Moving up, the next year I moved up to the varsity, and my brother and I played together on the varsity, which combination, I suppose, helped us out later on. We played in college together. We had some real great competition.

We played teams out of Chicago. I recall the national Catholic championship in Chicago. We qualified from our district, and that's the first time I ever saw an elevator, was when we went into the Edgewater Beach Hotel, which, at that time, was brand new, and I think now it's about ready to go or maybe has been remodeled. Of course, that was a great trip.

I recall another great trip to Chicago. My dad took my older brother and I in with some cattle. We went in on the caboose. That was a common activity. They'd feed cattle and then sell 'em, and then he'd go in with them (riding in the caboose on the train) to the stockyards in Chicago. And I recall we got to see a major league baseball game when I was about twelve. (I'm going back a little bit, but Chicago made me think of this.) Babe Ruth was playing with the Yankees. The Yankees played the White Sox. And, of course, he was an immortal in baseball; and for us kids, as a lot of 'em are, even today, he was a great hero and a great guy to watch, and very colorful.

We played football, basketball, and baseball. They all were offered at St. Ambrose

Academy. And I guess we just “lived” the games. We—sort of a combination of brothers that stayed together all through that.

Well, I [laughing] wouldn't know whether I was a competitor or not. I would say that in high school, naturally— a rather interesting thing. I was in a gym once, when I was at St. John's. The pastor of the church decided that we were going to play St. Patrick's in Iowa City. And Iowa City, of course, was a town of about 15,000 then; it's where the state University of Iowa is. And it was drummed up, and I know we went down on the train, a big trip—thirty—five miles. Our mothers made our uniforms. We played St. Patrick's at Iowa City in a gym. Actually, it was a made-over halfway barn, I think, but it was a gym, anyway. You could call it that.

And I recall very much the game because we didn't score a field goal. I know when we went out, there were seven of us on the team. And we went out to practice before the game. You could've covered us all with a blanket. We were like a bunch of sheep that were scared. We wouldn't leave each other for fear somebody'd move in on us. We played, and they had, of course, a typical high school city team who'd played. And we had only been playin' on the tennis court and didn't know just which direction we were going. We lost the game something like 48 to 12. And the twelve points we got were from free throws. And in those days, one guy shot 'em all. And I had been living on the tennis court shooting tree throws, and I made twelve out of twelve. And I got my picture in the Iowa city something—*Sentinel*, whatever it was—as having that great record of free throws. Of course, nobody could bother me when I was shootin' the free throws, so I didn't have as much trouble, and I'd thrown so many, I guess I couldn't miss.

But then, later on at St. Ambrose, we played St. Patrick's of Iowa City, and if you

want to call it that, my revenge—we beat them every time we played them at St. Ambrose—every time I played, and I played two years on the varsity. So I think we beat 'em four times. So I really felt good about that. It was kind of like bein' born again, I guess.

But I can recall my coach. My varsity coach in high school was Father O'Connor, Father Eddie O'Connor, who had been a great athlete himself at St. Ambrose College. And we had some real good basketball teams. One year, my brother was playing with me, and I remember we had a real tall man on the team, Robert “Shorty” Wagner, he was called, six foot three. He was exceptionally tall for basketball players during that time. Now, today, six foot three is a short guard. But as I say, we had some real good competition around there. I can recall Shorty Wagner being a tough competitor.

And as I will say, too, that maybe I, being a country boy, was a little bit concerned about playing with all these city kids. They were kind of running in gangs, and I was a little worried when I got there. It seemed like, in competition, I could forget a lot of things that otherwise would've bothered me. And I know I was taught by the coaching I had, and I'll always say that, that it's given me something. I remember Father Adrian telling me when I was a Midget—. One time we were playing, and I was sort of short and stocky—in fact, you could call me fat, I guess, even though I was active. I recall playing, and some people on the sidelines (it was the preliminary game, and I was on the Midgets)—and I can recall the people laughing at me in front of me, right alongside, in the bleachers. And it bothered me, and the first thing I saw 'em lookin' at me and laughing. And I thought, “Well, there must be something wrong.” And it just happened that somebody told me what it was. I'd get pink when I'd be playin'. My skin is kind of thin anyway, psychologically as well as physically.

And I'd be pink all over. And when I'd look, I'd stare, whenever I'd watch an offensive man, I'd stare. I'd break open my eyes like I, you know, might've had somethin' wrong with my throat. And they were makin' fun of me. And it bothered me, and I started to look bad, and Father Adrian took me out. He was quite concerned, and I didn't say anything. He was quite a man, though. Afterward, the next Monday, he called me into his office and he said, "What was the matter with you the other night?"

And I said, "Oh, nothing. I just didn't feel good."

He said, "Oh, there must be something."

So I told him. I said, "These people were on my back, and I was a little concerned."

He says, "There's only one thing you want to remember, that those are suckers, and they paid four bits to see you. So don't ever let them bother you." He said, "That's the first thing you want to learn. Never let anybody bother you that's not in a game."

And I think that really helped me, and I think from then on, I felt that even an antagonistic crowd, it seemed to stir me up more. I could play as good away from home as I could at home. There were little things like that have helped me. I'm known now, I suppose you could say, as a coach who was very strict, and I wanted everything. I wanted—well, you could call it a hundred and ten percent. I don't believe in just doin' a job. I want it done better. And maybe it's because I didn't have always the best players, but I felt there was a way to win if they could do a little over. And these things along the way, I think, helped me a lot. Father O'Connor was a great competitor. And Doc Martie was a great competitor. Doc gave me something I know that I'll never forget, the desire to win. I know Doc has said of me that I was one of the best competitors he ever coached. He mentioned

that to me one time. And I told him, I said, "Well, Doc, you made me that way." In other words, it was the association with the type of coaches that sometimes go for this.

Now, I don't say that I'm any different than a lot of other competitors, no. I just say that someplace along the line, these things—a pride of winning. I got that without knowing what pride was. I didn't make an expression like that. It's made quite a bit today, but I guess I had it. As a coach, as a player, I can remember how disappointed I'd be in losing after a game. Later on, as a coach, I felt sorry for the kids I had when they'd lose. I'd rather ride 'em, and maybe not be so popular, just to keep 'em from gettin' that feeling of futility, of, "We lost, we're lousy," or something like that. And I never felt I was going to win every one, or they weren't, either.

But all through high school, at St. Ambrose, I had a lot of people around me. It was a great spirit there, a great sort of a esprit de corps, I guess you could call it. Everybody was involved, The faculty were priests, and they were very interested in the athletic side of school. I don't remember any of them that didn't have some feeling toward the success of their athletic teams. And I think that's prevalent in a lot of schools like that, They're closely knit. Maybe a lot of those things came along, and some of the players we'd have who would start out.

Some of the players that we had at St. Ambrose, in high school, in academy, were also, as we'd call them, day students. They didn't board there. They were from Rock Island and Davenport and Moline, and they'd commute to school. Once in a while one from Rock Island might stay there for the week and go home weekends. And consequently I had the opportunity to mingle with and get acquainted with some real, you might say, competitive city kids that probably had to

fight their way a little harder than I did on the farm and in the farming area. I can remember Jack Garvey, he was a little guy, a tremendous competitor. Actually, we always used to think Jack wasn't afraid of anything. Nothing ever made him nervous. He was a peppercorn, and a lot of talking, and he could always seem to bring us out of it. He was the captain in my senior year. And I always thought a great deal of him. And not only that, he was a fine baseball player, a fine athlete. I don't know where he is today. I guess he's still around the tri-cities. I haven't seen him in a long time.

I remember a guy by the name of Bill O'Connor, a brother of the coach, who was a great competitor. Not too big, he was about five-eleven, but he'd get everything he could under the boards. And our method of playing—Father Adrian, who probably got me started right—was a press, all the time. You know, they talk today about these different types of offenses and defenses, and they call it the "press." I know Johnny Wooden, who is a very good friend of mine at UCLA, was famous for his press. And that was all people could talk about three years ago before he got Alcindor. And yet the press he used and the press he uses today is the same press as we used in basketball at St. Ambrose. And Father Adrian taught that. You never stopped playing. Soon as you lost the ball, you're on top of 'em.

And some of the teams we got to play, going from a small town like I did into Davenport—get to play Peoria and Galesburg, Illinois. I remember Spaulding Institute went to the quarter finals in one year in the state tournament, and the year we were there, won the championship. It was a national Catholic championship in Chicago. And other teams—Rock Island teams, and Moline, they had good high school teams, and we'd play them. We played, as I say, St. Patrick's in Iowa City, and Clinton had a real fine competitive school.

I can always look back and think of the way I learned athletics. As I say, it was a pride. At the same time, you're playin' for somebody, and everybody is looking for the good outcome, the win. And you make people that are close to you really feel much better. This is the idea. And as I said before, to me, the youngsters, themselves, that I coached, I always felt responsible for their feelings. And I wanted them to be proud of their game, how they played. And probably that's one of the reasons why I go so far, and I sometimes got a little rough on some, because I felt they had something and I had to bring it out. And sure, I suppose a lot of it was egotism on my part. I felt good, too, when we'd win, and naturally, somebody'd come and shake my hands, and I'm as human as the next guy, you know. Probably had a little extra egotism (I like to call it confidence). So I won't say it was all my humanitarianism. It probably was a little selfishness involved there. But to me, competition is the greatest thing in the world. I wouldn't trade what I got in athletics playing for anything. I think it's just a great break I got. And I always look back to the people that helped me, my parents, for example, my dad, who sent us away to school. I probably'd been back on that farm right now pushin' that plow, and maybe sittin' in the front room wondering where I could play golf. But I would've lost out on all this. My dad had no athletic ability or knowledge. But certainly, he always encouraged us. He'd act tough, but in the long run, we could talk him into anything that was athletic. And all these people—.

And then came the time when a head coach was named out here, Buck Shaw, whom everybody will recall as having been the football coach here from 1925 through '28. He was recruiting and was from Iowa himself, and knew of us (in fact, he knew some of our relatives), and he talked to my older brother

about coming out to Nevada in 1925. He had already had one year of college. So he came out and was ineligible for a year.

I'm still back at school at St. Ambrose, and, of course, in the back of my mind, I'm expecting to go, too, as I had followed Mike before. But my parents were a little bit concerned, particularly my mother. She thought it was a little too much, two of us going, but I tried to convince her that there were plenty of others left on the scene, and it might be a good idea, and I definitely wanted to go. And finally, I guess they thought there's no use in roping me, so out I came.

Of course, my brother, when he came out, joined the Sigma Nu fraternity. They rushed him, and he became a pledge and then a member during that first year. So I joined, also. About five of those members played baseball. They didn't have baseball at Nevada as a college or intercollegiate sport. It was an intramural sport, and, of course, fraternities were the backbone of the intramural during that time. And they still play a big part at Nevada today.

My brother went to Battle Mountain to the Betty O'Neal mine, where a job was waiting for him, to work during the summer and play baseball, as were four other fraternity brothers of his from the Sigma Nu fraternity. And in the correspondence we had, it was to join them, and he did. I came out. I recall my dad buying me a ticket out here, and I think I had ten dollars besides. Times weren't too good those years. Things got a little rough in the late '20's, and, of course, as you know, that period of time, the early '30's, was a little rough, too. But I came out, stopped at Battle Mountain. My brother met me with an old Ford they had bought to make their way around the camp out there, and we drove out about fifteen miles out of Battle Mountain to the Betty O'Neal mine.

The Betty O'Neal mine is still, I think, a working concern in that area. I'm not sure

just what they're doing there now, but I know it went in and out for years. It was owned and operated by Noble Getchell, a state senator at that time, and probably one of the more colorful people that I ever met in Nevada, and he's one of the early ones I met.

But I recall going out next morning. Everybody went to work; I stayed in bed. And the next day, I went to work, and that was the day I met Mr. Getchell. And having been interested in playing baseball, too, why, they didn't necessarily have a position open for me, but we went to the first game, and I recall a guy getting hurt, an outfielder, and I had been a catcher all my life, and my brother and I were a battery. He was pitching, though he was an infielder by this time, and that's what he was playing at the Betty. This fellow got hurt in a workout before the game, sprained his ankle, and I got to start that first Sunday game.

Now, this was a league in Nevada, and a real fine league, too. Even though some of the towns I'll name are not the biggest in the world, it had a lot of enthusiasm throughout the area. We were from the Betty, of course, Battle Mountain, and then Winnemucca had a team, Carlin had a team, Elko had a team, Austin had a team, and Eureka had a team. And we'd play the typical semipro back and forth in different towns.

Well, needless to say, when I got a chance to play, I got lucky enough so I was made a regular, and I got to play all year. And the job was real fine. It wasn't too hard a work; in fact, it was what you might call a baseball job, because Mr. Getchell was very interested in the baseball team. He didn't just manage the mine, he also managed the team.

I was always surprised when we'd go out to work up on a pipeline. Sometimes there'd be a noon hour of about three hours. It kind of made me restless, but I soon broke myself in. Coming off the farm, I thought you had to

work twelve hours a day. But this was a little different, and quite interesting to me, and I enjoyed it.

I recall one noon hour some young fellow working out there with us who lived in Nevada took me up, clear to the top of a high rise, sort of a foothill mountain, up where the rocks were, where I can recall, as we approached this place, you could see the sun glistening on these rocks. And he told me that this was nothing but about a thousand or tens of thousands of rattlesnakes sunning themselves. I had never seen a rattlesnake in my life. I'd heard of them. All we had back in Iowa were bullsnares and garter snakes, which we weren't even allowed to kill because they were good for getting rid of rodents, and so on, in the grain. So it was really thrilling to watch them. I know it was a hideous sight at first, but I'll always remember that area outside the Betty O'Neal.

But we enjoyed our activity there very much, and as I say, Noble Getchell was almost like a father to my brother and I, as was Mrs. Getchell a mother. She was a wonderful woman. I think a lot of the things that helped me get started here in Nevada is due to those two fine people.

Noble Getchell was a very colorful man. His background in Alaska with Mr. Wingfield, George Wingfield, Sr., and Tex Rickard, the old major fight promoter, they were up there at the same time. He used to tell us some stories about what happened up there. And I'll tell you, it was rugged country. You could tell from what he told us about it. And consequently, I was sure he retained that roughness, and he showed it in many ways in his competitive nature. And everything about our baseball team, he was in there pitching as well as any of the players.

I didn't get into Reno to see the University of Nevada until late in August. In those days, registration was in the latter part of August,

a couple of weeks before Labor Day. And football practice would start right away. That was the first time that I met Lawrence T. "Buck" Shaw. I had not known him when he was back in Iowa. He had recruited me and my brother by mail.

And then, of course, we were both out for football. My brother was eligible then after a year of transfer probation, which was the rule in those days, as it is now. And I was on the varsity, I was a little bigger than some, and luckily, I got selected to stay on the varsity (we did have a freshman team). So I got to play varsity football my first year.

And then I played four straight years in football. And, of course, my brother and I would play basketball, too, in those days. We didn't think about any specialization. We both played basketball. Buck was here for my first three years as a coach, one of the finest men in the coaching profession. I'm sure I don't have to say that because he's known nationally. He left here in 1929. He was at Santa Clara as assistant coach under Maurice "Clipper" Smith. And a rather interesting thing, he came back here as line coach when we played Santa Clara in 1931. I'll come back to that later.

In my years here in football, I remember one game (this was under Buck Shaw). We played Santa Clara in a Homecoming game, and the game result was a tie, seven to seven. The peculiar thing about that was that we had had a rash of injuries from previous games. And before the game, Coach Shaw had us in the dressing room before we went out, and he said, "It looks like"—he used the starting eleven, and he said, "It looks like you people will have to play the whole game. There won't be any substitutes unless some of you just have to come out of there. We just don't have 'em. We have too many injuries.

And that's what happened. Only eleven people played the game. My brother and I were

on the team; also, Jim Bailey, at this stage here, present date, is director of the Motor Vehicles, and earlier had coached here with me, he was a teammate both in football and basketball with my brother and I. Bailey scored our lone touchdown.

It was rather an interesting result, seven to seven. Nobody won, but then nobody lost, either, and we played a pretty tough Santa Clara team.

Basketball—Doc Martie, Dr. J. E. Martie, he was here at this school from 1923 until about 1950—something before he retired. He's a retired emeritus now. And Doc was the head basketball coach, and a real fine coach. My brother and I both played with him on his teams. He played two years, and me for four years.

In my last year in school, when I was a senior, Doc took a leave of absence to go to Springfield College to get his master's degree. And Chet Scranton, his assistant, took over. So Chet was our head coach during my senior year. But these three men were certainly wonderful to me.

We didn't have baseball at Nevada, but they did have intramural, interfraternity, and we played every spring.

Buck Shaw's program did not pan out financially. He had brought in quite a few people to play, recruiting football players. Most of them had to leave. There was no money available, and I know there just wasn't any place for my brother and I to go, except to stay here and sweat it out, so we did. We had no help, no help whatsoever financially, either from the area here or from home. Naturally, we felt at that time we couldn't expect our folks to give us much, so it was a battle to keep the bones together, I would say. But it worked out real well, because I had some real fine friends here. I remember one in particular who got me a regular job. It was almost clicking like

clockwork, because I took care of all the dirty windows and dirty rooms in the First and Virginia branch of the First National Bank. And that man, who was an old-time fraternity brother of mine, was Alton Glass. And he helped me get my three squares, or pay the fraternity.

It was rather interesting at that time, in the fraternity, our board and room was forty-five dollars. I doubt if they can get it for much less now. I'm sure they must go at least two and a half times that. But the fraternity was very good in that respect. We could run a bill. I don't know why they trusted us. We were a couple of floaters, so to speak. But we both would run a bill during the year. I can recall one I had of over four hundred dollars I owed them. And, of course, there were fraternity dues that they picked up. And there were odd jobs would keep a few of the necessities that we'd need. And, oh, we'd—I worked in a gas station a little bit. My second year, I got a job under Doc, cleaning out his office. And I know he still remembers I forgot to clean the wastebasket several times. And if anybody knew Doc, you'd know what he'd say. He was a very strict coach, a real fine coach, and I'll never forget some of the things that he taught me that stood me in good stead later as a coach.

In the summers is when we made our best money. Of course, I came out and worked at the Betty before I went to school, the Betty O'Neal mine. And in the summer of 1927, I played baseball out at Westwood, California and worked in the Red River Lumber Company millwright department. I was a millwright helper. I found out what it was after I got out there. It was just a matter of carrying a wrench and having it ready when the guy was fixing some of the machinery. But I enjoyed that surer very well and made enough money to come back and pay off all my bills so I could start going in the hole again.

The next summer I went to McGill, and my brother went to Ruth. They are the two towns outside of Ely. One is the mining area in the pit, and the other's the smelter. I was in the smelter area at McGill. The year before, Mike had gone out there, my older brother, and, of course, he told me about the gravy train out there, so I took off the next year and had a position all set to play baseball.

That was an interesting area and an interesting league. Ruth played McGill every Sunday. There was nobody else in the league. The players were all paid a fee for playing. I recall that as a catcher, I got twenty-five dollars per game. I think the pitcher got thirty-five, and the rest all got fifteen. And besides that, I had a good job given me. I worked in the smelter for a while, and then I worked in the carpenter's shop (it was a company town, and they took care of all the houses and every building in that area. At McGill, of course, as everybody knows, it's the Kinnear area, the Kennecott Copper Company) and saved enough money. I even jerked sodas at night to pick up a little extra cash. That was rather interesting, too, because it was Prohibition during the time, and in the back, they were serving "whatever," and in the front, I was serving sandwiches and milkshakes to the kids, and maybe the ladies. But anyway, I'll never forget McGill and the White Pine area, because without that, I know I could never have gotten through school. I made many friends out there. I see some of them even today. A lot of them come into Reno.

And I recall the bitter battles we'd have on Sunday, and particularly would it be bitter because my brother was on one team and I'm on the other. And those miners would bet a few sawbucks on the game, and you just didn't dare lose, and yet somebody had to. So it was a very interesting two years. I was there in 1928 and 1929. And I graduated in 1930.

In 1929, Shaw, as I mentioned before, Buck Shaw, left for Santa Clara. And George Philbrook was hired from down in Whittier, California. He was at Whittier College there. I think it's long before President Nixon's time, but I know he had [laughing] probably some of his family on the team. Philbrook, of course, started under a new booster's idea; it was called the Sagebrush Club. And he brought in some thirty or more athletes. And I still had a year to go. I was a tackle, a lineman all my life; my brother was a halfback. He could run; I couldn't. And I was made by Mr. Philbrook, Coach Philbrook, a quarterback. He figured I had the experience. And I recall that I learned quite a bit that a lot of linemen could take a lesson from, because in the first three years playing, I always knew what the right play would be to call. But when I had to call it, I was stagestruck, probably, as a girl in a senior play.

I recall the first game we played was against Brigham Young. And we had good personnel. We had some fine linemen. And I know the game was tied up, seven to seven. There was about three minutes left to go. We were on our own ten-yard line, and I was going to pull it out, like a lot of young people think they can. And so I called a reverse, and we fumbled and they got the ball, and even though we held them, they scored with a field goal and won the game. And I won't tell you what Coach Philbrook told me afterwards about my stupidity. But then, you live and learn in any of these games, and I certainly learned something that day.

As I say, at Nevada, here, I can recall some of the men, some of the fine players we had. There were many. Shaw did his best to recruit. Money was hard to get. And I remember our first captain when I came here was Reynold Hansen, a big lineman. I remember we had what we called the three Swedes— Hansen, Anderson, and Larsen, [Maxwell] Max

Larsen. I think Max and Hansen are still going along in their home town areas. They both graduated from here. Anderson, I believe, passed away some time ago, two years ago. In fact, Anderson was the man who designed the mill (I don't know whether I should mention that, with all the trouble they've had) of the cement factory in Fernley. I don't know whether "Swede," we called him [Julian] "Swede" Anderson—I know he designed it. And that wasn't too long ago, when he used to come in and visit me. Swede was—I don't think he knew pollution was going to be the topic of the day today when he built that! But I understand they have a little trouble with some of the dust comin' out of there, so maybe Swede didn't think far enough ahead. But he was great for that. He was a great engineer. I think our engineering school has always proved itself here in Nevada.

The other players—Jim Bailey, who was a great halfback, a fine runner, a great kicker, passer. Jim later coached with me here in the '40's. Then there're guys like Tip Whitehead, who just recently retired from—you could say public life, I guess. He's retired as a schoolteacher and coach. He left coaching, I think, quite a few years ago, but he taught for over forty years at Fernley and Sparks, I think the only two he ever was in, and Sparks, most of the time. And just recently, they gave him a big going away retirement party. Tip probably didn't weigh, soakin' wet, at any time in his life, over a hundred and thirty, thirty-five, and was one of the toughest little football players I've ever seen, for a little guy. He was a quarterback, as was Hal Overlin, who wasn't much bigger. In those days, they went for small quarterbacks. I guess they figured they'd let the heavy ones do the muscle work and they do the heavy thinking, kind of a Napoleon thought that goes through some peoples' minds, and coaches'.

We played teams like California, Stanford, USC, St. Mary's, who during my time in school, were in the national picture, could play the top ones any time. And, of course, we played Cal Aggies, and University of Pacific, which then was College of Pacific.

A rather interesting thing, in my senior year, under George Philbrook, was a trip to the Coliseum in Los Angeles to play USC, Howard Jones's number one rating team of the country. He had three All-Americans on that team. Howard Jones had come from Iowa. I knew him as a kid—that is, I knew him to see him; ii didn't know him personally. And he was still there when I went to school at USC in graduate school in 1937, as was Sam Berry, his aide, and was the head basketball coach there at USC.

But I recall that trip. It was by air. Within six weeks, we were the first team to ever fly. Seems rather strange, but some team someplace in Pennsylvania flew about two months before we did. Otherwise, we could say we're the first. And we had nine planes carrying four people each. George Philbrook, who was a little older than the rest of us and had a little more sense, took the train. [Laughing] This is nine planes of four each, and in our plane were Jack Walther, who was our center (he's now Chism's 7-UP; a lot of people around here know him), and Tip Whitehead, and a fellow by the name of Les Twombly, who was a halfback. And we were in our plane. And I can recall the first time it jiggled, when it was right over the lake out past Yerington, Walker Lake. And I thought it was the end. Actually, we always kidded about 'em being put together with scotch tape and wire, but they really were sturdy planes. But it was quite a gamble, I think.

But interesting enough, a man who was a very prominent man on our faculty, and was on the athletic board at that time and with

the student finances, was Professor Charles Haseman. And I know a lot of the old-timers will remember him. He was a math teacher and a real rugged individual. And he's the one that promoted this flight. A funny thing happened, as we say, on the way to the studio. George Philbrook took the train. And there was a little feeling that maybe we shouldn't fly, and Prof Haseman was all upset about it, and he felt that Philbrook was queering it. And there was a lot of discussion among the older members. I know that Prof Haseman called me up and asked me what my thoughts were. I said, "Well, I've never flown before, but I'll be tickled to death to go. But I don't know whether we'll ever get back," I said. "I'll put it that way."

So then, he says, "Well, there's been a lot of talk, and," he says, "I'm real upset about it, and here I thought it was a great thing."

I said, "Well, I think everybody's all set to go."

And he said, "Well, Coach Philbrook's going by train."

I said, "Well, that's okay."

But anyway, on the way back, some of the boys we had on the team that year, Philbrook's year, first year, were from Los Angeles. So they got permission to stay over. And one of the seats was open, and Charlie Haseman flew back, Prof Haseman. And Prof Haseman got sick on the way back, real sick. And [laughing] on the campus, a couple of days after we returned, Philbrook and Prof Haseman crossed paths, and Philbrook, in a—you know, rather a lighthearted manner, said, "Well, Charlie, how was the trip?"

And I guess there started an enmity that never ended. I guess Prof Haseman felt the whole thing was thrown at him at once. And I really know that George didn't feel that way, and I'm sure Prof was a little bit concerned 'cause he'd got so sick.

But I do recall us comin' back. I had an aunt in Los Angeles. She's still there. She had filled up a suitcase full of all kinds of goodies, you know, candy, and dates, and the things that California has, in a small suitcase and gave it to me to take back with me. And I got on the plane, and after we were out about twenty minutes or so, I opened up the case. And we're all eating, and Jack Walther's in front, and he got so sick he even had to—he even opened up the little window we had alongside of us and put his head out, just like he would out of a buggy, or out of a car that was barely movin'. And you can imagine what a mess we were in for about two hours and a half, 'fore we got back here. And we'll always remember that. And I know everybody—poor Jack, he was dyin', and we were all giving him a bad time for ruining our trip. But this, of course, is all part of the act, and I'm sure Jack recalls it very well and has enjoyed it being told on him, as we all do.

At Nevada, I didn't just play football and basketball. I did go to school. I went to classes, and I wasn't a bad student, I would say. I think anything that I didn't do academically was because I was a little lazy, maybe, and maybe 'cause I liked to—you know, feel sorry for myself 'cause I had to work my way through. But I can recall many of these people that really had a lot to do with me academically. I remember Prof Jones; they called him "Geology" Jones. He was an advisor for the Sigma Nu fraternity, and a wonderful guy, just like his counterpart and follower, Vincent Gianella, were. I knew 'em both well, and they were great athletic enthusiasts and used to always give you—you know, a kind word after you'd get your socks knocked off.

And then I can remember old Dean [Reuben C.] Thompson, Dean Reuben. The auditorium over here was named after him. I believe they spelled his first name wrong on

the cornerstone, but I don't know whether I'm right or wrong. Dean Thompson, you know, has two sons here that went through school, both of 'em judges. And Dr. Hicks, Dr. Charles Hicks, who I had in history. He could tell you some stories about me getting through history! A great friend he was, and a lot of breaks he gave me. And probably I didn't deserve a lot of 'em, but I've always thought a great deal about that man.

Dr. Young was a teacher of psychology. And it's the first time I ever heard the word "procrastination." He gave an assignment out one day to the class about mid-semester, or maybe it was a little farther on. And I was always kind of one of the quiet ones in class. I never said anything 'cause I didn't want to get involved. And maybe I had my mind out the window sometimes, too. So anyway, he's givin' assignments, and he gave an option. You could either write a written report or give an oral report. So everybody had their choice. And so he was taking down the names—he had somebody taking them down for him. It came to me, I said, "Written report."

So we're on the way out, and as I went away out, he grabbed me by the sleeve. He says, "C'mere, Jake?" (You know, there's one thing. He's a real quiet man, too, never a guy to kid, or anything, but he was a wonderful guy.) He says, "You don't have a choice. You're going to give an oral report."

And I' said, "Oh, no, Prof. I'd rather give a written. I've got this and that—."

He says, "No." He says, "You're going to give an oral report."

So we had to make little talks every once in a while on our report for maybe a couple of minutes. And about a week went by and he asked me if I had something to tell about. I said, "I haven't started yet."

So he stopped me again. On the way out, he says, "I want to see you." He says, "You

know, you're the greatest procrastinator I've ever seen." He says, "You're always putting things off."

And that's the first time I ever heard of procrastination. Strange as it may seem—or maybe it isn't—just a little, simple thing like that is, I have no use for a person who puts off things that they should do today 'til tomorrow. I certainly believe you can't do everything today, but I—.

I have done that with my oldest son. He would have a habit of sayin', "I'll let it—." No, sir, he didn't let it go. He did it right now. I didn't care *what* happened. And every time I say that to any kid, any athlete I worked with, or any student I got, I always can see Dr. Young sittin' up there, just—. I can still see that bald head, a real, fine face—a wonderful guy. And, of course, he's since passed on.

Dr. Traner in education, a great man in my book, would go out of his way. He was a dedicated man. I don't say the others aren't dedicated. But these guys, to me, were really giving something else. And how fortunate a guy is, to have people like this.

Dr. Murgotten. Dr. Murgotten had me in Spanish. I had an hour class with him on Saturday morning. I made it about once out of five because I was either playin' football or I'd sleep in. It was just one of those things. I should never 've registered in it, and he gave me a real time on that. Needless to say, he passed me. And I know he did it because he just thought, "Well, I'll help this poor guy along."

I say, Si Ross, the Regent—I think he was a Regent for over twenty-five years. He was [in business] when I got here, and many times, I used to run down to him and ask Si, "Have you got anything I could do?" And I know one time he had me workin' nights in that place down there. And I didn't ask him for a job after that. It wasn't in my line—if you know

what I mean, in a funeral parlor. But he was always there, ready. I know when I needed to borrow something, I could get it. He was a great influence.

Dean Thompson—a rather interesting thing—he was always the head linesman in football. Always. I think he was the head linesman for twenty-five years. He would handle the box— not the head linesman, really, but the box man working with the head linesman. And he was so dedicated to that. He was a great athletics supporter. He'd always help. He was always interested.

I know it was rather interesting to see him later with Jim Aiken, who was real forceful. The dean would try to calm him down. Many a time he'd come to me and say, "Jake, you know we can't do this and that."

And I said, "Well, you talk to Jim [laughing]. You talk to him."

But anyway, these men I always think a great deal [of].

When I went to school, the president was Dr. Walter Clark, Sr. Incidentally, on the basketball squad with me was Walter Clark, Jr. I won't go into the name Van Tilburg. He was a real fine young man and, of course, a fine student. I know one of the things Doc Martie used to always say was that his squad, ninety percent of the time any year, was, at an average, academic average, higher than in the general average of the University. And we always used to point at Walter when he'd say that because we knew he was raisin' the average, as far as we were concerned.

But he was a fine player, and, of course, I see him now on campus and enjoy talking to him very much. And Walter was a very strong enthusiast of athletics, and still is. And I know he and his wife were always at every game. I know when I was coaching, he'd come. And then, he was coming right down the stretch here, and his wife passed away about a year

ago or so. I guess Walter'll still go, but it was a rather sad thing. But I used to enjoy them.

I graduated here in 1930; I didn't come out awn laude, that's for sure, but I made it, and signed a professional baseball contract with San Francisco. That was the San Francisco Seal team of the old Pacific Coast League, the Triple A league; 1930, I played with them. I came back here and was Coach Philbrook's line coach. I was just hired for the football season. And then, the next year I went back in the Coast League and played my second year at Sacramento. I was traded there by the Seals, and I finished out the season with them.

Now, I didn't necessarily select San Francisco to go to first. But in those days, you didn't have people running all over giving you offers, and I took the first one I got. And I doubt if I'd've got another. So that's the reason I went to San Francisco. Then, of course, you're just a chattel then—you go where they send you or where they trade you. And that's how I got to Sacramento.

I can recall many of the fine athletes that were at San Francisco and Sacramento. I recall Frankie Crosetti, who was a great shortstop for the Yankees, was our shortstop. I was a reserve rookie catcher. And consequently, Frankie was quite an idol for me, even then. He was a great shortstop and later went up. But he was playing with the Seals that year. The many fine friends I made, I still see some of them the days we're out here on the Coast.

Then over to Sacramento, I played with some real fine ball players. I don't like to belittle myself like this, but there were seven out of the starting nine at Sacramento, of which I was a reserve catcher, who went to the big leagues, went to the majors. Among them were Dolph Camelli, Frank Demaree, Steinbacker, Frenchy Bordagary, Bill Osborne, Tony Fradis—all real fine baseball players. And times were real tough then. It was in

1930 and '31, as anybody can recall, were the depression times, and naturally, our salaries weren't too big.

I recall an interesting thing when I was playin' baseball with Sacramento in 1931. A young rookie who was a halfback from Fresno State, [Stanley George] "Frenchy" Bordagary, was with Sacramento, and he and I were roommates, got very closely acquainted. Frenchy later went to the major leagues, played ten years. He was one of the "gas house gang" at St. Louis Cardinals. They had a mouth organ musical wildcat band, headed by Pepper Martin, I think. That's one of the famous landmarks in the history of baseball. And Frenchy was a character right with him. Frenchy was short, not over five foot seven, but stocky build and could run like a rabbit. And he was with Sacramento.

At that time, the owner of Sacramento was Lou Moring. Lou Moring challenged Bill Lane, who was managing Hollywood in the Coast League, to a foot race to see who was the fastest in the Coast League. And the guy Lane had was Jess Hill. Jess Hill was a great sprinter and broad juniper at USC, currently athletic director at USC. I got to see Jess when I was on a sabbatical a year ago quite often 'cause I was at USC, and I used to go up and shoot the breeze with him. And always, I told him about that. "Oh," he said, "I remember that well."

This race they had, in those days, the crowds were not too good because times were tough, 1931. And we were playing at the baseball park in Los Angeles. At that time, Hollywood and Los Angeles were both in the Coast League and they played in the Los Angeles park, Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles. So they had this all keyed up for Tuesday. I put Frenchy on toast and tea. We left Sacramento Sunday night on the Owl, going south, the train, and we stayed at the— well, anyway, we stayed at the hotel there on the main drag,

Broadway. And we were given an eating allowance of six dollars a day, as players, on trips. Of course, that was a pretty good part. And I had Frenchy on toast and tea all that day, and I had the best steaks in the house. I was makin' up for his difference. But I bet on Frenchy. Frenchy was not the most popular guy because he was a cocky little guy, and he was a rookie, and our own teammates often got a little bit irritated at him. But anyway, I bet, and I didn't have too much money then. I bet forty dollars on him. So I told Frenchy, I said, "Now, when they have this race, I don't know how far it's going to be. But I know this, they won't have a gun, and probably Bill Lane, who is the host, the owner, will drop a handkerchief or something, and," I said, "I want you to get out there in front right now. I mean, even if you have to jump the gun a little bit, 'cause I've got forty dollars on it." And I had Frenchy all nervous up. And other guys were bettin', too.

And I will say that the crowd normally would've been about five or six thousand. There was close to eighteen thousand there. The race brought 'em in.

And Frenchy and Jess lined up, and sure enough, Bill Lane dropped a handkerchief. And Frenchy jumped the gun about two feet, and they stayed like they were tied that way the whole seventy-five yards to the plate, from center field to the plate. And it was quite a thing. And Frenchy, of course, won. And I won forty dollars.

Then they wanted to have one up in Sacramento when they played, and Frenchy and Jess both held out for a little money. And I always felt those owners were a little on the cheapskate side when they didn't give 'em some. But they never had another race. And Jess always claimed he could beat Frenchy. And actually, in a hundred, I think he could. Frenchy's legs were a little short for that hundred.

But this was a real interesting thing. It was nationally announced all over all radios, you know, about the speed. And then when Frenchy went to the big leagues, he was claimed by some of the top managers and players in baseball that he was the fastest man they'd ever seen goin' from home to first on a hit. And he was a right-handed hitter, which was a real thing, 'cause a left-handed hitter has that extra step. He's on that side of the plate toward first. But Frenchy had that reputation. And also, they said if he ever hits a ball and tops it, you'll never throw him out. Takes too long for the ball to get there. He was that quick and fast! So that I remember.

Frenchy has a restaurant back in a little town in New Jersey. And his dad had a bar in Coalinga. That's where he came from, Coalinga, California. And I think the father's retired now, and he's sold out. I don't think he runs it any more. But I went up there with Frenchy to visit his folks one time.

And Frank Demaree, later with the [Chicago] Cubs, hit a home run in a world series to win it. I used to go out to his house in Winters, California. His father and mother were deaf and dumb, rather a—I wouldn't say it was terrible to see people that way, but—. They were very happy and a real nice family, nice people. I really enjoyed 'em. Frank was a rugged, tough, hard-workin' athlete.

And, of course, Stan Hack, the banker who became a great baseball player, was with the Cubs for about ten years, played third base for us. And I know Stan and I were real close friends. And even after he went up to the major leagues, he used to write me, and I'd hear from him Christmas time. Of course, you lose track of those guys. I think he's retired from baseball now. He managed the Cubs a couple of years in the majors.

I was a little concerned because my major and minor in college had leaned toward

teaching and coaching (I had a secondary degree), and so I thought I'd better start thinking about it. I talked to a couple of the older ball players, and I asked them about it, and they told me in no uncertain terms to get back and go to work in school, that this baseball was rough. Some of them had even been up to the big leagues and come back and said that there is never anything secure in baseball, and particularly during the times of the Depression. So I didn't think I was going to bust any fences with my bat, and I certainly wasn't the speediest guy in the world, so I thought maybe it was good advice.

So I came back to Reno, and a job was open with the Storey County High School working under the principal, who was a former teammate of mine, which gave me an "in." (All the way through, you'll find somebody's always helping me along, and I probably didn't have any initiative to get a job myself. I always got it through a friend. But then, I always figure that's a good way. It's nice to have friends.) Anyway, Jack Gilmartin was the principal. And he had coached there. And he said the job was mine if I wanted it. The school board, he had talked to them, and I said fine. So up to Virginia City I went in 1932.

Virginia City had a student body of some thirty-four to thirty-five students, about fifty-fifty in boys and girls, and I think they've maintained that schedule right to the present day. I think their student body right now is under forty and over thirty. So it ranged in there most of the time for the five years I was there. I went up as a coach and a teacher. They didn't play football; naturally, with a student body that small, it would've been foolish. And basketball was the name of the game. And, of course, it was right down my alley because I had loved to play, and I was looking forward to coaching it.

For the first three years, I developed a lot of youngsters coming out of grammar school. I had a grammar school team. We had an old building out there. The school I was in was the old Fourth Ward School, which, today, they are thinking of making a historical monument of. And I don't know how far along it's gone, but it was quite a place. It was a three-story building, and it wasn't very wide. And I can recall when the wind blew, and you're on the third story, you didn't know whether you were going to come down the stairs or just fly through the air. It was really quite an experience.

General science was one of my subjects. Among others, I had economics, commercial law, English, Spanish, ancient, modern, and U. S. history. Now, I didn't teach them all at once, but there'd be two semesters, and I had at least half of those each semester. I was about as efficient in one as the other, but I learned, and I kept ahead of the youngsters. But in a school of that size, with only three teachers, it was pretty hard for any principal to find somebody who could really handle them all, so they expected that. I always felt I did a creditable job.

But my general science class was on the top floor. And the first day I was up there, I was really going to show 'em how this teaching was done, and probably half scared 'cause it was my first job. And all of a sudden, I could feel that building start to shake, and found out later what it was. They were all moving their feet, just like youngsters do at athletic games, to make something shake. And when they do that on the floor, the whole building shook, and I thought that was about my last day up there. But anyway, I found out what was goin' on and took the proper discipline to straighten it out.

I really enjoyed it up in Virginia City, and I enjoyed the people very much. They're the salt of the earth. The town at that time was really down, minewise. There was very little

mine activity goin' on and consequently very few families there. But what were there were the real Nevada mining type. And, of course, I'd known 'em out in McGill, and there was a lot of similarity. I felt I was really at home.

Rather interesting, basketball at that time was also a very enthusiastic activity of the town. The team the year before had only won one game, which is a very advantageous spot for a coach to move into, because you only have to win two to go up. And so I really had two or three real fine teams up there. The first year I didn't win too many. But a couple of years I went to the quarter finals and to the finals of the state championship at basketball in the state of Nevada. At that time it was open, and there was no divisions like—A, B, or double-A—there are today. And I recall in the finals that Carson City beat Las Vegas in the semifinal and we beat Reno. This was in 1936. And then we played Carson in the final. I don't like to alibi, but unfortunately, one of my best players sprained an ankle in the second quarter, and we didn't look too good the second half. We had split with Carson during the year, I really thought the two teams were evenly matched, but the best man always wins, so we lost.

And I remember George McElroy, who had some very fine years at Carson City, won several state basketball championships after that. I believe he's over there now, working in the Motor Vehicle department under Mr. Bailey. He's a retired schoolteacher. He worked later on from Carson into Glendale, California, and then came back here because he always felt this was, as we've often called it, if you'll excuse the French, God's country.

And then, I can recall this of the many jobs I had besides the different areas of teaching. At one year I even had to coach the senior play. And my experience in dramatics is quite limited. I enjoy plays, of course, but not when I

have to work at it. But it happened that nobody else could handle it, and I was asked by the principal, Jack Gilmartin, if I would take over, and I did. And I'll say this, the romantic part of that play never did quite hit Broadway. But we finished it, anyway, and everybody thought it was good. And I guess that's typical of any town; the parents always figure it's good when it's completed.

I was also student body advisor. I took care of the raffles we'd have to raise money for athletics. I put on dances—that is, we did, with the student body. And, of course, in a community like that, everybody attends, and everybody was very liberal, and so we survived very well financially. But, of course, with a very light program of track in the spring, that's about all we had. I played town team baseball at Virginia City and was in a Sagebrush League, they called it. I remember Fallon and Lovelock, Winnemucca—teams like that were in the league. Also, there, I met my wife.

Well, you know, when I was coaching in Virginia City, I coached five teams in basketball. I coached the grammar school boys, the jayvees in basketball—high school, the varsity high school, the high school girls, and the town team girls. And I played on the town team men. So I have a lot of basketball. Probably helped me as a coach. I saw it from every angle, both sexes. There was a great competition for girls in high school then in Nevada. And maybe you might have heard people talk about some of the fine teams—Fallon was noted for some great high school teams. I recall Emmy Hinch (who passed away in March, 1971). I think she's one of the partners or something in the Sharon House with Johnny Zalac. Emmy Hinch was one of the finest basketball players I've ever seen. She could've played on my varsity. I had 'em all. Of course, I didn't spend too much time coaching 'em. I couldn't. But I was in charge of

'em when they played. I'd have a real long day on Saturday when I'd start in about three in the afternoon with the grammar school right on through to my own game at eight o'clock, and I'd play the one at ten for the town team. But that was Virginia City. And, it still is. It's a wonderful thing for that town.

And I can recall the kids on a—take example, the year we almost won the championship—as I say, almost—those youngsters. Now, you know, I remember those kids. I remember 'em well. I know where most of 'em are. George H. Drysdale, a center, who sprained his ankle, one of the finest players I ever had, in college or high school. He sprained his ankle in that final playoff, and that, I figured, was our biggest handicap because I didn't have the reserves that Carson City would have. But George was one. George and his wife, Mary Clark, graduated. They were in the senior play that I coached at the same time, and they got married. The father wanted George to go to college. He came to me and talked to me, says, "I want him to go to college," you know. "He can't get married now. He's got to go to college."

He said, "George (this is George, Sr.), I think that guy'll make it no matter what he does, and I think you better just let him go. you can talk to him. I'll be glad to talk to him. But I'm not goin' to force him. And *you* shouldn't."

And they got married. George went down to Oakland, started in as a contractor. At the age of forty-four he retired. He made a small fortune, got a fine family, comes up to all these golf matches now, and he's a real fine golfer. In fact, he was just up about three months ago, and always, we have dinner together, or what—. And I go down to his hunting lodge (he's got a hunting place) and hunt. And here's a young guy who everybody said should go to college. So you just don't know. He had everything on the ball. I knew he'd make it.

He was sharp, and he had a lot of ambition, and he married a wonderful girl, and there they are, with, a big family. His family, he's got grandchildren now, and he's about forty-eight. He's goin' back in now, a little bit, in contracting, but he felt times were a little tough, so he just kind of slid out. Now he's in it—he's part owner of a golf course, has a hunting lodge that's six hundred acres off the coast by Benecia, blinds—nice place for me to go [laughing], and a wonderful guy, a wonderful kid.

Then I had Billy Marks, who now is on the draft board, recently put on, Colonel Marks. He was a colonel in the reserve, and he runs the Crystal, the Crystal Bar, the famous bar of Virginia City, as did his dad, Bill Marks ahead of him, run it when I was up there. Bill played on that team.

Roy Obester, who works down here (he's the warehouse manager for Styris-Sutton), has two boys, both brilliant (one graduated from Stanford and one from Oregon), played on that team.

Charlie Bogle, who is in the cemetery lot business in Detroit, was an orphan, came out of the orphanage, and played on that team, probably the greatest ball handler I ever—ever had, great competitor.

And Johnny Zalac made me think of that. Johnny Zalac, who runs the Carson golf course, and originated along with that Chinese man (I forget his name) the Sharon Houses, has a lot of property, and done a tremendous job—real fine, sharp kid.

And the strange part of it is that John nor Roy nor Charlie nor George, any of them, ever went to college. Now, this is not a—I'm not coaching people, you know, what to do. But it shows what kids can do that have a lot on the ball. They were great competitors. Those are the kind of kids that I had playin' for me. So, you see, it wasn't my coaching, necessarily,

that got me to that place. It was those kind of kids. Now, they were. Those mining kids were great kids to work with.

And then Hughie Gallagher, who I mentioned. Now, he went to college, as did Bill Marks. They both graduated. And Eddie Colletti was on a good team I had the year before that. Eddie's now the justice of the peace in Virginia City, Storey County.

And a lot of the older people—of course, I was always active with 'em up there. I was active in church activities, and I used to enjoy some of those old Irish ladies up there—Kate O'Connor and Molly Crocker. I used to kid 'em a lot, and they'd kid me. And Mrs. Desmond—Mrs. Desmond was over ninety when I was up there. And then her daughter, Nora, is now in a home over here someplace in Reno, recently came down, I think, about a month ago. I haven't seen her since, but I knew her well.

And then, of course, I married. Later on, in the '30's, I married Evelyn Evans, who was a "hot water plug," as we called Virginia City people. She was born and raised there. She passed away in '49.

Oh, the social activity up there was always interesting. [Laughing] You know, Virginia City never lacked for bars or fun places. I don't say I participated, but I'm not a teetotaler. But the thing was the naturalness of people. We could have a dance, and we'd dance all night; I mean, a high school dance. And I'd be the advisor, and all the girls'd decorate everything, and the guys'd help, and we'd have a raffle. And we'd stick everybody, you know, for all the money we could get. And they'd dance—we'd go until five in the morning, then go someplace for breakfast. And the fathers and mothers'd be dancin', and the kids'd be dancin' at five. There was no worry about a curfew. It was a family affair. And nobody would say anything. People would—it was so easy to live there. Like all the parents, I knew

'em well, see, and knew 'em well enough for them to tell me what's wrong. We lost, too, but the thing is, we'd have a breakfast someplace, maybe five or six, seven couples, at five-thirty in the morning, after one of those dances, Sunday morning.

I can recall that a lot of them were pretty well oiled up. And here'd be the kids dancing right alongside of 'em. Come down there on Monday morning to school—not a word. Never. These kids just knew their place. This was part of the life of the town, and you'd never hear anything. Those kids were as broad-minded, I think, as any youngsters I've ever seen. And that's why I enjoyed 'em so much. Because there was a togetherness. Of course, in a school that size, you can't help it.

So that's some more, I suppose, I'm adding on here. And all those kids, you know, when you think of 'em, all the kids I've ever had. My God, I must've had a thousand of 'em, all over. And they're so different, yet they're all so much alike. That's the great thing of coaching. And they've all felt the whip.

You know, one youngster up there—give you a good one— somethin' I learned, too. I had a football team, the grammar school kids. All we had was sweatshirts and headgears, and regular tackle football at Virginia City. And we'd get games, then, with Gardnerville, Carson. We had one with Hiney Cooper's Boy Scouts down here one time, in Reno. Hiney always tells me he outcoached me. 'course, he has a lot better players, I always told him. But the thing was, I had these little guys, and I had one little guy on there [by] the name of Johnny Burns. Right now, he's one of the union bosses of the electrical—is it electrical? Or something. He's a representative. He had a hare lip. We called him "Pooch," "Pooch" Burns. And everybody called him Pooch, including his dad. And John Burns was his father. Well, Pooch was about seventy pounds soakin'

wet. The rest of 'em were all a little bigger. So we'd practice and get ready for the game. And always I'd keep Johnny out of there, see. I wouldn't let him get in there because he might get hurt. So I'd put him out on the end and I'd let him play a little bit, and I'd get him out of there. So he didn't get to play much. One day I saw his dad on the street, and he says, "Well, how's it goin'?"

I said "Pine." I says, "How's Johnny?"

"Aw," he says, "he comes home pretty disappointed."

I said, "What's the matter?"

He said, "Well," he said, "Jake won't play me." He says, "He never lets me play."

And so I told John, I said, "Well, I got to be careful."

He says, "Oh, I know it." He says, "He's so darn small," he said, "I know he might get hurt, and you're just—. I knew that. But," he says, "it's hard for me to say anything to him."

I told him, "Well, you stay out there."

So I just thought—you know. And I'm ridin' these other kids, 'cause I coach that way. I don't care if it's a grammar school kid or a college man or a pro, I get on 'em the same way. I've coached that way all my life. And I get on 'em! And I ride 'em! You didn't do that; wrong! I'd jump 'em, and get on the ball, and really give 'em both barrels. A lot of people thought I was real rough up there at first; then they got used to me.

But here's what happened. We went out to practice the next time. And so I thought, "Well, I'll let Johnny play a little more." So I had him in there, and he made a couple of mistakes on the thing. And boy, I jumped him, just like that, without thinking. I never paid much attention to it and let it go. So about two days later, I saw his dad. I said, "How's Johnny now?" I said, "He got to play."

"Oh," he said, "he's walkin' on air." He said, "He came home the other night, and I said,

'How's it goin', John?' 'Oh,' he says, 'everything's goin' good.' He says, 'Jake just bawled the hell out of me!'"

Now, you see, there's a kid that hadn't been noticed, see? And he was a very—he didn't like that. And this, to me, has been my philosophy in coaching all the time—part of it— that I will ride guys, but I want 'em to know that I'm doin' it for *their* good, rather than for any selfish reason of my own. And I'm a pretty hotheaded Irishman, I'll say that, And I'll get real mad. I believe in that. When I'm mad at 'em, when I'm angry at a youngster, I am. I'm not the kind that can say, "Well, now, son, come over here. Here's what you should be doin'." I'm not that calm. I'm like the old tight disciplinarian, get the whip out. And yet, I want them to know, and I try to impress on their minds, that I wouldn't hurt 'em for the world, but I'm only—when I jump 'em, you're in. Then I don't jump ya, you re out, see? In other words, I'm not goin' to use you. I don't think you've got it. I ride everybody. I ride 'em all. They couldn't understand that up here at Nevada when I came, because I got on a couple of stars that I was supposed to have inherited. And I rode the heck out of them. And one of 'em I took out of a game, made him sit there the first game. He couldn't understand that. And I told him, "I spare no one. You're all alike."

But the thing is, with Johnny, he showed me somethin'. I've never forgotten that. Ol' Pooch, Johnny Burns.

And one time he came up here, and he was lookin' for me. He was workin' in Reno then. He'd got out of high school, and he didn't go to—. It was about, oh, seven or eight years after I'd had him. And he come up here one day, looking for me, to visit me, when I came back to coach. And Aiken was here. And he came in the office. And he said to Jim, "Where's Jake?"

And Jim told him, "Well, he isn't here now. He says, "Did you want to leave a message or something?"

"Well," he said, "I used to go to school with him up at Virginia City."

"Oh." So Jim was goin' around kiddin' all the time. He said, "What kind of a guy is Jake?"

And Jim told me about it later, laughing like heck. He says, "A man of steel."

Now, Johnny's just about eighteen, you know, seventeen, eighteen, sixteen [laughing]. "A man of steel."

So Johnny—I never had Johnny in high school. See, I just had him in grammar school. I don't think he was in over the fourth, fifth grade at the time. But little things like this stick in my memory.

Oh, another thing. At Virginia City, I knew every kid, see. You would. Boy, anybody could. When I went away to coach at a larger school, I had a hundred and some of 'em come out. And I made up my mind (and I had a lot of foreigners; I'll come to that later in the thing) where the—Japanese, even, and they're hard to tell apart. And I made it a point, then, to start in. I memorize every kid that ever comes out. Everybody thinks I got a great memory, but it isn't that. I do have a good memory, I think, comparatively, but not great. But I make it a point to know every kid. Every kid I have in class, I make it a point to know their first and their last name. I've had a little problem this last semester. I have seven classes, and about thirty average, all the way through 'em. And it took me a little time. But I do this. I'll sit down, I'll go over those names, and I'll get some identification tag. I did that one time for another guy with a squad of about eighty-five, and I think I had 'em out for two weeks, and he said, "My gosh, you must have a photographic mind."

I said, "No, I don't. I study that."

And r always tell kids that I'll know 'em. I know every kid that I ever had, and I know who their father or mother were. I know what kind of people they are. This is just a mania with me. And it isn't because I got a good memory. But the thing I get most is, I never embarrassed a kid on the street by saying, "Hey, you, ha—hello," or, "Well, hello, sonny," with his mother or father. He might be a little cotton topper, never make your team. He might also become a student body president, and you might need him. But the thing is, when I see him, and there's his mother with him (this is early; I don't know his mother), and he says, "Hello, coach," I say, "Hello, Jimmy." And then he's proud, see. But if I say, "Hello, there, young man," or "Sonny," He feels just like that. And his mother feels proud, thinks she's got a great kid. This is somethin' I tell guys. You got to know 'em.

Now, me—funny thing, but I'm called "Jake" by a lot of people. I have jumped over the "bounds," you might say, or whatever—of propriety in teaching. Students call me "Jake." And I get away with it. And it's just funny how I have, all my life. But the name rings so funny. It's like "Jake, the rake." I had a kid call me that in grammar school, call me "Jake, the rake." And, you see, a lot of these kids I saw growin' up—. They used to call me Jake when they were little, their fathers. And then I come up here, and they call me Jake. And others, coaches, teachers, don't like that. And I can't change it. Sometimes I get a guy gets a little smart, you know, and he'll say, "Jake"—you know. But I tell 'em, I say, "Look, as long as you're respectful, I don't care. But don't you ever go the other way." But that's a funny thing. I have been called that, Jake, all the time. I don't know what they call me behind my back [laughing]. That doesn't bother me. But this little guy did give me something, and then learning kids' names, I made up my mind.

There's a few quirks that come into a guy's—. That's it.

[Speaking of competition as a way of life, as I was a while ago], we'll say, too, coming to the University, running into a guy like Doc Martie, who was a great competitor. Buck [Shaw] was more of a quiet fellow, a wonderful man in many ways, and a great coach. Of course, I mean, people in this area—I mean the Pacific Coast—know his great record after he left Santa Clara. He had two Sugar Bowl champions from Santa Clara. He became the head coach in 1932, and later coached the Forty-Niners in the Pro League. He started out when the Pro League started. And then he went to Philadelphia and won a national championship in the National Professional Football League in Philadelphia, Philadelphia Eagles, and then retired. Rather interesting—he was back up here last summer, and we sort of rehashed old things and went around town looking at the changes that came. And Buck is now seventy-one, and didn't seem like only yesterday he was a black-haired, curly-headed, handsome man, and an All-American at Notre Dame prior to his—when he was an undergraduate.

Chet [Scranton] was a great competitor. Chet was an instructor here for a good many years, and he was a coach under Shaw and could demonstrate almost anything. Even after he'd been out of school several years, he was a rugged individual. And he's still in Reno. I don't think he's been too well lately.

But these kind of men—and some of the guys I played with, like I mentioned Jack Gilmartin, who was the principal at Virginia City. Jack and I were teammates in basketball. He had great ability. He had great spring. He was taller; he was about six-one. He had a boy play on the varsity here about two or three years ago. Jack has since passed away, several years ago. He was also a great track man.

He was a great high jumper. I think he held the record here in Nevada for a good many years. And having him for a principal and a close friend, you can see what a break I got at Virginia City.

I can even recall Virginia City right now. The principal there played for me in one of those championship teams, Hugh Gallagher. He's the middle Hugh. His dad was there then, Hugh, Sr., and then Hugh II, the principal now, and young Hugh here played, his boy, played here for the varsity about two years ago or three years ago and was a real fine competitor.

I can recall at Virginia City the Harlem Globetrotters coming through. They came into Reno, played the University of Nevada varsity, and they had a game the next night—this was on Tuesday—and on Wednesday, they had a game scheduled in Susanville and got snowed in—out, whatever you want to call it. They couldn't go to Susanville, and Tim Wilson, who was quite a sport enthusiast here in town (he had a drugstore here and he used to have teams) called me in, wanted to know if there was any chance of us having 'em come up to Virginia City and play. And I said, "Well, what's the deal?"

He says, "We'll come up for anything."

"Well," I said, "you tell 'em, if they come up, that I don't know how many people we can get here in the next eight hours, but we'll get as many as we can, and we'll give 'em the gate if they'll come up."

And so this Pullens was the head man then. And those days, the Harlem Globetrotters traveled in one car, a sort of a stationwagon type, with six men, and that's all, and the opposition was furnished by the local areas they'd go into. And so we had them come up, and unfortunately, it kept snowing—maybe not unfortunately—but they couldn't come up the regular way. We had to have 'em come up by Carson, and we had to go down to Gold

Hill with a bobsled and bring 'em up. And you can imagine their chagrin at the cold and everything!

But when they got there, we had advertised all around—Carson, and every place we could—and we got every Tom, Dick, and Harry to come to the game. And, of course, it was a great attraction in Virginia City. And our town team played 'em. And Jack Gilmartin and I played on the town team, as did Hugh Gallagher's older brother. Merv just recently passed away, was the mining inspector of the state.

So we played 'em. And they enjoyed it so much up there that we played even an overtime with them, and they went through some antics that—probably much better than they've done any place else. They were so happy to get something out of it, and I think they took something like three or four hundred dollars out of there, which was good money in those days, probably more than they'd ever get on a guarantee. So they were real happy about the trip. But it was a highlight in Virginia City, to think that we hosted in a little place like that, in old National Guard hall. It isn't there any more. And we had a real exhibition.

The trips to Elko and Tonopah were rough. Sometimes we'd go on a train, it was even rough on the train when the storms'd be—. But it was still a pioneering situation, I guess. And, as I say, with the wonderful people in Virginia City, and the great support they gave us, in anything. In fact, they *still* are, and have always been, toward their high school, like it was the greatest thing they got. And I think any community should feel that way, that those are the youngsters that are going to take their place, and their activities, I think, are real, real important to a community. I'm probably prejudiced. I believe in academics, yes. But I believe in a lot of other things and

these things came from just the experiences in these towns, of playing.

In 1937, I decided to go to school again and try to get my master's and maybe coach in California because I figured there were more opportunities there. So I left Nevada and went to USC for a year, two semesters.

Of course, I took the job in Delano after leaving USC, one year graduate work, and I might've mentioned that I went there. Mainly, I more or less had the place set for me at least two months before I finished my year of graduate work, because the head coach, and actually, athletic director there, Ray Frederick, had been a schoolmate of mine, three years ahead of me in school. And he wanted me to come and work with him. His recommendation, I think, was pretty strong, 'cause I knew nobody else in the area.

Going into that school, a great difference between it and my former high school in Storey County, Virginia City, was the great, fine facilities they had, and, of course, a larger school, of about eight hundred student body. Money seemed to be no worry. Virginia City, everything we had for athletics had to be raised by some activity, whereas at Delano, the budget seemed to be ample in every department, and in particular, in athletics. I was very surprised at the amount of equipment we were allowed to buy. I approached it in kind of a—I guess you could say miserly attitude, but I soon learned, and I enjoyed spending it as much as anybody.

The town was quite a mixture of people, as it is still today. Today, I think Delano is more well-known from the fact that that's the area from which Mr. [Cesar] Chavez works, who has been quite prominent in union activities. I think it's a pretty hot point right now. However, at that time, the community, of about 6,000, had a lot of the English, a few Irish, and various nationalities

in the Caucasian area. And then there were Mexicans, Filipinos, Koreans—not too many Koreans, but—and quite a community of Japanese. And the Japanese were very fine gardeners, and they had some tremendous farms of vegetables. Crops—of course, in that area was a big grape area in that San Joaquin Valley part.

Delano, for geographical purposes, it's thirty miles north of Bakersfield. Rather an interesting thing, when I got there, I saw some old jerseys, old sweatshirts, that the 20-30 Club, which I joined while I was there, had had the year before on a convention in Reno. They had come up to Reno. And on the back of the jersey, it had written, inscribed, "Where the hell's Delano?" Rather an interesting observation, because that is a question that's often asked of me—that is, it was after I went to work there, and I'd be away from there and tell 'em where I was. So it is a town that might be—you might as well say it's between Fresno and Bakersfield.

The Japanese population in high school was approximately a hundred out of the eight hundred. So you can see what a strong group they had.

The lightweight teams there were—that is, under the varsity, because they went by height, weight, and age—were pretty strong, because they did have these nationalities, and the Japanese are small and very well developed early in high school. And consequently, along with the Mexicans and the Filipinos (and some of 'em were intermarried), we had some real fine lightweight athletes. But the athletes in that area, in the surrounding towns in the league we were in, of Tulare, Porterville, Hanford, Visalia, Taft, Bakersfield, the athletes were plentiful. I'm sure all coaches in major athletics realize that still exists. It was really a great proving ground for me, because I had been only used to a few.

I felt that the school was well organized. The principal, Harold Olson, was one of the finest men I ever worked for, certainly gave me any break I needed, and, of course, Ray Frederick, who was the head of athletics there, a close friend of mine, and one of the finest men ever in athletics in the school—in any school. Ray is still the athletic director at Delano, and had been there since 1932, when I came, and, of course, has been there ever since. And I think he's probably better known than any athletic man in the valley. So it was a great opportunity, and I enjoyed the competition.

In league competition, I coached in both the lightweight (that is, the junior varsity) and varsity areas. I coached mainly basketball and football. However, I did have the track team. Ray was strong for baseball, and so he had the baseball team (those were our four major sports), and with fine success. We had some real fine years there. We tied for the football championship one year. We won the basketball league two years. And in baseball, I think Ray averaged about fifty percent of the wins for about the six years I was there in baseball.

It was a great sport, a great athletic town. The people were strong behind their teams, and the community followed the high school in almost everything, not only athletics. It was a wonderful faculty life there because the organization, from Mr. Olson on down, was, I thought, very well organized, and we had some real fine people working on the faculty. There were only three coaches of the major areas. Another coach along with Ray and I was H. Monroe Brown. I know he took quite a ribbin' for using that type of a moniker. We had sort of been used to it, with the initialed first, but we felt he—. He got out of the snob area soon enough, I guess, when he became an athletic coach. We really did have a fine athletic experience there in physical education.

I was also teaching some academic courses which I have always enjoyed, because it does give you a change of pace during the day. The physical education, however, I had from noon on, all four years that I was there. And I had charge the second year—I was put in charge of the boys' P. E. And then, of course, we had a teacher, a woman teacher, who handled it for the girls. We didn't have coed classes, but we oftentimes had mixed classes together. And I thought that type was very successful. It seemed to be a good change of pace for the youngsters. Of course, along with that, they had a lot of noon activities which were real strong for dances, and even competition. And the student body supported it almost to—. Everybody came.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, 1942 - 1970

THE “BIG TIME” SPORTS ERA

Actually, I had no desire or feeling about leaving Delano. I seemed to find a lot of friends there. I recall members of the school board were very good friends, ranchers who were always willing and ready to help you out in anything you might have, even to lettin’ you have free access to their grapes in the fall, and any time we wanted meat, it was no problem to get it at a double wholesale price from any of them. So I had no thoughts of leaving at all. However, I had married while I’ was at Delano. I was married to a former Virginia Cityite who then lived in Reno. And her folks lived here in Reno. So, naturally, there was a reason for coming back, not only having been an alumnus of the school here in Reno, and having been around this neighborhood for a long time. So I’d come back every summer and work.

I came back in 1942, the summer, with a contract for the next year, got a job, and, of course, that was wartime, and everybody was workin’ at the Reno air base, which was

actually not the Reno air base yet; it was just the beginning. I got a job with the carpenter group. I wasn’t a carpenter; I was more or less of a roustabout. And later, I moved over to what they call the cement gang, and I suppose they thought I could hang onto one of those wheelbarrows. And at the warehouse, in charge of the warehouse, was the head football coach and athletic director of Nevada at that time, Jim Aiken. He had been there since 1939. And I got acquainted with him. Naturally, in athletics, you gravitate toward each other, and we both heard each other were out there. So noon hours, we used to talk quite a bit about football and go through some of the fundamentals we both adhered to, and even to getting Jim Aiken—he asked what job I was doing, and I told him I was on the cement crew, and he asked if there was any possibility of him coming down. So it was no problem: the boss was glad to have him, and so Jim and I worked together for about six weeks.

Well, during that time, he brought up the situation at Nevada. when he had started in ’39, he had had an assistant coach who was

also the basketball coach, Shuey Schuchardt. I will never be able to tell you Shuey's first name, but that's as close as we ever came. I didn't—I only met him a couple of times, and so I really didn't know him too well. Jim Bailey, who had been at Yerington high school coaching prior to 1939, an alumnus of Nevada, and a former teammate of mine, had been hired as freshman coach for all freshman teams. Jim Bailey and Schuchardt had both gone into the service. So they weren't to be here in the fall, and Jim was shorthanded and said the school was down quite a bit because of the war. The student body, man-wise, was real small, so he asked me if I'd be interested.

And it so happened that at that time the departments were separate. They had been separated in 1939. That is, physical education was one area; athletics was the other. Jim Aiken had no part in physical education; the physical education people, including Doc Martie, who was the chairman, who had been my basketball coach when I went to school—he just handled physical education.

So they got together and talked to me about coming up here. And naturally, being in high school, I was interested in getting into college, a typical American egotism. I guess I thought I was as great as anybody, had to find out I wasn't, but—. Anyway, I told 'em I didn't think I'd come. I had a good job, and as I mentioned before, I saw no reason to leave Delano. I had a good salary. The salary here was not going to be a great deal different. And yet, college coaching kind of enticed me, and, of course, my wife, being from Reno, and me having a lot of friends here, I decided this might be the break I needed in coaching.

So I called Mr. Olson, and also Mr. Frederick, the athletic director and the principal, and told 'em about it. And they thought—you know, they mentioned, in a kidding way, I let 'em know a long time

ahead—in fact, this was in August, when I made the decision. But they were very gracious about it, and Mr. Olson told me, he said he thought it was a great break for me. He knew I was interested in going on in coaching, and he said not to give it a thought. He was very happy for me. And so I took the job. That's how I got to Nevada.

Our first year, 1942 and '43, we were independent. We weren't working in any conference. We had been in the conference since the time I'd gone to school, in the Far Western Conference, right up through '39. And then at the end of Coach Aiken's first year, he and the athletic board decided to go independent. So we had—it was tough scheduling, of course, as an independent, which it always is, but Jim had the schedule all set for football. We didn't have too much manpower. Jim was recruiting strongly, both in the state and out.

Actually, the program in football was just jobs, whatever little help they could give. The boosters were starting, but they hadn't been organized too long, and they weren't too strong yet. So there were problems, but we didn't do bad in football. It's rather interesting to note that on that team was, the last of three years, that—Marion Motley, the great fullback, who later went on to fame with the Cleveland Browns as an all-pro fullback. Marion was our mainstay. Actually, offensively, we didn't have much more, and I might say he did a great deal for us defensively, because in those days, we worked both offense and defense. We didn't have the platoon system.

But at the end of that year, things had gone down quite a bit in manpower at Nevada, and we brought in the college training detachments for the Air Corps. Several of us were selected to instruct them in physical training. Doc Martie, of course, had charge of the program for physical education, the

physical conditioning of these men. And I took two weeks of training at Santa Ana for the outline that the Army wished— or the Air Corps wished, as did a couple of other people in our P. E. department. As a result, it was definitely decided that no one in that department could coach. Anybody that was working with the college training detachments had to do that *only*. So Jim Aiken was the only coach we had. I had to run back and forth sometimes helping him out in basketball.

I might go back and say that in the 1942-'43 [season], I was the head coach of basketball and had a pretty good year. I recall—and I've always felt this way about Schuchardt—that as you get older, you learn to appreciate those who have helped you indirectly or directly. Schuchardt had only won one game the year before. And I practically had his team back in 1942 and '43. And then Shuey went on to the service, and I reaped the harvest, so to speak. I believe the total—we played eighteen games. I think we lost four and won the rest. The nucleus of that team did me a great service, I'm sure, because later on I had them back (which I'll come to).

We had the old gym then. We didn't have this building we're in now, what we call the "new gym," which now is an old gym. That was quite a place to play. It was a good place to play at home because you had a few kinks in those corners that would help.

I had some fine players on that team. The people I recall in particular were Bob O'Shaughnessy, and Jimmy Melarky, Harry Paille, Orsie Graves, Gene Mastroianni (who at that time was student body president; he was a senior; and since that time Gene has passed away in an accident), Alf Sorenson (who was also a very fine player on that team).

But then, in this year of the college training detachments, I spent the whole year here. We were still under the auspices of the

University of Nevada. And then, the next year, they left. And there still was very little activity sportswise. Jim Aiken kept football alive, and he even kept basketball alive up to a point, mostly playing service teams and town teams, and just keeping it going. Jim was a great guy for football, for it was his life, I'm sure, and he hung on where others, I think, would've quit—in fact, many colleges did.

The 1944 and '45 result was a rather interesting year, in that there was no job for me here. The Board of Regents told me they would be glad to give me a leave of absence, and then they'd like to have me come back when they thought the program could resume. Now, this, of course, is wartime, and the manpower on the campus—. I think one of those years there, I think the year '43 and '44, school year, I don't think we had a hundred men on the campus. It might've been even quite a bit less than that.

Anyway, I was going to take a job out in Fallon. The principal out there I knew, and he wanted me to come out and coach, even though he knew it was just interim. In the meantime, Mr. Olson and Ray Frederick heard I was available, and so they got in touch with me and wanted me to come back to Delano, which was quite a feather in my cap. Because in every town I coached, I wasn't necessarily the most quiet person in the world. Always wondered if they were ready to fire me. And it kind of gave me a little lift, to think they wanted me back. So I went back for a year at Delano. And I enjoyed that year very much. Of course, all the time, my feelings were back here at Nevada and hoping I could get back. You just don't go out of high school into college and like to go back, at least I wouldn't've.

So in 1945, I was rehired at Nevada. And Jim had a fair nucleus for a football team. We didn't have too much success. Vie played some tough teams. I recall going back and playing Tulsa. Tulsa had one of the finest teams in

the country that year, and we took quite a shellacking, about forty to nothing. We did not play them in 1946. But irregardless of that, when I did come back, we had just a fair season—not too much manpower, but we had some good players, and we survived a pretty good year.

The next year, Jim had the best year he'd had here in his whole career, which turned out to be his last one at Nevada. He won—we played nine games, and we won eight and lost one. And that was, of course, a good record. And the basketball season, I recall I started out by putting on a tournament, Christmas tournament, with four pretty good name teams—University of Utah, Stanford, and California, and Nevada. And we had a real rip-roaring tournament. Utah won. They had won the NCAA championship the year before, and they had most of their players back, and they were real tough. We lost the opening game to California, University of California, by one point. We almost squeezed through, but I would hate to have taken some of 'em into the game the next night with Utah, because, at that time, I had three of my former players come out of the service, and for that semester, and were just out, late in the fall, and consequently not in too good a shape. But it was—a highlight of that year was that tournament. Starting in Jim Aiken's 1946 year, which is the year I was just talking [about], where he had the fine record, his last, we went on full scholarships, or full subsidy grants for athletics in football. There was always a little left over for basketball, but at no time did we have any full ride. I used to be able to give some tuition waivers for out-of-state boys, and I got a little money here and there to help them out with their fees. But mainly, they had to take care of themselves.

But we had a real fine year in '45-'46. And then I had these veterans coming back that I

had named before, older, more experienced, such as Bob O'Shaughnessy, Jimmy Melarky, Harry Paille, Orsie Graves, both Gene Mastroianni and Alf Sorenson had graduated, and to supplement them, I had some of the football players. Every once in a while there'd be some guy show up and call me during the summer and say, "I'm interested in going to Nevada. I'm just out of the service." And among those, two of the people I got out of that type of recruiting, I guess you could say, were Hal Fisher and Grant Davis. Grant Davis had played one year at William Jewell College, back in the Middle West. Hal Fisher had been at city college in San Francisco, player in junior college. And I got acquainted with him because he was with the Tonopah air base, and the year before he had come down with them to play against Nevada, and that's when he talked of the possibilities of coming to Nevada. And then one of the football players that Jim enticed into coming to school was Max Dodge, a big six foot-four, two hundred and forty-pound end. It turned out that he was one of the quickest big men I've ever seen. So naturally, it was a great asset in basketball.

Then (now, this was in '46 and '47. this is Jim's last year) we were invited, as a result of a fine season of some thirty-six games I believe we played that season—and we won something like all of 'em but four. I think the record was 36-4; I think that's counting the tournament games later. So we were invited as a team at large to the NAIA, which is a national (and it still exists; it's different from the NCAA; it's more or less for the small college) tournament in Kansas City. And we went back. We had a very fine go during the tournament. We held our own with everybody. But in the semifinals, we lost to the team that went on to win it, Southern Illinois. Southern Illinois had a real fine squad. I think we lacked a little bench; otherwise, we were ahead of

them midway in the second half, and then we started to fall back and they nosed us out. But they went on to win it.

However, because of our record that year (evidently, that had something to do with it), about that time, Madison Square Garden was getting popular with the teams traveling back and playing. During the summer, we got an invitation to come back and compete at Madison Square Garden against St. John's University in New York. On those type of trips, at that time, Mr. Ned Walsh, who was in charge of Madison Square Garden, would make all arrangements—for hotels, for teams to play on the whole trip. It was kind of a package deal, and that's what they were doin' with all the Western teams. It was quite a feather in our hat. I thought about it quite a bit, and, of course, there's a tendency sometimes to think you go back into the big city boys, and they might be a little rough on you. However, I wasn't too concerned because I had such veterans, older men, older players. I think Hal Fisher was twenty-six, Dodge was about twenty-four; I had several on the squad who were around twenty, and nineteen, twenty-one. Bob O'Shaughnessy was about twenty-four, Jimmy Melarky, twenty-four. So we accepted the invitation. And, of course, the guarantees well paid the way. In fact, we came back with a surplus.

So getting ready for that, I recall some very interesting activities. During the summer, we—there was no rule in the NCAA then about practicing early, and so even the players, they were all steamed up about this opportunity. And every chance they got that they could get together during the summer, why, they'd work out. So it really gave us quite a lift, basketball-wise.

Subsequently, we went back. I remember getting back there in December. And, of course, St. John's was picked as number five,

I believe, in the nation, and the number one team of the East. And I don't think they were quite concerned much about little ol' Nevada, which is a good spot to be in. I was confident that we could hold our own with anybody because I felt I had that kind of a team, not because I was tellin' 'em which way to go, but I just had some good ball players.

So going back, I recall Madison Square Garden. Of course, it was a real big place. It's since been torn down, and a new one's been built. But they had 18,400 seats in there, and that was just about the biggest—it was bigger than the barn of hay we had back in Iowa, I'm sure of that! So we had quite an interesting trip.

The football team had a game with Hawaii the day before (December 15). And as I say, Jim was having a good year. And he took the team to Hawaii. On that team were Scott Beasley and Harold Hayes. Harold Hayes and Scott Beasley had also been on my basketball squad the year before. They'd worked out a little bit with me between the time of our last game on the mainland here and then going over to Hawaii. I think there were about three weeks in between. It was played in December, and I think they played about December the fifteenth—I'm not sure of time now. But our game at the Garden was December the sixteenth. And I wanted them there because they were an important part of our squad. They weren't starters, but they were certainly good swing men, or pinch hitters, we call 'em. So we had it arranged where they could fly all the way from Hawaii to New York. That gave the natives in New York something to talk about. There were pictures of them puttin' their football clothes away and puttin' their basketball shoes on. (Both had worked out with us before going to Hawaii.) And, of course, I suppose they sort of—the provincial New Yorkers thought we were, you know, a little corny. But I suppose anything is news.

We fortunately got to watch a game before we played. It was a doubleheader, and the University of Montana was playing the City College of New York. And they took quite a trouncing from Nat Holman's gang, and so, of course, everybody was ready for the slaughter of the next Western team, Nevada.

A rather interesting part of that was, the year before, we had played Fleet City, which was a service team on the coast here, a very fine one, one of the best in the country, having two or three All-Americans on there. And one of the players was a young fellow by the name of Dick McGuire, "Mickey" McGuire (I think his name was Dick; they knew him as "Mickey" then; I suppose that's a common moniker for McGuire), and he played on Fleet City, and we played 'em two real tight games here, and we beat 'em—I think we split. We lost the first one and won the second.

So Mickey had mentioned to the coach—. Coach Joe Lapchick, a rather famous coach, you know, of the old Celtics, one of the first pro teams in basketball, was the coach at St. John's, and he mentioned it at a luncheon to the sportswriters that we had the day of the game. It was a noon luncheon, and the games were that night. And he mentioned that Mickey had played against Nevada and he said they weren't a "cow country" team, as some people might think. In other words, Mickey gave us a pretty good blast about havin' ability. And so Joe Lapchick told them he wasn't looking for an easy go. However, in the—. Oh, the way they space teams in points, we were supposed to be sixteen points down; they should beat us by sixteen, and—the point spread, as they often call it.

Well, of course, the rest is history. We had quite a game, and we did get the lead. And I don't think our—I always say this after every game, I guess—I don't think our players played their best game, but still we played

good enough to win. And rather interesting, too, the center on St. John's was one of the greatest scorers in the East. He was six foot nine. [H.] Boykoff was his name. He was a big, powerful brute, and the week before, had scored fifty-five points. I'm sure that by the time he got wrestled around under that board by Dodge and Fisher, that he wasn't in too good a shape to make too many points. I think he scored somethin' in the twenties, which is low for him.

In that game, of course, our chief weapons were Hal Fisher and Max Dodge alternating at center and a big guard we had, a new man on the team, Bill Moylan, who was probably one of the greatest, as we say in basketball, board men I've ever seen. And he certainly showed it that night at New York. And Bob O'Shaughnessy, of course, the "quarterback" of the team, if you can call a basketball player that, had a great night, and did some great ball handling, some great passing. Grant Davis, the other starting forward, was high point man, did some fine driving. But strange as it may seem, the one they remembered the most was Jimmy Melarky, who isn't too big, and some of the fine play he did that night, some of his great shooting, and even defense, and ball handling. Jimmy was our little man, but I would say he had no superior in basketball in the country during that time.

But it was quite a thing to have. Then, of course, we went on the rest of the year and had a pretty good season with these guys. I still recall all the team that made that trip. There were twelve of us; twelve players and myself made the trip.

Then after we left New York, we went to Washington, D. C. to play Georgetown. And that, you could call [it], was one of the low lights of our trip. In the first place, I recall gettin' taken in a hotel restaurant for a meal which I thought was outlandish in price, and

I didn't hesitate to tell 'em. And then, we go out and play Georgetown on what they called U-Line Arena. It was a place where pros as well as college basketball teams played, but it also was an ice rink, where they had hockey. All they did when they played basketball is put the board, the floor, down on top of the ice. And in Washington, for that time of year, was very warm. It was December the sixteenth. I'll never forget it. It's almost like Pearl Harbor of 1940.

Shortly after we started to work out, before the game, it started to sweat. And I would say that halfway through the game, or even earlier, there was close to a quarter of an inch of "snow" on the floor. It was almost impossible to stand up. At times, there'd be ten people on the floor. In fact, I wondered why they didn't call the game off. Our players, a couple of our players came to me at halftime and said, "Why don't we quit?" And, of course, I said it'd be a good idea, but I'd have to leave that up to the host team on account of we had a guarantee, and I wasn't about to lose it [laughing]. So I told 'em they'd have to sacrifice their bones for the guarantee.

But we lost the game, and a close game, too. We hung in there. But it was just impossible, and as I've always stated (which, of course, can be called an alibi, I guess), the team that's visiting, when anything goes haywire, why, it's usually tougher on them than it is the home team. I have some very sad feelings about U-Line Arena. We just couldn't play basketball. We tried every way we could, but it was impossible, and I still think we had a much better team than Georgetown University.

After that game, we went over to Philadelphia to play St. Joseph's in a doubleheader. Oklahoma A and M, coached by the famed Hank Iba, was playing Temple on a doubleheader. And we certainly showed the effects of that Georgetown game, because

everybody was still stiff and sore from the bangin' around that got hit on the floor at Georgetown. And we had another squeaker and lost.

So then we were a little bit down, I guess, but then, that's part of growin' up, and I told 'em that, that these guys were old enough to take those things and come back. So our final game on the trip was outside of Pittsburgh, at Duquesne, Duquesne known as the "Iron Dukes." They didn't lose a game all that year, 'til the *last* one. They got nosed out. And we almost got over.

A real interesting incident—and I'll always remember it, and so will our players. At that time, we played outside of Pittsburgh (it was Duquesne—the University's right outside), and at the end of the game, the score—we're ahead with two points. We're ahead with two points with about twenty seconds to go. And somebody made a bad pass on our team, they intercepted and shot. As the ball went in the air, the buzzer went off to end the game. And unfortunately for us, it went through. And evidently, simultaneously with the buzzer, in one section of the bleachers (it wasn't the real type of bleachers you find in most college gyms), everybody must've stood up. And the whole bleacher collapsed—just one section of it. Must've been five hundred people went every which way. I never did find out how many were maimed or hurt. I don't think anybody was hurt very bad. But they certainly got jostled around. But it was rather interesting. Just as the gun went off, and the ball went through—wham! we heard this noise, that the whole bleacher came down.

Well, I hate to have to admit it, but after that, we went into overtime; we lost the game. A former teammate of mine, who is living in Gettysburg, was out here with me playing in 1926, '7, '8, he was here with me, followed us all around. He has a car agency back there now,

Glen Bream. And he came to all four games [when] we were back there, and I never saw a guy so down and so sick-looking as he was after that Duquesne game. I remember he said to me, "How can you stand these things?"

I said, "Well, you get used to 'em after you have 'em happen often enough" [laughing].

But he was real disappointed. And, of course, a lot of our friends were in New York at the time. We had alumni who were going through or living there. And even in Georgetown, in Washington, we had a big crowd. The alumni group, a good many of 'em workin' for the government, gave us a dinner the night before the game. A real wonderful party we had with them. Same way at Philadelphia, when we played St. Joseph's. They were there—a few different ones. And then, of course, later on at Duquesne.

So it was a great trip. I will always look back on it. I'm sure a lot of the players—. You know, it's rather interesting, those players. 'course, I know where most of 'em are now, anyway, that ever played for me. I always remember 'em so distinctly because they were—I don't like to say characters, but they were colorful. They had a characteristic that belonged to just them, kids like Jimmy Melarky and Bob O'Shaughnessy.

Incidentally, Bob, in that Kansas City tournament, was the number one pick for All-American in that tournament at Kansas City that spring before. It so happened that we played at Kansas City in March, and we played in New York in December, which was the next semester, in the same year.

Hayes now has a doctor's degree in education, and he's got an administrative position in a junior college in Fort Lauderdale. Scott Beasley, who was another one that flew, is a teacher in junior high in Sparks. Then Max Dodge, in public relations, back in his home state of Washington. Bob O'Shaughnessy's

down in Lincoln with a pipe company. Jimmy Melarky's one of the partners in handling the district for Phillips Oil here in Reno. And Ed Reed is on the school board. Ed was on the trip. Hal Fisher's athletic director of the Presidio in San Francisco, and is the civilian athletic director, and has become a great coach in all Army teams, and even handled the American team against the Russians on a tour in here for half of their games, and his co-coach was John Wooden, who probably is as outstanding as any coach in the country, at UCLA. Hal's made a very successful career of coaching, and still is the athletic director at the Presidio, so he's doin' real well. Fisher was just recently selected as U. S. representative of basketball to the Olympic Games. Of course, Harry Paille's the vice principal of Las Vegas High School. Orsie Graves, just recently retired from coaching, is vice principal at Sparks High School. So they were quite a group.

Anyway, from there, football, then, for the following year, changed. Jim Aiken took a job at Oregon, and there was quite a bit of commotion with the athletic board as to who they should hire. At that time, finances were still a little tough. There were some outstanding bills that hadn't been paid.

Incidentally, from the time, 1939, when Jim Aiken came, on through this period—for about eleven years, the athletics was handled by an athletic board. The strong influence on there, of course, were the alumni. The graduate manager when I came here in '42 was Joe T. McDonnell. And Joe was a real fine influence on control. I often think that his departure contributed a lot to—no reflection on those that followed him, but Joe had a great sense of economics. I think we would've been a little more stable, maybe not as glamorous, but—. Joe left, I believe, in 1948. I think he left and decided he wanted to go into law and get a law degree, which he did, and is now

very prominent as a corporation lawyer in Washington, D. C. He just recently came out here for the last Homecoming. And usually every time he comes out, my—as I say, my wife Erma was his secretary for several years in the office. She is my present wife. My first one passed away in '49 But Joe was a real, real fine operator. I had my problems with him. Naturally, bein' a young rarin' -to-go coach, I used to think he was too tight and too this and too that. But it was just a matter of learning, I think. Joe had a maturity a lot of us didn't realize, and I've always felt that he was a great influence.

Jim, of course, was a colorful—Jim Aiken was *very* colorful. Everything he did, he did it with a flourish and a flair. I think he did a lot for athletics at Nevada, and I think when he left, he felt that we should probably tame the program down a bit because we were a little bit in the hole. I was offered a job by Jim to go along with him as assistant in Oregon, but being the basketball coach here and having more or less had a stable position, and being Reno, I turned down the Webfoot country and stayed. Jim was made head coach at University of Oregon.

And then to hire the next coach. We had several candidates here, and the board was going through them. The board, as I said before, was composed of alumni representation, student representation, and faculty representation. And, of course, they were operating mainly with the student fee money. At that time, they were paying seven dollars per student per semester to operate the athletic program. The chairman for years, in fact, all during Aiken's regime here, and even Sheeketski's, was Harry Frost. Harry Frost was an alumnus, former player, and former teammate of mine here in 1926. Harry graduated in '27. Now, of course, Reno Printing Company and Harry are

synonymous. The Boosters regrouped for the Sheeketski era. And Jack Walther, I recall, also a teammate of mine, was a little bit behind me in school, was working with Chisms, and he was the secretary-treasurer of the Boosters, what have you. And I recall some prominent men who did a great deal toward—this is all, of course, in conjunction with the Boosters. We had everything kind of jammed into one. Actually, Jack Walther was the secretary of the Boosters, and treasurer. Harry, of course, was not only a member of the Boosters, but ex officio, he also was the chairman of the athletic board.

They were very anxious to put us into a national prominence in football. I admire their tenacity; I admire their optimism. But I think they had too tough a fight financially.

Many of the Boosters [were] people like Mitch Armanko [who] not too long ago passed away. I always think of Mitch as one of the finest men ever to work. He would work real hard for the good of the University in everything he did, and asked for nothing in return. He was a very unselfish type of Booster. And we had many like that on the Boosters at that time, and also at that time Dr. Lombardi. Dr. Louis Lombardi was our team physician, and also named to the Board of Regents. I guess Dr. Lombardi's been a member of the Board of Regents now for over twenty-five years—close to twenty-four or -five years. Now, I think he was made a member of the Board of Regents in 1946, or thereabouts. We had many, many people too numerous to name who did a lot contributing and helping support the subsidization of athletes. Our program continued on during that year with full rides, as we call it—more or less board, room, fees, and even a few essentials now and then.

Jim, of course, left a pretty good nucleus here when he left to go to Oregon. And then finally, it was decided to hire Joe Sheeketski

from Iowa. He was the line coach, assistant coach to Eddie Anderson there. And he was hired. And, of course, automatically, I inherited the job of line coach under him, as well as retaining head basketball coach.

During those years, my first years here, we had track. We didn't have baseball until 1945. I also, besides, for Jim one year, coached track. And then Jim Bailey came back. And in 1946 and '7, that school year, Jim Bailey was here again, and he was the track coach and backfield coach for Jim Aiken. We had other sports, too, but not too great. We had tennis and golf. They were more or less considered minor areas, as all colleges figured 'em. But we tried to keep the program up as best we could. But we must admit that the two major areas— and probably the number one major area was football, and then basketball. We did have some good track teams. Some of the players that Jim Aiken brought in in football were natural athletes in track, big tackles that could throw the shot, and weights, and speed merchants like Tommy Kalmanir. And Dick Trachok, our present athletic director, was a fine 440 man. Tommy was a real fine sprinter. And then we hired Sheeketski, and he brought in a lot of athletes, and I might say that track also inherited some of those. Jim Bailey left; he didn't stay. He went into business. And I had to coach the track team.

It was interesting that right in there, for two years, we had baseball. Jim Aiken was here, and it was in 1945-46, that winter (I think it was in January, I believe January of '46), I had my basketball team in San Francisco playing a doubleheader, and somebody told me they ran into a—these're things Jim would do that shows how interesting he was. There was somebody from Reno, a sporting goods store in Reno, was down there buying baseball uniforms for Nevada. And I said, "Oh, you must be crazy." No, some of the players said

during Saturday they were downtown before our second game, and they saw 'em, and talked to them. I said, "Must've been Reno High School." But anyway, I didn't give it much thought. We came back and got back Sunday morning. We were driving. And the headline in the *Nevada State Journal* is, "Nevada Starts Intercollegiate Baseball, Jake Lawlor Is The Coach."

So I called Jim, and I said, "Thanks a lot. I'm glad you let me know far enough ahead."

And we had to have a team that year. But it was rather interesting. Two players, two backs, that Jim wanted to get had loved baseball. They were from Long Beach, which, of course, is good baseball country. And I won't go into what names they were, but Jim decided that if they wanted baseball, he was goin' to give it to 'em, as long as he could get two good halfbacks. So that's how we started.

I might say we only had baseball two years, and then when the new coach, Joe Sheeketski, was hired, he didn't want to have it interfere with spring football. And we were short of coaches, you could say. We wanted me to work in football, and so I did, and we dropped baseball, later to resume it. Of course, we have it now.

Then Joe Sheeketski came into the scene. Well, Joe brought in one coach, Dick Evans, with him. I guess you could say Joe came out and had spring football, but he didn't hire Dick Evans until the summertime. He needed an extra coach. So the board went along with it and hired Dick Evans. Dick was an outstanding end at the University of Iowa. He had graduated a couple of years before and was coaching in the service (he'd been in the Navy), and he had got experience coaching there, and Joe knew of him and got ahold of him. Dick was a teammate. We was the "other end," you could say, of the famous Nile C. Kinnick that was a great legend at the University of Iowa, at

the other end. Dick was one of the finest young men I ever coached with. I never found a finer fellow to work with.

So, of course, we had a nucleus of Jim Aiken's team left. We still have the full rides for football. Joe Sheeketski recruited a lot of people outside, brought them in. And, of course, as I say, some of those students and players that Jim Aiken had recruited—I named some of them, like Tommy Kalmanir; Dick Trachok; Ed Sharkey, a big tackle; Talcott, Don Talcott, who was a real fine lineman; Scott Beasley was still with us; Harold Hayes had been here; a little end weighin' about a hundred and sixty pounds from Visalia by the name of Carl M. Robinson. Carl, later, when he got out of school, coached Sparks football, and had a very fine success in a coaching career, and then was made a vice principal. Right now, he's the principal at Incline High School, Incline school up at the Lake. Carl was a "sleeper," so to speak. By that, I mean he was probably the most determined, and he had great speed, and I would say we never had a better end at the University of Nevada in the thirty years I've been around. People will not remember Carl that way, because, naturally, he couldn't go into the professional football; he was too small. But he was really outstanding. He was a great receiver in our passing attack.

And then, of course, on top of that, there were such linemen as Bill Barger, Fred Leon, the Hopper brothers, Ed Rinehart, Mel Grevich, Tinnas Carlson. Tinnas Carlson, incidentally, runs the Red Garter in Virginia City. He calls that the "poor man's Nugget," and he's gettin' to be quite a citizen up there. Tinnas was about two-seventy when he played, six foot four, and one of the fastest big linemen I've ever seen.

These were all the linemen I'm talking about, and they were good, strong men, some of 'em with experience. And, of course,

anybody in football will tell you that you have to have the men up front to be successful with the men behind. And I think this is one of our greatest strengths. I was naturally very happy. I was the line coach, and working with men like that, it's—I don't mean that I didn't enjoy workin' with others, but I definitely felt [laughing] there was something—you could almost play anybody, with that type of line. And, of course, to supplement, athletes, backs, like Tommy Kalmanir, Dick Trachok, Howard—Sherman Howard, a great speedster, 9.8 sprinter.

Oh, there were quarterbacks, of course. The outstanding quarterback, probably, in college, one of the outstanding quarterbacks for a couple years, we got out of Wisconsin, was Stan Heath. And I really think that a great deal of credit has to go to Stan for bein' the guy that made us go. He had great determination. He was a great football player in his own right. He was a great defensive player as well, but had that optimism and that mental attitude of positive thinking. He was a winner—I mean, he wasn't afraid. He'd tackle anything, and had all the confidence in the world. He was a tough leader as a quarterback. He took nothing from any of the players. He was a great man to handle a team because usually in huddles or groups you have problems if you don't have the right type of person at the helm. And he had a great arm, fine passer, and a good head.

And, of course, we had some fine receivers. Another big lineman that came in at that time—two of 'em—Duke Lindeman, at present one of the top athletic officials in the state, is a referee in football and basketball. And then Dan Orlich, who, of course, also played basketball for me (later played pro ball with Green Bay), is six foot five. Dan is famous (I think I mentioned that before) as a trapshooter, probably the outstanding trapshooter in the

country right now, managing a Harold's Club gambling area.

And then I mentioned Carl Robinson, with his great speed, just fitted in just right. I was tryin' to think of a little guy [by the] name of Ted Ensselin. He later coached at Battle Mountain. He's a big cotton gin man down in Porterville now, doin' real good. He was a great little speedster, little guy. Some of these I probably will overlook, but we really had a great nucleus.

And an interesting part of this was that Jim Aiken had scheduled Tulsa in a return game for 1947. During the summer, after Jim had taken the job at Oregon, ([laughing] this is kind of a sidelight) Joe Sheeketski was not here during the summer. He'd come out for spring football that spring, but he didn't arrive, then, until the middle of August for that fall of 1947. And, of course, it's Jim's first year at Oregon. And during the summer, Jim called me up and wanted to know if I'd send him the Montana State film. They were playin' Montana State their opening game, and, of course, Jim had had the film taken, and naturally, I said, "Why, sure, Jim, we'd be glad to give it to you. So—you know, send it up to you and you can use it and then send it back." Fine. So I sent it to him. And [laughing] it started quite a hassle. We were playin' Montana State down here the same year, and, of course, I expected to get the film back from Jim. Jim was a little careless sometimes on those things. Probably didn't think, you know, just let it go.

But Joe, then, came, and, of course, we started football practice and in the meantime, Jim Aiken claimed that a couple of players that Joe had brought in were not eligible. They were from San Diego. And he made an issue of it in a letter to Sheeketski, and that didn't sit too well, you know, when you get somebody snipin' at some of your players and you can't blame either one for not wantin' 'em to play, and

realizing that Nevada *might* have something, and here we're playin' Oregon.

Well, we go down to—. Anyway, I got into a little mess with that. It wasn't a good start, with two coaches, but finally, I had to tell Joe that I definitely would do that for him or for anybody else. I didn't think I was out of line. Jim had taken the film while head coach at Nevada, and he finally got it back to me. And Jim, of course, was a little embarrassed about the whole thing, too. He certainly regretted gettin' me in trouble. But it was a small incident. But there was quite a feeling between the two coaches as a result of these two guys bein' claimed, and then, of course, the film going up there. And those things get to be mountains rather than molehills.

So I think Jim thought, though, with a great team comin' up at Oregon—he had Van Brocklin, the great quarterback (Norman Van Brocklin later became a great pro and even a coach in the pros); Johnny McKay, the present head coach of USC, was one of Jim's halfbacks up there. And, of course, Jim and I were close friends, as were our families. My wife made the trip up to visit Jim's wife at the game that we had with Oregon.

Our first game that year was with the University of San Francisco. Now, they had a great team that year, real fine team. Heath was not there yet; he had just arrived the Friday before the Saturday we played USF. And we lost thirty-seven to thirteen in that game. But anyway, we lost it rather handily; they won it. And Heath didn't play. He wasn't dressed. So then Monday, he started in practicing with us. And the next Saturday we played Oregon.

And the reason I recall Heath being such an all-around football player, he did a wonderful job that day of backing up the line when Oregon had us inside the ten-yard line about five times, I think—or maybe not that many. And all the time, Heath is backin' up

the line; he's doin' a lot of the tackling. And he really did a job there. He hurt his knee a little bit doing it, and from then on, of course, Sheeketski decided he couldn't afford to have him play defense because he was so valuable offensively, which, of course, is typical of that T formation that most colleges and pros use now.

Fortunately for us, and unfortunately for Jim, we beat Oregon. It was one of the highlights, I guess you could say, of Nevada's football history. It was a close game. As I say, we had to hold 'em off. I recall Carl Robinson was the guy that got behind the defense on a pass to give us our key touchdown. He got behind the defensive back with that great speed and he made a great catch, which, of course, was typical of Carl. And that was one of the big starts, of course, for Coach Sheeketski.

With all the material we had, we had a good season that year, and then in 1948 we had a real fine season. And we're more or less blitzing everybody we were playing. I will have to say that it was during the wartime, still, and some teams were not as well organized as they might've been. But we did have a tremendous squad put together.

And then, of course, we're going along real good, and (now, this was in football) —and we run into Santa Clara. I always refer to that as "the day of the big wind." There must've been about a thirty-five, forty-mile wind out there—it was really terrific—at Hughes Stadium in Sacramento. And there've been a lot of stories on what happened there, why we got beat. We got—Santa Clara beat us, and Len Casanova was the coach of Santa Clara at the time, later went to Oregon, had a great bit of success as an outstanding coach.

Actually, the two teams were pretty evenly matched. But our offense had been so dependent on so strong a passing game that the wind almost disallowed any passing of any kind. To show how that works, we kicked off

to Santa Clara. And the first play, from their own twenty, they threw a pass, which a lot of teams do, you know, gettin' that jump on the opposition. And we intercepted it. And the reason we had such an easy interception was the wind killed the ball, and it died like a dead duck. Then we passed a couple of times and then ran, but we were in good position. And we finally threw a pass into the end zone to Harold Hayes. And just as Hayes was goin' to catch it, the wind caught it, and it died about ten feet from him. He dove for it, but it was too late. Just one of those things—you couldn't do it.

Santa Clara didn't throw another pass the whole game. We did. We were a passing team, and I don't think it was advisable, but it's pretty hard to discard your best weapon, even in the wind. And so we still tried to pass, and things went from bad to worse, and we lost the game fourteen to nothing.

Prior to that, there were possibilities, and we had had feelers—we didn't know how far, how close we were—of the possibility of maybe being invited to the Sugar Bowl. Needless to say, we weren't. We did have a good season, however, but that was one of the dampers, I guess you could say. As I say, I still think that we had as good a team, if not better, than Santa Clara, on a given day could beat 'em. I definitely think the wind hurt us much more than it did them because they didn't have near the passing attack or receivers we did. But to the winner goes the spoils, so there was nothing we could do but turn around and come home. It was a sad situation.

And I know there were a lot of stories about the players and what they might've been doing. But they're young people and typical of the times, they weren't out of line. I'm sure that all those stories about what they were doin', how they didn't train, and so on, were not true. They were real fine competitors, real fine. And

people that say those things are only looking, I think, for an alibi. I definitely feel that it was that terrible day we had. And as I say, [it] took a bigger toll on us than it did on the opposition because of our strong passing offense.

Then, of course, during those times, we still have the other sports, the same as before, but they're still in a minor area. We didn't neglect 'em, exactly. We didn't have much coaching staff. We had hired people part time coaching golf, tennis, and even wrestling. We had a little bit of that. Boxing we had for a while, and then it was dropped; I think it was dropped about 1948. There wasn't too much interest in it. There wasn't too much interest all over in boxing. But football and basketball, of course, still maintained a strong pace. As I mentioned before, track was okay, but baseball had stopped. Track was good because we did have some good men from football and other sports that were also good track men.

Then, the next year, I recall we had—Pat Brady was the quarterback. Heath was gone. He went to Green Bay, signed up with them for the pros. Dan Orlich signed with the pros, and Sherman Howard, Tommy Kalmanir, Ed Sharkey. In other words, we had some pretty good men, and when they could, you know, move in that many in the pros—. I think in one year, we had more in the professional ranks than any other college, and more or less, they were all off of that group of men that played for us in '46, '47, and '48.

Then in '49, we had a fair season, not too good. Pat Brady was our quarterback, I recall. We had a few of the linemen back, but not many. It was pretty much a new group. We still played the same type of schedule. I'm sure the schedule was too strong for what we had. And we were havin' difficulty in recruiting because other schools were comin' back into football stronger after the war, more or less a

semi-moratorium, during those early years, the '40's, or middle years.

And then, in '50, we had what you would call a real losing season. We had some fine football players. We didn't have enough of 'em. We had to go along shorthanded. We were playing, still, a tough schedule, teams like Texas A and M, Loyola, Santa Clara. USF had a great team in 1950 also—'49 and '50. And we played teams like Dayton, Wichita, back in the Middle West.

And then, in the meantime, basketball, we had not as great a year as we had with the men I mentioned, the year we went East on that New York trip, but we did have some fine athletes playing in '50—'49 and '50. We had some—Ted Johnson was a real fine six foot seven center in basketball; Bert Larkin, Joe Libke, both from Sullivan, who had come out from Indiana, Sullivan, Indiana to go to school; Les Ray. They were both in the same home town as Scott Beasley, who had been out here playin' football with us. He told 'em about the school, and they wanted to come out, and they came out on their own. There was no help given to them at all. I did eventually help 'em with their tuition. But they just came out to play. And I'd say Joe Libke was one of the greatest competitors and one of the finest forwards I ever had. He was a guy who could whip you in five minutes if you give him a chance. He was a great competitor. He's now a dentist here in Reno. You probably know him, Joe Libke.

Les Ray went on to coach in Indiana, back in his home state. And he went to the finals of the state championship. When you do that in Indiana, you have accomplished something. He has since hung 'em up as a coach and now is a—I think he coached about fifteen years. And now he's goin' to be an administrator, and he's studying for his doctor's degree. He hasn't got it yet, but he will!

I mentioned about Hayes getting his doctor's [degree], and now is in administration at a junior college in Florida.

Ted Johnson was a boy from Elko, Nevada, tall, lean, but had ability. He wasn't too strong, is all. Incidentally, his daughter is here in school now. I have a lot of those things happening, and it makes me feel a little older all the time [laughing]. But if I ever see a granddaughter, I'll start to shake. But she came to me the other day (I had her in a class), and she said, "Do you remember my father, Ted Johnson?"

And I said, "Of course, I do." And I said, "Well, are you his daughter?"

"Yes."

Well, anyway, that's what's happening to me now. Mert Baxter, I mentioned him, coming over from Carson City, one of the greatest athletes I've ever coached. And that goes for both football and basketball. He just had the great hands, the great movements, and the great judgment. I believe I mentioned him before. He is now in Viet Nam; he's a colonel, and he's makin' the Army Air Force his career. I believe he's in the Army Air Force.

Bert Larkin, who played with him, is also making flying his career. He's been in the Viet Nam area twice. Bert was a little guy.

And these guys got together, along with fellows like Dan Vidovich, who is over in Carson now, a therapist, Doug Douglas, Johnny Borda, Reg De Paoli, John Legarza—they all came in about the same time. And in 1951 and '52, we had a great record in basketball, of nineteen wins and three losses.

Rather interesting—during that time, we were invited to another trip to Kansas City in the NAIA. They were not able to pay all expenses of teams that were involved. Our budget was a little low at the time, and so we were, you know, concerned about how we'd pay our way, as was the athletic board. These

were tough times. When I say '51 and '52, we had dropped football for '51, so then the basketball, we still kept it going, but finances were a little bit tight. Some gentleman in Las Vegas who was in the gambling business offered to help pay our way with a \$1,000 check, a very gracious gesture. I don't like to criticize the Middle West, but sometimes I think they're a little funny that way. They thought we were connected with the gambler; therefore, they withdrew our invitation—rather a sad situation, but to me, I felt it was a slap in the face. I haven't had much concern for the NAIA since. I saw nothing wrong with it. It's a legitimate business in Nevada, and to think that they would tie us in with some of their penny ante gambling in Kansas City, which we saw when we were back there—. Maybe I shouldn't be talkin' about the Middle West that way, but I feel that way, and I definitely told 'em when I replied.

This was somethin' that turned out. I know at the time, we had a good team. We probably didn't have too great a bench (when you say "bench," you mean reserves). And in tournament play at that Kansas City tournament, NAIA, there're thirty-two teams compete. And it's just a sort of a—we call it a rat race for about five days, and you'd better be able to show up every day and be ready. And maybe we wouldn't've had enough reserve power. I thought I had a good enough team. I had a great competitive team. I compare then to the team that we took East that year. They weren't as old, but I would say they were more competitive. They did not know what it was to get beat. Somebody had to show 'em. They were that type of team, led by a great boy in this Larkin. He was a little guy, and he was a typical Napoleon type. He stirred 'em. Whenever he came out on the floor for practice, the pickup—you could see it. He was

just a type of aggressive [person] who didn't give any man any quarter. He was a great little competitor. And I've always felt—[laughing] at time-outs many times, you know how coaches will do, they'll call time-out, and then they hope something works right away, because then the people will think they're, you know, real brainy. And many times in time-outs, I used to sit and just listen, and Bert would take over and tell off a couple of players who weren't doin' their job. I always thought [laughing] he was probably a better coach than I was. A lot of people used to say, "How come you let him go like that?"

I said, "Listen, he's doin' 'em more good than I'll ever do 'em, because he's goin' to get 'em stirred up. And what I might say, I'm just guessing."

So the thing is, this was the type of team we had. But they withdrew our invitation. And the people in Reno rose up. And, of course, I had a lot of 'em coming to me and saying, "Gee, that's too bad. We're awfully sorry to hear that. I imagine that's a great disappointment to you."

And I'd say, "Yes, that's a great disappointment to me."

You know, secretly, I was thinkin', "I guess, but then, there's no use in asking for it." You go to those tournaments and you get knocked over. And when you do, all the glamour's gone. I often think that about high schools in this area. When they have a tournament, you can have a great season, but you get beat that first game in the tournament, and everybody forgets what you did before. So this was rather the same idea.

The townspeople got together, had us a big banquet at the Mapes Skyroom. Oh, there must've been—I don't know—four hundred, five hundred people there. And they had a little stage out in front. They brought us all up. And the funny part of it—. This was after the tournament was played that they got the idea.

We had played Indiana State that year and beat 'em. And Indiana State won the tournament at Kansas City. So, just suffice it to say—you know how they compare notes, if you compare 'em long enough, you can find Imlay out here beatin' USC.

But the thing is, we got the banquet, and they presented us all with a Bulova watch with an inscription on the bottom, "Our Champs," and a replica, exact replica, of the cup that was given to Indiana State for winning the tournament, and a big dinner.

And down there, of course, everybody was saying, "Oh, it's just too bad. Isn't it a shame you didn't go? Boy, you'd've won that tournament"—you know how people are.

And I'm goin' right along with 'em, "Yeah, it's too bad," you know. And secretly, I was tellin' my wife, "This is the happiest moment in my life [laughing]! I don't have to show up!"

But the players, of course, were disappointed. I'll tell you, they had a lot of confidence. And I had a lot of confidence in then. But I know what tournaments are. It's like gettin' hit with a buzz saw and gambling on what tooth's to hit you first. And this is the way it turned out.

So we had a great year, and everybody eulogized us, and we all got a watch, and we were happy. So these things—sometimes it turns out all right.

I felt real bad about the gentleman down below who gave us the thousand dollars. I'm tryin' to think of his name. He had the Horseshoe down there [Benny Binion]. You know, in gambling, I suppose you do get a reputation, and the Middle Western runners of the NAIA thought it was out of line.

And then, of course, our basketball continues on.

[Would I like to talk a little about the Boosters Club in that 1940's period?] I think that's probably one of the key areas. Because

when you try a program like that, finances are the number one problem, you could call it, or number one factor. The board—the athletic board came about—that type of board and the board that operated during that time came about in 1939 when Jim Aiken came in as head football coach and athletic director. This was brought on by many things, a disastrous football year, the coach was havin' problems and eventually resigned. And there was a feeling throughout the state that—well, maybe you could say throughout the Western area—that this was a graveyard for football coaches. It's rather interesting, and maybe you shouldn't compare it to a sport like basketball, but in basketball, you never have that pressure that a football coach has. From you might say 1923 to the present, which is over forty-five years, there have only been four head basketball coaches at Nevada. And from 1923 to 1939, which is just a span of some, what, sixteen years, there were six football coaches. And since I came to school here in 1926, there've been something like eleven football coaches. And that was the reputation everybody seemed to talk about, that Nevada was always trying something they couldn't follow through with.

Well, then the idea was that the alumni would organize the Boosters, along with the student body fees that all students pay, all registered students, and faculty representation, of course. There were always two men, two members of the faculty appointed by the president, on the athletic board from 1939 through that period of the '40's. The membership was probably around, I think, eight—seven or eight men—representatives from the student body, two; from the faculty, two; three from the alumni. And you could say the alumni were pretty much the background or the nucleus—that is, maybe we could say the Boosters were actually alumni, some of them adopted (some didn't go to school at

Nevada but were living in Reno for quite a few years and were naturally interested in the success of the University and its athletic program). So the Boosters Club probably numbered something like fifty people, with key men, of course, running it, and the others more periodically coming to a meeting to—typical of most organizations.

They wanted a top schedule. At that time, there were three denominational schools, Catholic colleges, on the coast that were probably our major interested competition in football, Santa Clara, and the University of San Francisco. And I did mention before that these schools were our key games, and sometimes it would be—we'd be pretty apprehensive during the summer when we didn't have our dates set yet, and then did have them set. And, of course, early in the '40's, there was no pro football on the coast. Consequently, these games in San Francisco—and ninety percent of them were played there; never did we play up here. Our stadium was small and we were looking for income. And this was the major part of our schedule during the '40's. We had a difficult time picking up other games. We got in over our heads, sometimes, with too powerful a teams, and other times we'd get teams, I think, that were so far away that finances were crippled a good deal, in the travel. We didn't have too much interest surrounding some of these other games. But it just went along that way.

Now, the Boosters Club would, every year, organize to raise money. The clubs in Reno, particularly the two major gambling clubs, Harrah's and Harold's, were a strong source of revenue. Then they cooperated in a real fine way for the Boosters. Individuals, other businesses donating money every year, raising enough to pay the board and room and whatever's necessary for our scholarships. It is very common in athletics, that if you're

winning, it's easier to get money. And we didn't always win. We did build, I suppose you could say, from '45 to and through '48. Then in '49, the winning part started to be less. And they ran into many difficulties, to the extent that I recall them borrowing money.

Of course, in the meantime, the administration had very little to do with the whole intercollegiate athletic program. I'm sure the two representatives from the faculty kept the president informed. But due to the fact the way it was organized, I just felt that the Board of Regents and the president, also (whoever it happened to be at that time, or during those times—there were several), knew very little about what was going on, but did notice there was getting to be a few bills (there were a few bills coming around). And the University was cooperating in the dining hall by carrying the Boosters' bills. And I think the whole accumulation, and then the fact that the win and loss record started to change in '49, we were headed for some type of reorganization or end of what type of regime we had.

I will give the credit to all these Boosters. I knew probably a hundred percent of them personally. And they worked real hard, and it was an effort put out by, you might say, individuals who didn't have an obligation in any sense, except that they were, in many cases, alumni, many cases prominent businessmen who wanted to see the University athletic program be a success. So they were glad to cooperate. So it really was a great effort on their part. And I think the people in charge of the program did their very best. I know Jim Aiken was very active in helping raise the money that was needed for scholarships for players. But—well, the results were obvious. If you didn't have enough, why, you couldn't make it go. And that has been the history of most college athletic programs

down through the years. If you do go too far, it's hard to maintain. You hope. Nobody can predict the future. And particularly, you can't predict the future in athletics.

But I did feel that down the stretch of that program, '49 and '50, that we could not keep pace in recruiting. It was costing more and more, and times were not such that money was plentiful. These people in business had to take care of their own first, and I think that's what brought it all about. But it was a real fine organization, and some real effort put in by many men in that period. It was just one of those things. And I would definitely want to be the last one to blame their thinking, because maybe I could see the picture better. Maybe at one time I was carried away by the fact that we were playing bigger competition and hoping that we could have the team—or the material on the team to meet that competition. But you could almost see it coming to an end. And that is just briefly the picture of the Boosters Club during that time.

[Has there been anything comparable since?] Nothing comparable to that. There've been no attempts since that time to support players in their expenses in college. The change recently, in the last two years, since we departed from the Far Western Conference (two years ago we left the conference), there have been, now, an attempt to raise money and use money in a partial way, partial expenses. But we have no one here now who's on any type of scholarship similar to what they had in 1947, '48, '49, '50.

The people—some of them who were interested then still are interested. I would say the major push at present comes from a younger group. They were quite young. In fact, some of them were players during the '40's. Some of the older people, like—Harry Frost is still very interested in our program. And Harry was a key man as chairman of the

athletic board and one of the strong Boosters during the '40's. And there're several others.

Probably the more interesting part of traveling in the days when—you might say my heyday—we had no car pool. But down the stretch, near the end, we had car pools, [or] the car pool, that exists now, the University car pool, and very little flying was done. Football trips were by bus. We did fly in football and a little in basketball for some of the larger trips in the '40's, and a few since. But up until the last couple of years, very little flying was done, so it was mostly by chartered bus with a large team, but our basketball, in particular, during the winter, in the early years, particularly in the '40's, was mainly by automobile. And I use that term because usually I used mine, and maybe some other coach would go along with me from some other sport, would take his, or we even had some of the players bring their cars. And in basketball, on several occasions, we would take three cars, and I usually took my own going over the summit, which was more or less normal because ninety percent of our competition was there, on the other side. And basketball trips in particular, and even some of the early spring sports trips were quite exciting with the storms that we'd have. You never knew. I think some years were better than others. But we did get caught a lot of times.

We had quite a reputation, at least I did, for getting over the summit without chains. It never was a pleasant activity, and although I did have players, passengers, who could do the work, I didn't necessarily like to have them get all wet or whatever. So we'd try our best to get over without chains. The fact that we had six people in a car made it a little easy. If you happened to slip off or get stuck behind a truck and couldn't get momentum, why, we would just—everybody'd get out and one'd drive and we'd get it back on the road, and away we'd go. Not that we were wild drivers, but I know I

had a reputation for never putting on chains, and I was even reminded of that a couple of days ago when one of my former players came back with his family and were visiting with me.

On one occasion I recall being caught on the summit going to Stockton to play the University of Pacific (at that time, it was the College of Pacific) and being stopped by the highway patrol. And at first, they indicated we should go back to Reno. But before any action was taken, it turned out that the road was closed on both ends. This, of course—I'm talking about a time some twenty years ago or more. At that time you could talk to a highway patrolman and maybe talk him into something. And I recall I explained to him how we handled it, and that we were very careful drivers, and we had a lot of help. And I do recall that finally, this one instance, he let us through. And we arrived at the scene of the battle rather late, but we got there, and the game went on.

This, of course, was an obligation we always felt. Naturally, we didn't like to go down a day before (too much expense), but sometimes it might've been better if we did, because in a stormy season, you never know what you're goin' to run into on that summit. Now, that, of course, is the old [Donner] summit, not the one that we have now. The 80 highway now is taken care of a lot better, and it was a little rugged to get over.

I do recall one time, too, when the storm was so bad we decided not to take cars, and we went on a bus. We were playing Chico, and it was decided the best way to go was over the summit. And then we doubled back to Chico. That isn't the direct way. The direct way is by Feather River. And I recall we had to change buses to start back to Chico from above Sacramento—or did we? I guess we went in to Sacramento. And there was standing room only; the team had to stand all

the way for about a hundred and some miles to Chico. If you had that happen to some of our modern players today, I imagine they'd decide they couldn't play! But I always felt the players during that time, the students we had on the teams, they took those things in stride pretty much. I recall probably the biggest and more experienced team I had was in that predicament. They were all older guys, but it turned out their senses of humor were good enough, and we survived.

I recall one time, the same team a few years later getting caught on the summit for about an hour because of an accident. Then the storm delayed us, and we got into the gymnasium at ten minutes before starting time. And when requesting just a little more time to warm up, why, the opposing coach (this was the College of Pacific at the time, too) said they had a radio broadcast, and it had to go on. So we dashed out on the floor and lined up for the game. And it turned out we beat them pretty bad—or badly, whatever you want to call it—and it kind of made me think that maybe warmups before the game were wasted time, or maybe they took something out of you. But I do recall that very vividly. We didn't even take a shot at the basket. And everybody was hotter'n a pistol, and we wiped the floor with 'em. And maybe we would've won anyway. I think we had a better team. But that night, we just seemed to be hotter than ever.

So it does make you think. I never was much of a person for what we did during the warmup. I felt that when the game started, if your team's ready, they're ready, and that's the way it was. Preliminary activity before a game never excited me. I do think that today a lot of 'em think it adds to the color, and I guess it does, and probably a good idea.

But once you get over the hump, or over the Donner Summit, why, of course, in California, except for rain, it's pretty east

traveling. So most of the time, we did all right. Sometimes we'd get lost in San Francisco or Los Angeles tryin' to get to the site of the game. And even though you're given directions, I've never heard directions yet that were right, so probably going from a small community to a large one, we'd get caught [laughing].

I do recall one time we went into Portland. And we had three cars, and always, we went in a caravan formation, more or less, to make sure everybody got there. It was safer. Portland was one of the first cities in the country to go for one-way streets. It usually rains in Portland, and it happened to be raining this time real hard. We spent about an hour getting to the Mayflower Hotel, and we could see the sign all during that time. And I was in the lead, and several times I went down the wrong way on a street. And with all those lights comin' at me and the rain comin' down and everybody honking, the natives were telling us we were rubes and goin' the wrong way. But we'd eventually get there. I know, even though it was a trip of about six hundred miles, that the players always used to stand up under it. I suppose it was something they could still talk about. And they never seemed to mind; they would laugh it off. But I was accused of being blind several times!

An incident when we went to New York, we flew to New York, and then the other four games we played in Georgetown after New York, and then Philadelphia, and then Pittsburgh. We went by train and then returned after our last game at Pittsburgh to Reno by plane. And we found out what the subway was like in New York. And it's very much like you hear stories of comedians. I would say that a comedian could've got a good story out of just watching us getting in there. One guy got caught in the middle of the grating in the door (it's kind of a swinging grate), and we didn't know whether we were goin' to be

able to rescue him or not, or whether we were goin' to have to change all our plans going from New York to Washington, where we were going to play Georgetown. And I recall at the same time one guy got caught in there with his suitcase, and it flew open and all his personal belongings went all over the floor. These were just real interesting sidelights. And I'm sure they were good hot stove stories by our players after this happened.

Things happen pretty fast when you go on a trip, particularly if you go to a city. Usually your timing is important; you want to be at a certain place a certain time. And these things can become sometimes not only funny, but really ridiculous. I suppose better planning could be done, but when the rubes go to the city, they [laughing]—I guess they take things for granted, that you're goin' to survive.

But there were many incidents with players that I always enjoyed. Even though at the time they were tragedies, we could laugh about 'em afterwards. And I think, to a great extent, that's one of the important things of intercollegiate athletics, is a group of players together, who go through some pretty rugged times in competition, getting beat, taking a shellacking, and learning how to take it, and learn how to get up and come back and win in another one. And then the incidents that happen along with them are always, I think, a great thing for the future. I know of many youngsters over some thirty-five years of coaching that were youngsters and now, of course, a lot of 'em are grown men, even middle-aged, come back to Nevada and come in to visit. Probably the bigger topics we talk about are the little side incidents that happened, rather than the actual game incidents themselves or the actual competition, because they were things that came out of a group of people fighting it out together. I never cared much for the softness, maybe, that you could get in traveling. I felt

that that was part of their bringing up, too. And I felt that when I had players that could go through this and still go out on the floor and not feel sorry for themselves, why, it had a lot to do with probably showing what they were made of. [At] the same time, maybe it woke some of 'em up to the fact that everything isn't goin' to be too smooth anyway, no matter what you do. And that's why I can recall so many of these—not only incidents, but the players involved. They, certainly as far as I was concerned, even though I never let 'em know it very often, came through in fine colors. They were good competitors. And, of course, it's always great to meet 'em when they come back. But this is pretty much of a standard, I think, with any coach and with any team.

THE ATHLETIC PROGRAM AFTER 1951 AND THE FAR WESTERN CONFERENCE

Of course, when we dropped football in 1951, nobody knew and nobody could predict. At that time, our head football coach and athletic director resigned, and I was made athletic director by the then president, Dr Malcolm Love. He asked me to organize whatever type of program I thought could be, and I did work one out and presented it to him. And later it was presented by both Dr. Love and myself to the Board of Regents. And the main theme of that was that we would not go into any so-called "big time" football, and that we would operate within our finances.

Football, as I say, was dropped. Other sports were continued, hopefully on the same basis as before, and maybe even an improvement there. But within a year, there was a feeling on the campus on the part of the students that they should go back into football at the state university. And I certainly was not against it, because I think football's a wonderful sport for any college. It's a great

kickoff for the fall. Youngsters coming in from high school are used to having it, and I just felt that we should do our best to try to have some type of program.

Now, there was a questionnaire put out from the president's office, which I thought was the best place because it had to do with the administration. Well, incidentally, the athletic board remained the same—different personnel on it—and then eventually changed to a more moderate operation. And from the questionnaire, it was almost unanimous on the part—. The questionnaire went to all the students, and—almost unanimous to return football to the campus. And there was a general feeling in the answers in the questionnaire that Dr. Love put out that we do not go on the so-called "big time" basis, that we have a good program.

So, in 1951, we had kept it, so-called, alive. We had the equipment. And rather than let it sit and go to waste, I encouraged an intramural football. And with some fifty students, we played a sort of round robin, with three teams. And then for the Homecoming that year, we played an alumni team. The feeling then, I thought, was toward, "Let's get football going again."

So we scheduled four games. Now, this program had no support of any kind, no financial help to any player. It was what you'd call a real puritan situation. And the finances that we had in our budget were mainly for travel and buying extra equipment and just the general expenses that any football team has, other than scholarships. And we scheduled four games. And, of course, the difficulty of scheduling four we might be able to stay with was something. We did play two teams in the Far Western Conference (which still existed, although it had dwindled to about three teams), namely Cal Aggies and Chico, and then we played Fresno State and

Idaho State, which, I would say, were quite a bit tougher for our youngsters. You could almost say we were just playin' the students who came to school, not necessarily coming to play football, plus a few that were left over from the program before. Some of 'em had gone in the service and they'd come back. So we did have a little help here and there.

In that year, we won two and lost two. We beat the two Far Western Conference teams. And there was a feeling that football could come back. The next year we scheduled five games.

Incidentally, as I said, I was the athletic director, and I had one assistant. We did have some part-time coaches for some of the minor areas, like tennis and golf. They were hired just for the season, local people who were interested (the majority of them were always alumni). But Hugh Smithwick was my assistant. And during that period, as you look in one of the annuals, you'll see my very, very handsome face listed with [laughing]—with (I say that because nobody else will)—with both the tennis and the golf and the football and the basketball. And I want to assure everybody I wasn't overworked because I just didn't do any better job, probably, than a very normal one is done, in all (I was a jack-of-all-trades), but I was the head football coach as well as head basketball coach.

And we, as I say, played the next year; we played five games. The following year we played seven, and then we started to look for a football coach. All the way through those three years, there still was no financial support. And I'm sure the teams we were playing were—. In particular, those other than the Far Western Conference were subsidizing to some extent, and it made it a little difficult to just play. Some of the players we had were inexperienced, some had played with us that didn't even play in high school.

And then we decided we were going to hire a coach.

During that time, I think our basketball program kept pretty good pace. We didn't have any subsidization there, either. But in 1952, they brought about a reorganization of the Far Western Conference. At that time there were only four teams left, the California Aggies (that's University of California at Davis), and Chico State College, Humboldt State College up in northern California, and Southern Oregon College of Education. They called a meeting and invited San Francisco State and a new team on the horizon, Sacramento State (which came into being a couple of years before that), and Nevada to come down and see what we thought about a reorganization of the conference and us joining. So I recall Dr. Moose at that time was the faculty representative. He was head of the chemistry department, later head of our graduate school, now an emeritus. I'm sure a lot of people remember Dr. Moose, a very fine man, and had a tremendous interest in student activities.

So it was organized. Southern Oregon was dropped. There was a feeling on the part of some of the members, not against Southern Oregon College, but just its location, and they felt that they didn't want to continue there, so they dropped out of the conference. That conference was outlined as a real, pure conference—no help to any player, any participant in intercollegiate athletics in any sport, any more than it was available to a regular student goin' to school. And that is still in the constitution of the Far Western Conference. That, of course, gave us a place to light, and we did play in the conference in my last year of coaching, which was 1954.

And then in '55, we hired a football coach, Gordon McEachron. He had been coaching at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Pepperdine dropped football, and

he applied for the position up here and got it. We had two returnees from the squads I'd had who had been in the service, a little older. They originally came to Nevada in 1950, the spring of 1951. And then we didn't have football, so they didn't play. And they did play a couple years for me. And they were now here takin' graduate work, so they became the number one and two assistants for Gordon McEachron. I dropped football coaching then and just stayed with basketball. And we did have baseball start again because it was a strong sport in the Far Western Conference.

The Far Western Conference stayed about the same. There was an addition, Hayward State—that is, rather, the California State College at Hayward (that's the way they like to have those colleges named), and later on, Sonoma State came in. Sonoma was allowed to come in without a football team. They were just a young college starting up, and they felt they wanted to get other sports on the way, which was good thinking. And I don't think they're—at this present season, that they were still eligible for championship in the Far Western Conference. But they became a member, and it made eight schools, and it was a good conference.

One of its big handicaps, I thought, was the rules and regulations had to be crowded to survive, football-wise. Football's the type of game now—always was, in fact—but it's the type of game now with the thinking of people and young men who come to college that you just don't go out and play a regular schedule without some type of help or encouragement other than just sayin', "We're glad to have you," and, "It's a nice campus." And I'm sure that they found that out, and everybody started to crowd the rules a bit on this finance business. That continued.

During the 1955 [season], we returned our tuition waivers into being, the tuition

waivers that had been first brought into being for athletes by Jim Aiken and myself back in 1942. The legislature passed an act requested by the Board of Regents that we be allowed to waive some tuition for out-of-state students who could play football. And eventually, that has included other sports, to a certain extent. This became a bone of contention within the Far Western Conference because they claimed that we were doing something that wasn't allowed according to the rules. There was quite a bit of hassling on this for several years. We maintained that we could not field a football team because of our problems of recruitment. We couldn't expect to field a team just from recruiting in the state of Nevada because of the few schools playin' football— that is, regular football (there're a lot of other small ones playin' six- and eight-man football), when some of the better players were always enticed elsewhere by schools outside the state. This is no reflection on the caliber of football these boys were playing, because we were very happy to use players from the state. We still are. I'm sure that's the feeling, that if we can get somebody within the state, we have more of a normal approach to the game. But I still think we need the supplement from outside. Because when you don't get the better ones in the state because somebody is paying 'em, you certainly have to have something to substitute for.

So this is the situation we were faced with in the Far Western Conference. And we insisted we would not continue in the conference if we didn't have these. There were other things that were going on within the conference that—I think, as I say, crowding the rules, and I think a lot of them had tongue in their cheek. Of course, in the conference, we were the only team outside the state of California. And it predominantly was California state colleges. The University of California at Davis, which is with the other chain of schools in California,

were different, of course, but they didn't have any difficulty being in it. Probably they considered them one of the "mother" group of California colleges. But there just is a natural, I suppose—I don't like to say suspicion, but there's a natural feeling when you cross the state line and coming up into Nevada that we might be pulling something. We never did. We kept everything aboveboard. I insisted on it.

And during this period, I was in charge of athletics, working under the chairman of our department, Dr. Broten. I believe I did mention that even in 1939, when the departments were separated, physical education from intercollegiate athletics, in 1952, under Dr. Stout, they were brought back together. And I had strongly recommended it. And so we were considered, from then on, as regular members of the faculty if we were coaching and teaching in the department. And I still think that that's the best situation for a school our size. There are larger schools who have the same system. There are, of course, some of the larger schools in the country who are top competitors in intercollegiate athletics who have a separation of departments. I think when it's large enough, the separation is good. I'm sure they work in harmony and work interchangeably. That is, some of the coaches in those schools, even though the departments are separate, are teaching physical education classes. I know at USC, John McKay teaches a football theory class. And he's not a regular member of the physical education department. So they do have the interchange. But I thought it was working out better, and I still think it's working out better. There's oftentimes a little friction between the physical education and the athletics. The lack of facilities sometimes makes it difficult to cooperate. One small gymnasium can carry only so much weight, and somebody has to sit back while somebody else is using it. And there's bound to be a few

problems. I still think they can be handled better within one department.

The feeling in the community and in the state is easily fostered sometimes, as I said before: the ghost of the past. And all the time, while we were competing in the Far Western Conference, there was a strong feeling that we weren't doing enough for athletes. Our program was—and I've heard this statement made, and, of course, as athletic director, : resented it—the “Mickey Mouse” type of program we're having, you know. Some of these people can get awfully ambitious. I felt that for coaches and their security of being faculty members as well, with all the privileges of faculty, that if we keep the program within bounds where we won't get annihilated, but at the same time we always have a chance, I thought the program was very fine for the years we had it.

But as it always happens, there's a feeling we should change, and many groups met, and a Boosters Club was started, and a few extra helping areas by the—using these finances that they'd raised, and again, some of the crowding of the rules that we were doing, along with other teams in the conference. It sort of had a—it was bound to come; it was like a snowball, and the feeling that, “We got to do somethin' for athletes,” and particularly in football.

You can't get the athletes in here unless you give them some help. Because when you stop and think about a football player punching a clock every day in practice for two to three hours, the heavy activity of football practice probably makes it about a five-hour thing of getting ready and then recovering after a practice. Because football, the way it has to be played now, takes quite a bit out of a young man, and I see the reason.

I'm all for the subsidizing and helping financially of youngsters who come to school

and play on your football team, because they give time to the school, and hard work, too, that other students are not giving time and have a chance to get part-time jobs and have a little jingle in their pocket. And it's obvious. I don't think any football program in any school, any college, would be worth its salt unless it had some financial help. I'm not saying how far, and I'm not the one that probably would know the answer of whether you give it all, or whether you give it partial, or how much partial. But I still will go along with anybody that says we should have help for athletes, and particularly in the game of football. It's a manpower demand. And it's not fun, as a lot of people think, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. It can get a little boring. I know there are still people [who] think that football is just fun, but I've been through it too much to see that. And I'm sure that you have to more or less dedicate yourself to the task at hand. You've got to pay the price to be a winner (and who wants to be otherwise?). And so there's a lot of work to it, and I'm all for the subsidizing. But as I say, this Boosters Club was helping in a smaller way, much smaller than we'd had in the '40's. I'm not goin' into details on how much they'd raised, how much money they'd have.

Down the stretch of our existence in the Far Western Conference, we had varied success, not too great. We had success in basketball. We won three championships in the Far Western Conference over a period of approximately fifteen years.

We won quite a few track championships, probably due to a great surge brought on by a fine coach we had, who had been hired. We hired him for Gordon McEachron's assistant in 1966. And that was Dick Dankworth, who had been a product of Pepperdine College, and was doing a very fine job in high school in the Los Angeles area. Dick, I think, was one

of the finest young coaches I've ever come in contact with. And he also was track coach as well as McEachron's assistant. And he built the track team from just an ordinary competitor to a real championship competitor. And I am not sure of my number, but I think Dick won five straight championships. He won five, I know, out of six years, Far Western Conference championships in track. And then Dick went off to get his doctor's degree. And when he left we hired a man, Jack Cook, who has taken over the last couple of years, has done a very creditable job. Dick also was a very fine football coach. And I'm sure that Coach McEachron depended on him a great deal. Dick at the present time, as you know and everybody knows, is the director of our summer school program. And I'm sure he's one of the finest young administrators in the West. He certainly was a great one to work with. He was a twenty-four hour coach, as we say, and he's always available and always working at his job.

Now, we didn't win any football championships, but we came close. And I would say we had respectable competition. We held our own. There's only a little room at the top in any conference championship. But we did; we were in contention about—oh, at least probably fifty percent of the time of the fifteen years we were in the conference.

But as I say, this pressure coming from every angle to go into a different program—and in my own mind, I felt there were a lot of criticisms coming from the teams in the conference about our waivers. And they thought it was unfair, still, and I definitely felt no, and I started to weaken, I guess, too. I probably was one of the last. There was a lot of people thought I was too conservative and I was holding everything back, because in my position, there was a possible chance that I could do this. It wasn't that at all,

however. I would say that one of the things I was concerned with is the stability of our program. And I know the hazards of being an independent.

THE WESTERN COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

About two years ago, an interest was shown by the Western Collegiate Athletic Conference (we refer to it as the WCAC), composed mostly of private colleges (the present conference, in fact, that we finally did join), [which] were strong for—they only had a few sports. They did not have football as a conference sport. But it was a basketball and baseball conference, essentially. They did also have championship playoffs in tennis and golf at the time. There was no track at the time.

Actually, I think it was two movements. First of all, I finally figured that probably we would be better—with the pressure and the feeling on the part of the community and the state of Nevada, they weren't satisfied with our program, thinking that the state university—. I'm sure the [Nevada] state university being in the Far Western Conference was a great asset for the California state colleges. I'm sure they still think so. And also, it gave them a bi-state approach, whereas now, it's completely within one state. And I think our presence in there helped the color, helped the prestige of the conference. And I think the athletic people in those schools will admit that, even today.

But as I say, I decided, along with everybody else, I think the change better come, that we should leave the Far Western Conference because of these pressures against us on the part of the way our program was. I thought the criticisms were coming. It seemed like every new school or every new administrator or athletic director that came in seemed to come in with that chip on his

shoulder, that Nevada was getting away with something that the others couldn't. Then my recommendation came along with others. I know our coaches, particularly at that time, Dick Trachok, football coach, and Jack Spencer, basketball coach, they were getting into the swing of things, that we were held down, we couldn't do this and we couldn't do that. And, of course, we played a couple or three other schools in football, other than the conference schools, to get a full schedule, and it was hard to find somebody that we could compete with, with the program we had in the Far Western Conference. Basketball, of course, we had considerably more schools that we played because you can get twenty-six games according to NCAA rules. They were strong for it, and I felt that, after all, they're the ones that are coaching, and perhaps this is the time we'd better make a move. So we got out of the conference. And that was one move, but hovering in the wings, so to speak, were the people from the WCAC who were interested in our coming into their conference for basketball and baseball.

The many advantages [of] that Far Western Conference, I think, were overlooked. I always, from my position, naturally, felt that the schedules in all sports was the great asset of that conference. I think any conference that can sponsor all the major and even what we might call minor (I don't like to refer to sports as minor; I think they're all important)—. But I thought it was a wonderful situation for Nevada if it weren't for these other handicaps that I felt were building up. The different sports that they'd add—their policy was to add as many sports as possible. If somebody was interested—two or three schools were interested in a sport—if four schools were interested, they'd call it a conference sport. And the other schools could come in if they wished. But they encouraged every school in

the conference to try to take up these sports in the future if they weren't in them originally. We had sports such as football, basketball, baseball, track, wrestling, tennis, golf; they had swimming, which, of course, we didn't participate in. Out of all these sports, seven of them were mandatory. In other words, you had to compete, and you had to compete dually as well as in conference championships. And it keeps a good, strong support. It keeps a school on its toes. In other words, if you think of sloughing off in a sport, why, the mandatory clause, as well as the policy of trying to keep any sport going—. And if we had a swimming pool on the campus, I'm sure we would have been in swimming in the conference, too. Cross-country came in. Gymnastics came in. All of these sports came into the conference. And they had championships. So actually, it's diversified, and variety is the spice of life any place, and it definitely is within a school. Because if there are a group of young men (this is, of course, men's intercollegiate) who are interested in a sport, it can be given every opportunity to be a sport within the school.

Now, you can get "over-sported," I guess you could say, and I think, sometimes, there was a tendency to think we were going hog wild. We had to put the damper on some attempts because they might be minor attempts. There were just maybe two or three students coming up and say, "Why can't we have this?" I know the question came up of having rodeo as a sport, and bowling as a sport, volleyball as a sport. And, of course, at various times they tried to get us to go into—some groups of students would want to go into swimming.

I think at one time there was a feeling on the part of some that I was against swimming. I definitely am not because I think it's one of the greatest assets a school could have, of owning and operating their own swimming pool. And

I'm sure if we had one and didn't have to battle for a place to work out—. I think everybody's aware of the tremendous number of groups that use Moana and YMCA pools in the city of Reno. Everybody has to work out at the same time. That's always your handicap. It'd be nice if you could have your athletic workouts at nine in the morning. You probably could get *any* facility. But this was the reason, and not that I was ever against swimming.

The only thing is, I don't like to see a sport sponsored just because somebody wanted it, and have no good, strong basis. I think when you start a sport, you should have the situation well in hand, that you know it can continue and you can compete. Because, actually, intercollegiate athletics is born, and always has been existing, as a competitive thing, and if you can't compete, I don't think you have any reason to be in it just because you can say, "Well, here's our list of sports."

But this was a great asset of the Far Western Conference, and something that I knew we'd miss. And I think we are missing it right today. Because in the WCAC, it's very difficult to bring about any sports. We did ask them about having a track championship. There is no dual competition, to speak of, within the WCAC now. And, of course, in the WCAC, the limits of financial help, of scholarships and subsidizing athletes, is only limited by the NCAA, which, I think everybody's aware of, takes care of participants—that is, an athletic participant's expenses in college. We had to have extra finances to go into this because our program was still going to be the sane, even though it was in many areas independent. We felt we needed some more money. And before we joined the WCAC, there were several meetings held. The athletic board discussed it many times. The student senate got a chance to discuss it, and even the faculty senate. We made an appearance there, our Dr. Broten

and myself, who was chairman at the time, to explain what our reasons were. This was not something that was done overnight and in excitement.

Dr. Miller, our president, asked me to estimate what extra money we might need, and particularly, where could it come from. And so it was decided. I made, probably you could say the minimum amount—I would have liked to have made it more, but I felt at the time that that was the best way to go, is gradually. So we requested two dollars more on the student body fee per semester, which totaled something like—well, four dollars a year per student, and our number that were paying fees at that time, and probably still are, is in the neighborhood of 5,000 students, which would be an income increase of \$20,000, to be pretty much for the time being earmarked for basketball and baseball, which were the two major areas of the WCAC. No intent at that time, however, was made to earmark that forever. That was merely a temporary earmarking, and eventually my recommendation was that the money go all into the same pot, I guess you could say, and it'd be up to the organization, administration, through the athletic director on down, as to how it should be spent. But we thought, in order to get off the ground and compete, give our basketball coach a chance to compete in the WCAC in basketball, that we should definitely retain the majority of it for him.

The WCAC in basketball has a strong—and I guess we can use the term now—"big time" competition. The winner of the WCAC, the conference we're presently in (which, as I say, is limited in number of sports), automatically gets the berth on the regional playoffs for the University NCAA basketball championship. Just recently, the last two years, the dominating team has been Santa Clara. And the past two years, they have been in

the regional playoffs. They're automatically selected because they win our conference. So it is a major area. That is nice to have.

Baseball is the same thing. And if we win our conference, we can have a place in the regional playoffs for the NCAA national championship. Other sports, golf and tennis, are rather minor, as is track, within the conference. There are only a few teams that push those sports to any great extent. So it's real limited in the number of sports. Now, our wrestling and our cross-country, our gymnastics, the different activities, different sports we had in the Far Western Conference, we have to go independent. And it isn't the most satisfactory situation for the coaches. I know the ones that are coaching those sports would never have recommended strongly that we leave the Far Western Conference because they had conference affiliation, and it was better for them. And we know that.

But I think, now, the move is to try and get as many sports within the WCAC, and even if there's another conference that would take a team in a certain sport. More or less, we call that an association rather than a conference. Anything to kind of get a schedule that's automatic year after year, rather than just going out and picking any school up you can and trying to stay within your own competitive area. Geographically and physically, you have to—. It's not fair to ask your students who are participating in a sport to play against somebody that's much better, much more experienced, or has much more going for them.

Now, the basketball has been difficult, I'm sure, getting started. In 1959 is when Dick Trachok came in as coach (we were in the Far Western Conference), and Jack Spencer came in the same year as head basketball coach.

The duties of the athletic director and the increase of our sports and so on, I felt that it

was time that I give more time to the business part of it, and I retired then from active coaching [to] just the athletic director's duties and a teacher or instructor within the physical education and health department.

Dick Trachok coached for ten years. And then when we moved from the Far Western Conference to the WCAC, he resigned as football coach. He felt he had enough in, and he wanted to give up those duties. Jack Spencer is still continuing on, and, of course, is having his normal difficulties of working out a team that can compete in a strong area like the WCAC in basketball.

These things take time, and I know people are edgy and they can't wait, but if you've been in this business as long as I have, or others, you know that to build, you have to build carefully. And you have to build strongly. And whether or not the job can be done, and what handicaps we have—I'm well aware of the handicaps because I had to go through it myself, and I had my bad years, too, among the good ones. But I am very hopeful that the WCAC will work out. Other sports, I hope they will, too. But it is a problem of scheduling when you don't have a sport in a conference.

We've had quite a few young coaches hired since. Jerry Scattini was an assistant for Dick Trachok in, let's see, 1967-68. And then in '69, when Dick gave up the helm of football, Jerry Scattini became the head coach. Jerry's a young coach and is a dedicated worker. I think he's done a tremendous job in the two years he's had football. And as I say, I probably, of anybody around here, realize the many problems that can be presented when you're moving from one type to another.

There's a tendency to think that we are on full scholarship because we go from what was a nonfinancial help to financial help for our athletes. But we're far from that. Actually, the only money available is what the

Boosters raise, and I think the sums have been publicized. The big boost, I think, for that fund has been, the last two years, the governor's aid in putting on a big dinner, barbecue, what have you, at the mansion in Carson City. And it sounds like the money raised is a lot, but when you stop and think that a football player coming here—or, rather, a student—a student's expenses in school are quite high. They get higher every year, it seems. We do have the out-of-state waivers for tuition, as well as a part payment of the fees. And then again, in-the-state students that come, we have a part payment for *their* fees. And that, of course, is a great supplement. But when you stop and think of the amount of money needed for board and room and books and various expenses that are allowed in the NCAA code, which a good many schools are doing—. In particular, I know our sister school down in Las Vegas is on that type of program. But with the money we have, our coaches are in no way able to approach that much. Consequently, it has a lot to do with recruiting. Most young players are looking for the best deal. We know that we have a real fine campus here, and I know our coaches don't hesitate to emphasize that to youngsters. And I think when they think, and their parents hear about it, that that is an asset in recruiting. But, still, they think a lot about dollars and cents and just how much of the way can be paid. And with the amount we have, I'm sure we wouldn't be able to pay over—a little over a third of their expenses.

And I think the feeling that a lot of people get, as soon as we change from one program to another, they want to criticize any success that we don't have. I don't know whether you put it that way or not, but because of our—it's hard to recruit. We don't *have*, we aren't *giving* what they think we are. I know during the program, from the time I was given the job by the Board of Regents in 1951, that my

number one objective—I don't like to put it there—my number one objective is to have good competitive teams. But along with that, that I felt I *had* to do it within the finances available. And I did. At no time during that period, from 1951 until last summer when I gave up the helm as athletic director and Dick Trachok took over, we have never been in the red. It was just—it got to be, I guess, something I thought about all the time. A lot of times people will say, "Well, maybe it's from the scars you saw back in 1950," but actually, I always feel that way, that it's very easy to go hog wild and then not last at all. I would rather have a stable program and survive financially.

Maybe that isn't the way. I know in this day and age, credit is a great thing. You have to have positive thinking, I guess, about how much you're to make the following year. But we had to go year by year, and it was just the policy that I followed. And I know many times, our coaches might've felt that we were abused, but I used to mention the age-old proverb, that, "Believe it or not, the grass isn't any greener on the other side of the fence." And they always felt other schools could do this, and they couldn't. And I'm sure in my wanderings around and finding out what's goin' on that many of them had more problems than we did. So I've never felt that way.

A rather interesting situation was George Allen. [Laughing] I hate to mention his name at this time; he probably might have his ears burning. But he's havin' a little problem with his Rams. He's the head coach of the National professional team in Los Angeles. But George, years ago, when I was coaching football here in 1952 and '53, he was coaching at Whittier College. We played him once. But we had occasion to run into each other playing common opponents. We would be playing, say, Sacramento State; they'd be playing the Cal Aggies. Schools're twelve miles apart and

we'd both be corresponding, and we'd end up by having our pre-game meal together in Sacramento. And George was always a real hard-working, dedicated football man. It was his life, even then, as a young guy. And we used to get a chance to talk football quite a bit. And then later, he went on into professional ranks and became a great head coach, one of the greatest, probably, we've ever had in the country.

But George came up here about four years ago for a clinic. We have an annual clinic here that started (Doc Martie and I started it) back in 1954. And this last one, I guess, was something like the eighteenth. But George was here about two years ago and we were talking one day in my office about some of the things these young coaches might—somethin' [that] might help 'em. He said, "What do you think some of the things I might've overlooked when I'm lecturing?"

And I had to admit that I wasn't at every lecture, so I didn't know what he had said. But I told him that I thought one of the handicaps that they had today, they always felt the other guy had a better deal than they did as a coach—more players, more help, more money, more everything, which I think is human nature (I've often felt that way myself), and he thought it was real good. So we made a recording on it. And it was about twenty minutes long. And George has told me since that he's had many requests to use that recording. The point brought out was that the grass is *not* any greener on the other side. I think we find that any place. I think I don't have to tell you that that happens in life anyplace. We always have some bad breaks comin' our way, and we figure we're the only ones that're having 'em, but some other guy we know nothing about may be having ten times worse. And I think young coaches think that. And I've often told that in a course I teach, in

Psychology of Coaching, that it isn't. And if they have confidence in their ability, they won't be alibi-ing like that. You know, everybody has his drawbacks. And I think that was proven when we were in the Far Western Conference. I often heard coaches say, "Well, such and such a school gets to do this and gets to do that." But they don't think of the things we get to do that they don't get to do. And then also, things are exaggerated.

I might mention that this coaching clinic thing was actually started by our department as a whole after we had joined forces again. See, we came back together in 1952 or '53, when the two departments were one. Our department then became the department of health, physical education, and recreation. I think we called it athletics at first, and then we got real academic and we got rid of that bad word "athletics" and put in "recreation," which covers a multitude of sins, I guess. But anyway, this was really one of the department and not the intercollegiate athletics, although I always feel that it's real. It's in athletics. Actually, it's for coaches; it isn't for physical education people, although our department held it, and Dr. Broten and I worked together on it, I getting the people. And for eighteen years, I think it rates as one of the top three coaching clinics in the country, not because of us, but I think because of our effort to get the best. We tried to get the coaches of the year every year in football and basketball. It started out football and basketball; we've since added several other sports. And the students who came—I call 'em students—were actually coaches. I think one year we represented thirty states, had representation here from thirty states. Now, that would include Alaska and Hawaii, but maybe two or three from each of those places.

That has and still is going. Of course, Coach Trachok—or, rather, Athletic Director Dick Trachok—has charge of it now, working

with Dr. Laughter, the head of the department. But it is, I think, a very important phase of our operation here in athletics, even though it hasn't much to do with the competition.

I guess you could say it brings us up to the present time. And maybe all during this, there's a tendency for me to—as everybody—to chart our course all through this intercollegiate athletics with football. It seems like football is king, and still remains king. I don't like to think of it that way, but it has so many tangents and so many byproducts that I guess it's always going to be considered that way in the American athletic scene. As I say, when we brought football back, I was strong for it, if we could bring it back right. I know Dr. Love thought, "Oh, boy, what these people were talking about." All the students would make little notes on the questionnaire that we had in bringing it back and saying, "I'll come out. I'll be raring to play."

But I can't help but think of the old story of the football coach who started up the sport and he had a big rally out in the stadium and had 'em out in the middle of the field, the whole student body, and then he says, "All right, now, I want everybody to get up in the stands." And everybody ran for the stands. And the ones that didn't make it were the ones that stayed out for football.

So, you see, it isn't as easy as you think when you just start a competitive sport like football. Fifty, a hundred years ago, or—well, fifty years ago, I'm sure there were no subsidized football players. But now, football is a race of recruiting, and no school can exist and have a football team of any consequence unless—it would be a disgrace to competition itself without recruiting and without financial help. Football is that kind of a sport. Even basketball in a competitive nature has gone that way. The 1952 movement of ours, there were a lot of question marks. In other words,

it's easy to say, "Well, why don't you just play the students that come to school?" Well, you've got to find some other school's goin' to do the same thing, or you're not goin' to have anybody to play. So this, of course, was a hurdle to get over, I guess, in bringing football back.

But I still look on football as the sport that starts the season. The freshmen come, the girls take part as cheerleaders, the going to the football game is still American tradition. And because of all this glamour around it that has to do with extracurricular activities of students (whether you can call it athletics or social; it has to do with both), I still think it has a great contribution to the American college. And that's why I would encourage it. And *definitely*, you should have a team that can be representative, or it's embarrassing, and pretty soon you lose all that feeling. If your students figure that your competition is not good enough, your opponents aren't good enough, or if they think you're not good enough to play the opponents you have, they're goin' to lose interest. And again, what type of competition are they going to be satisfied with? This is the important thing, I think, in football, football more than any other sport.

Of course, the program we're under now, it has its handicaps. I think I've spelled those out in comparing 'em with the Far Western Conference. But the Far Western Conference had its handicaps. And in weighing the two, I thought the move was best. It was the only move. Somebody could say, "why didn't you go into the Big Sky [Conference]?" We studied that out. And I certainly made a study of it. And I know exactly how those teams operate. And I even went to a couple of meetings when they invited us to come into the conference when they were first organizing, and we had to weigh all the strong feeling toward what they

were going to do. And financially, we couldn't do it. And we're on the tail end of what you might call the periphery of geography. We're on the bottom, where our expenses would be much greater in traveling. And, sure, we have a similar situation. We have the University of Nevada, then there's University of Montana, there's the University of Idaho, and then there's Idaho State, which would be more or less similar to Nevada Southern (I suppose they wouldn't like us to say that because I think they figure they're neck and neck. But it's no discredit to Idaho State to be called Idaho State, I'm sure). But the thing is, there's a common denominator there. We're the same type of mountain desert states. And I know a lot of people wonderin', "What's the matter with Nevada? Why aren't they in Sky?"

But financially, we could never make it. And then, competitive-wise, they wanted to go to such a degree of subsidizing that—I think it was away beyond our fondest dream, you could say, financially, of scholarships. And I tried to, and I had a lot of sympathy, too, knowing a lot of these athletic directors at the time, to say that, "Well, I don't think we can make that. I'm not goin' to make the decision, but I'll take all this information back. But it looks to me like you're goin' hog wild, and it isn't going to be stable for us." And then we have to look down into California, where it's much cheaper traveling, time away from school that we couldn't eliminate, and we didn't want to eliminate, by going into that Big Sky. It'd be a wonderful conference if just what we see on the surface works it out. Now, eventually, maybe it'll work out. Maybe travel'll be different. Maybe the jumping in that plane you can go as quick five hundred miles as you can or as economical as two hundred and fifty. I don't know. Maybe it'll change. If the difference was just a bus, I wouldn't be afraid of it. We could take a bus

to Pocatello, Idaho, which is approximating 1,200 miles, and it will cost us about seven hundred dollars, as compared to takin' a bus to San Francisco, where it will cost us two hundred dollars. Well, now, five hundred dollars don't kill you. But when you go on a plane to San Francisco and go on a plane to Pocatello, the cost is quite a bit different, plus the fact that you get a lot of criticism when you ride a bus five hundred and seventy-five miles today. I don't think it hurts anyone, but then, I'm old-fashioned. But you'll find that.

You know Spencer, in his trip, he and Dick Trachok are both back there now. They took the plane to Milwaukee to play Marquette. And they're traveling now by bus, chartered. They got a pretty good deal out of it, and they drove from Milwaukee to Lincoln, Nebraska. They drove from Lincoln, Nebraska to Wichita. They'll be there tonight. In fact, they drove yesterday. They probably practiced last night, and they're in Wichita today. And they'll also drive to Abilene, where they play Hardin-Simmons, and right in that same area, McMurtry College, then back to Reno. Well, what they'll do is take that bus back to its origination point and jump on the plane again and come back. And those trips are averaging all the way from two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty miles. Sometimes you think Texas is a long ways from Wichita, but it isn't, actually. Kansas is right on the edge down there. So they think that's much better—much better. But there's a tendency to think if you take somebody on a bus too far that you're handicapping his playing. And so there's a feeling of flying, I guess.

But these are handicaps that may eliminate themselves, and I wouldn't want to predict where Nevada is. I'll tell you, frankly, I'd like to be in a conference that could have about eight or nine sports. I don't think you should go too far.

COMMENTS ON SPORTS COMPETITION IN THE UNIVERSITY PROGRAM

In 1951 we dropped football. [Did I agree with the dropping of the big time football?] Well, now, I'll say this. In no way would I blame the Board of Regents. I think they took the only course they could take. I know there's a lot of feeling. I know some of the people connected with the Boosters, and even the board. I won't go into names. But I saw the whole picture. I saw it when Jim Aiken left. I saw what was happening in '48 and '49 and '50. We couldn't compete for players or for money. The Boosters were doing their very best to get money. But we were, every year, locking a financial skeleton in the closet. We were going in the red, and we were goin' in the red. We were in the red when Jim Aiken left. And I knew this. And I also saw the player market too tough. And I wasn't a wet blanket on it.

I enjoyed the glamour of the so-called—I use the term, so-called—big time. I sometimes wonder what "big time" is. Big time to some people means you're playin' the biggest team in the country. We didn't. We played one or two occasionally. We played USC when I went to school, if you want to call it playin' big time, but we certainly weren't big time. The idea was—some of the teams we were playing, I didn't feel they were good opponents. We were independent. We had a hard time gettin' a schedule. Every year in the fall—or the summer, we would sweat it out and want to know when USF, Santa Clara, and St. Mary's were going to give us a date because they'd be juggling around dates of their own. And we never knew if they were going to play us. We were hanging on, so to speak, because we were independent. And they, of course, had areas down there they wanted to play in, and they wanted to get those on their schedule, so we sometimes had to wait.

Now, this is, to me—and I'll be honest about it—I didn't like to see us change. I just felt we went too far too fast. And when you do that, you have to back up. I don't think, in anything, you can kid yourself and keep locking the skeleton in the closet every fall and hoping this'll be another year. Our drawing went down. We didn't have home crowds. And there were a lot of things that piled up. And we had a schedule that was suicide. It wouldn't be fair to ask the players we had to go through the schedule we had all ready to go for 1951. Football isn't that kind of a game. You can play baseball or basketball and get beat a hundred, but nobody gets hurt physically. But football, you're running the youngsters back in there, and it's not right. And we didn't have the manpower. We just didn't have it. And I'm saying this, that during the '40's, we had the war. That helped. Some teams, some schools had slowed down in football. We kept comin'. Aiken's responsible for that, that momentum. He kept it goin', right through the toughest times. Heck, he even—rather an interesting thing that I remember would be that Jim Aiken combined with the Reno Air Base to continue his schedule through the year in football. We had Nevada students playin' with the Reno Air Base, you know, in the service, just to make it go. So, you see, we had momentum from that that other teams didn't have. Some of 'em dropped football completely, and then brought it back.

Now, these things are coming on. Now, it costs money. And everybody thinks you can get it back at the gate. You can't do it. It's been proven. And so I'll go this way: that we were in over our heads. We had to do something. And I think the Regents took the right move. I really do. And I am never going to admit to being a non-competitor. And I like to play the best. I like that. That's great. But you have to—you have to use common

sense. And it's very easy for somebody to say, "We *should* have."

I want you to realize this, that ten years after, twenty years after (we call 'em the twenty-year All-Americans), the guy who got in, maybe, for ten minutes in a season is suddenly almost an honorable mention for All-American twenty years later. And it's the same thing in talking about teams. These men were not supermen. We've had players out here in the last few years that could make those teams we had. We don't have enough of em; we don't have the experience in most cases, and so there's a little difference. But I definitely feel that I will never say—I don't like to say that the ones who say we should've kept it goin', the Board of Regents did this and did that—I definitely say they're wrong. They're absolutely wrong, and I think most of 'em who think that way know I feel that way.

And I say here's Nevada, a student body of 5,000 students. And we can talk about 7,000 all we want, but we haven't got that many people who're available to play, lot of graduate students, specials, and so on right now. In those days, we had about 1,500. In fact, in 1947 and '48, I think our student body was about 1,800, and it dropped four hundred the next year. And it has fluctuated up and down ever since, until probably the last six years there's been a steady climb, as all schools have. And here we are. Let's face it. What do we want?

Athletically speaking, I will *never* think that a program is successful in college because we have national recognition. I don't believe in that. I think your program is good when you play in a respectable competition and can win your share, and can say at the end of the year, "We had a good year," and our fluctuation won't go way up and way down. When you try to reach the moon, you might reach it once, and you won't reach it again for a long time.

So there's nothing but disappointments and criticism. And it becomes a coach's graveyard when you expect too much. There are young people today who were not ten years old in 1947 and '48, who have come and talked to me about the athletics of '47 and '48, and they've told me things that weren't true. And then I have to disappoint 'em and tell 'em, "Look, I was there. I *know* how good we were.

This is the thing. I don't like to take away from those youngsters or those players we had then. I'm all for 'em. I think they did a great job. And I think it was a period. But I definitely feel that the Board of Regents used good judgment in doing what they did, and I'll never say they did otherwise, regardless of what anybody says.

And I will say this, that the program of those days was not, in a real sense, big time. We can say, comparatively, we were big time, 'cause we were payin' everybody. And we were payin' with money we didn't have. And we had a group of men brought in to supplement a group of men that had been brought in by a previous coach. These are the things that made us, you know, hit the jackpot, so to speak. But to continue it? I don't think—. I am very much concerned with us having a good football program, play a representative schedule, win our share. I would love to be in a conference. I think a conference is the greatest thing in the world. But I'll get to that later when I talk about the Far Western and so on, and why we left. But this all is more or less—they're appendages, or just tangents, from this question you asked, what is my reaction to this change. And I, of all people, probably had a more prominent part in the glamour of it, because I'm the coach that's left. Aiken is gone. Aiken has passed away some years back. I'm sure Jim, if he were alive today, would agree with what I'm saying, because we had talked about this.

Now, you know, it's hard to say. I can't prove anything. I can't prove that if we kept that up we wouldn't have a great team today. But let's face it. What school our size does, outside of Notre Dame? And they're unique. That's all. We can't ever. We're a state university. And I think—we like to have respectable competition. A lot of state universities we could play, they're too far away, financially. And then, there is a hard thing, to get a common ground on what kind of a program do you want? How much money're you goin' to spend? Basketball is much easier than football because of lack of the necessity of funds.

I don't know whether you're aware of this, but the big team of the last two NCAA conventions, in January, fit's troubled) finances. What're these schools goin' to do? You know, you only read about the ones that are successful. You don't read about the ones that are goin' broke. And they're goin' broke and broker. How much does it take to give a guy a full ride in football? I'd say, in round numbers, a conservative estimate is \$2,000. What number of men do you have to have to play a major schedule? I'd say you have at least, in football, seventy-five or eighty men. Think of how much money that is, *over and above* your other expenses. And where're you going to get the money back? A lot of the Boosters going to raise it. You hear all kinds of stories out of Las Vegas. But I think the history of the future'll have to prove my points. It's a great thing, you know.

News media, in particular, will take the side of the boom. It gives them better things to write about. A newspaper reporter, sports reporter likes to talk up with the big boys. He don't like to talk with the little boys. And there's disappointments as a result. If you attempt to put on a program that you can't maintain, within reason, you're wrong in athletics, because you have no—. I don't think

any school has any right to get people up on a big, high pedestal, then knock the props out from under 'em. I don't agree with that. I'm all for the good team. Oh, I love to see somebody from Nevada win.

Basketball, we're tryin'; we're on the way, we hope. Right now, we're having a difficult time. But in basketball, you find three good key players, and you can get the others out of a phone book and stay in there. But in football, you get killed. You see, there's the difference. So that's why I'm saying that. It's the sport of football, from my experience in coaching. And I don't want players—I don't want students to get hurt. Oh, they got to get hurt, but I mean you don't send 'em out there to war with one leg, you know. And you'll get to doing that. In order to survive, you'll play players that shouldn't be out there because of some preliminary injury that they aggravate. And I wouldn't want that type of thing on my hands!

[Our program in the '40's and early '50's] turned out to be more or less a so-called "big time." I always use that term, so-called, because people like to use the term "big time." It sounds like something, as [Ed] Sullivan would say, "really, really big." I suppose our definition came from full rides. I would say there are many teams with full rides now who are not playing big time, in the sense of competition. An example would be, of course, the Big Sky [conference], composed of such teams as Idaho, Idaho State, Montana, Montana State, Gonzaga (of course, they're in the conference, but they're not playing football), Weber State, Boise State. That group they call the Big Sky, which was instituted probably about six, seven years ago. And we were invited to join that. Their competition is—well, for example, Montana played in the Camellia Bowl, which is usually considered a minor competitive area. So I suppose you could say we were big time in that sense, that we were on full rides, hopeful

we could meet the financial obligations, which we didn't.

I think at the time, probably, it was good. As I mentioned to you before, about the ghost of the past, which, to me, has—sometimes, it can have a good effect in the future, but I think our 1940's, so-called, period, particularly those three or four years, it has had an ill effect in that nobody seems to be satisfied with any program unless we're playing all the big teams in the country. There's a tendency to think that way. And obviously, with the size of our school, the location, difficulty of travel (and as I say, the size has more or less to do with the student body, certainly), and being a state university, we can't be a Notre Dame (which is a private school, and unique in the fact that it is a big time football school). There are many other denominational schools similar to Notre Dame with larger student bodies but play a very minor football schedule, comparatively. Consequently, I think our niche or plateau of playing in football in particular, considering everything, the satisfaction of having a good representative schedule within our financial possibilities is very important. And how to light at any certain area is very difficult with dreamers of the past, who I think have exaggerated what we were doing. And this is no way any reflection on the people involved in that program. I'm sure they were very interested in promoting the University of Nevada, and wanted to be on the front pages if they could, so to speak, have a reputation, have a good football program. I don't think they looked far enough ahead for the possible finances, the possible increase of competition. By and large, there're schools who certainly have much less limitations than we do.

That's actually the picture as I see it, and I didn't name some of the people involved in that period. As I had mentioned, I thought the Board of Regents, who had to make the

decision—. You know, it's easy to make a decision when you don't have to take the responsibility, and that's been the trouble, I think, with a lot of our athletic history, is that people never agree with what's being done. But the ones responsible have to suffer the consequences—rather, the school does, and they're responsible. So they used their judgment. And I certainly feel that the Board of Regents at that time had a job to do, and they did it. And I saw no reason why their movement was out of line at all, much as I did not like to see football go. Actually, we only dropped football for one year. We dropped it completely and then started up in a minor way, sort of a beginning, I guess you could say, and within a year.

I think we all would like to join up with the big leagues. Reno, I feel, and Las Vegas, who are the two main areas, as far as population is concerned, and, of course, have the two universities, have a tendency to, because of the cosmopolitan mixture of people (so many of them are transients who come in—I don't mean it in that term; I mean they came in and settled here in Reno) and want to be identified with something "big league." They like to be a champion. And with that feeling here, and, of course, with the number one industry being gambling (I hope I don't hurt the feelings of the aggie people and mining, but we'll have to admit it; the coffers of the state, the finances, come mainly from that), there is a little handicap in tryin' to go too far too fast here. And I've always felt that.

Of all the times in football that I am acquainted with from 1926 to the present, I felt that in the Far Western Conference, in the ten years and also a little before, when Coach Trachok was in, we had the best situation ever for a football coach. We were on an even keel. We weren't buttin' up against a brick wall, of being overscheduled. I really think

it was the best period, and it's just too bad that the conference was such, their policies not allowing certain things that I think we should do today, get the public interested, help athletes. I don't think today that a young man can go to school and play football and make it financially (unless, of course, his parents are well-heeled, and the majority of them aren't) without some help. It's being realistic. It isn't that I want to make—as we can—jerks out of them by letting 'em bargain and see who's goin' to give 'em the most. I think the NCAA has tried to curb that as much as possible. But I think that we should have some help. The Far Western Conference would not allow it, and as I say, we're doin' a lot of things behind the scenes, and we *had* to leave. But it *was* a situation for football that was good.

Well, the future of football I think we have to be concerned with. Right now, we're independent. We're in the WCAC conference, but essentially, that is only basketball and baseball. Tennis and golf, yes, they're in there, but they're not on a compulsory basis or mandatory basis. And that leaves us practically independent all the rest of the way. Now, often, there is a feeling between football and basketball, the two major areas, of course, of any college, and I would hope that we keep considering them the same here because we are in competition with the other colleges. And if they don't compete much in certain sports, we certainly can't call them top major areas.

Football, there is a danger of overscheduling from a physical standpoint. We must be careful of not putting our undergraduates in a game where they could physically be harmed. I sound like a Jekyll and Hyde, I know, because I was never one that was very sympathetic with a few aches and pains of athletes. I felt that that was part of growin' up. They had to learn to take it, and when they were hurt a little bit, they should hang in there. But I

definitely was never one that would want to have a boy permanently injured by having to play when he has some injury that should be taken care of.

This is, has been, always, my main concern in football, that overscheduling. I have had some very basic citizens throughout the state criticizing our program when we were in the Far Western Conference, or even before, who often made the statement, they'd rather see us play California, Stanford, USC and get beat fifty to nothing than play some of the teams we do and beat 'em. Now, that could *never* be realistic, and I recall two citizens telling me that who are rather prominent in the state. And I don't think that's their thinking now, because I definitely told them, "I hope to straighten you out. I don't have to put your youngster, your son, in a lineup when he has to play half-crippled," because you're outmanned. And in football, that is dangerous. Sure it's like the fight manager who tells the fighter between rounds, after he's taken a beating, to, "Go get him. He can't hurt us." The manager never gets hit. And I often think, in terms of football, that that is important for any future program we have.

Now, to get to where we can compete in a certain plateau takes money. Consequently, we have to think in terms of basic finances. And no program is successful in college that's just one year and then down the next. It's got to be stable. You've got to be in contention. It isn't because the players we have—I'm not saying the players we have playing for our football team today aren't as good as some who even played in the bowl games. I'd say we have players that'll compare to some of the top football players in the country. But we don't have as many. We don't have as many backing them up. This is where the danger comes in. This is in no way belittling the caliber of players we have. But we do have some with

lesser calibers that we have to play. And it's as realistic as I can get.

In basketball, it's a different type of sport. You can get beat a hundred to nothing in basketball, if that's possible, and not physically be beaten. So outside of becoming a neurotic loser, which we don't want either, you have to think of that. You don't want to overschedule in any sport. I think any competitive game should be considered one in which each team has a chance. It might be an outside one. And I always coached that way. I felt that I had confidence in my players. I might not show it to *them* sometimes, but I did feel that they had a chance. And as long as that exists, then you have competition. Even though it's great to have close competition, sometimes you can't always chart these things.

But basketball has a much better chance. Now, there are always certain people who push football and are against basketball at the top. But I think, if they look around 'em, they'll see that a lot of schools who are small, comparatively small, have fine basketball teams, and you don't even hear of their football programs. Yet they have football programs. And they have good competition within their leagues. This is the bad part of us. Getting into those, of course, is the isolation we have, being up here on top of the mountain by ourselves. And our competition is clustered in one spot in California. Up in the mountain states, they're a little closer to each other than we are. We're kinda on the low end of the periphery, I guess you'd say, geographically. So we have handicaps that way.

In basketball, we can satisfy the appetite of the citizenry and our students and our faculty, boosters, by competing against the top schools. I don't believe that competing against the top schools with a poor team is good, or with a mediocre team. I think it's a matter of building and getting into the swing of things

so we can compete in basketball. And I'm not against football at all. When I say that, I'm just being realistic. And I know, because I was the head coach here for some sixteen years, there's a tendency for people to think I lean because of that. But I don't. I have coached football all the while I've been at Nevada until I stopped coaching some ten years ago. And I still think if you look at it from a non-prejudiced standpoint, you can see where Nevada could satisfy this appetite that exists no matter where you go, of being up in contention with the top schools. Being in the WCAC gives us that opportunity. Currently, we're having a bad time getting started, getting changed, getting the people in that we need to play on our basketball team to compete in the WCAC, which, obviously, has shown, this year, it's one of the top areas of the country in basketball. And I mean in top university competition, not the collegiate area, which oftentimes is called "small college," but it doesn't mean that. It just means that you're in a college division. There is no such thing as a small college division; it's just a college division. And with this opportunity, if we happen to win our conference, we are in the playoffs, regional playoffs, for the NCAA championship, which is the big prize throughout the country.

Now, football, it would be impossible to attain that situation because of the excessive need for manpower and the expense it would entail. As I said before—and I repeat—a good program is a stable program that from year to year stays within a certain [range]; you might say good, or better, possibly sometimes fair, but never lousy. And you can be classified that way if you are in something that you can't keep up with. And we found that out in various areas. But in basketball, it's easy to attain this. And it is a major sport. It's not necessarily a major sport that the others are not, but it's in a major area of competition throughout the country.

So when I am saying that this is the program, football, up to a point where we can compete, hold our own, good stable colleges are competition, and hopefully, in a conference, which, of course, is hard to land. And everybody knows that the advantage of being in a conference is so great that they're all looking all the time. As I say, right now, we're independent. But a good, stable program of good, stable competition, and people should be satisfied. Students should be satisfied. If they aren't, they're just not going to reach the moon. So this is the bad part. You have a good program going, and there's a tendency for wild people to say, "Well, why aren't we doing this in the national picture," whereas in basketball, we can satisfy that appetite of people. And a lot of schools are doing it. And the only thing is, too many people don't take the time to check and see what's going on. Again, in basketball, you don't get hurt physically. And I don't believe in just playing anybody and gettin' beat bad. No, I want competition. And I go into those two sports in particular.

Now let's go into the others we have. We have competition in baseball and track. Baseball and track have always been considered major areas of college intercollegiate athletics. However, from a weather standpoint, we're handicapped. We always have been. And we will be in the future. Whether a field house would be the answer, or whether we ever will have one, is a question. We have fine weather during certain times of the year in Reno. But it seems like the preparation area is always poor. Spring sports are tough, weather-wise. However, we're in a good conference in baseball, and I would hope that we can hold our own. I don't think we'll ever dominate the conference in baseball. I think we can be lucky, maybe, a year or so. But we just more or less have to look on it as a place to hang in there. But it is, again, satisfying the appetite

of strong regional and national competition. Because if we win our conference, WCAC, in baseball, we are automatically playing off in the regionals for the big prizes. Whether we can ever make it—. Baseball's the type of sport, again, that you don't get physically beaten. And sometimes you get good pitching, it's very easy to hang in there.

Track, also, as I mentioned, our weather is anti. Our success in track, I think, started with Coach Dick Dankworth, who was brought in here about 1955 or '6. About 1956 he came here as assistant football coach and our track coach, under McEachron in football. And I've always said, and I repeat— and I'm not just goin' overboard—I think he's one of the outstanding men we've ever had on our intercollegiate staff. He was a man who was dedicated to his work, as we call a lot of good coaches, a twenty-four-hour man, and has great rapport with the youngsters, undergraduates, fine personality to go with his energy. And he's certainly built up a program here in track that was wonderful.

There was this, however, that we were running into, was the feeling in the Far Western Conference that we were overdoing it in track. Actually, the competition in track is much less than football and basketball, much less. Even though there are headlines all spring of your outstanding teams and trackmen, competition in track is small. For example, in the Far Western Conference, there was a feeling that we were going too gung-ho in track. And Dick Dankworth, during about eight years, or nine, of coaching, won seven conference championships. And that definitely shows we were tops in that respect. Two years ago, Dick retired from coaching, at present is running our summer school, and Jack Cook came in, and it even got greater in competition.

Prior to leaving the Far Western Conference, we were almost being boycotted

to compete with teams in there because of our bringing in so many foreign students that they didn't feel was part of our program in the Far Western Conference. Eventually, in moving out of the conference, and now being independent, we are still having the same problem. Actually, leaving the conference did not hurt track at Nevada because it was being hurt in the conference we were in. These were things that are pretty current—I mean, they're just the past few years these things developed. And, of course, being the athletic director at the time, I was confronted with them many times. And we had, when we left the conference, then, to get meets.

Now, a lot of these stories that have been out recently about lack of money: comparatively, we spent much more money on track than most schools twice our size, even with the fact that we're isolated in traveling. The facts were not known. There was a lot of criticism around that we were puttin' too much money into football—and I'll admit a lot was goin' in there. But we were doing a great deal more than our competition in track. Now, as far as the large universities, such as USC and Oregon and some others who are prominent in that area, Kansas, naturally, we could never begin to approach what they can do. But we were close to it in actual finances except for subsidies, of course, which we didn't have, and don't have yet.

But at the present time, our track program suffers a great deal. I think we'd be better off if we went into relays with our present program, as a lot of schools are doing. And among them, the thinking at Pepperdine, which, actually, is the only other school that really has any semblance of track—. Las Vegas, the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, hired a track coach last year and are attempting to revive the sport. But a year ago, they didn't even attend the WCAC championships, which we held here

in Reno. So actually, our only competition in track in our conference is from Pepperdine. And, as I say, Pepperdine is planning to go in. They said they can't continue the program they had. They can't put the finances in. So the whole thing comes to this, is where do the other schools put their emphasis—and I mean schools as a whole, not just School A and School B, where they put 'em, the schools as a whole. And in order to be in real competition, we must follow the pattern.

I often think that our news media here don't understand that a strong buildup—because we might be winning in some of our sports, at the expense of the major areas, can hurt us, because the competition isn't there. The fact that we couldn't get meets is not due to finances, it's due to the nonexistence of track as a sport, and cross-country, which, of course, goes along with it (it used to be called fall track, but now it's an independent sport in itself). These are the things we're running into, and that, for the future, we would be better to keep our program where we could have the right kind of a schedule. You will find that in smaller colleges and smaller universities that you can't crack the large university areas in track. They have so many times—so many weekends—for their dual meets, so many invitational meets, so many open meets, and then the final meets for NCAA at the end of the year, and it's just that they have. And you can't get the meets with them. And besides, I see no reason why Nevada should, with our area, expect to do that.

I would say for the future of track that we should take a real good look and see just where we should be because of other schools our size, and the competition in the surrounding areas, in particular. And maybe the answer would be the relay teams that Pepperdine is thinking of going in. As I say, last year, we had the first WCAC track championship, and

there was only one actual team, although University of Pacific did send up a small squad to compete. University of Pacific is no longer a member of our conference, except to finish out the program that they had started. They must play out their string this year, but then they're moving to a southern conference, and Seattle's coming in. And Seattle does not have track, nor does it have baseball. Within our conference, when UOP leaves, there're only three schools that will have track out of the eight, and that will be Nevada Southern and ourselves, University of Nevada, Reno, and Pepperdine. And Pepperdine, as I say, may go in for those relays. By going into relays, it means that they eliminate such things as shot, discus, javelin, that grueling thing they have over the—I forget the name of it, but it's a race that came in just a few years back because it's in the Olympics, over the hurdles, steeplechase (I knew it had somethin' to do with horses). There's a feeling that way. And it's an expensive sport. And if you're going to recruit, and that's what they're doing. As I say, recruiting has become the major thing in college athletics. I'm sure that if all the coaches had their wish, they would say they hoped it would go out, but it won't. As long as there's competition, there's goin' to be competition for athletes. And this has developed into something that's way beyond anybody's imagination twenty-five years ago. Consequently, the expense involved, of just recruiting, Ohio State's probably the number one school in the country for facilities and income, whose program in football is tremendous for income. Of course, it becomes tremendous for expense. And a statement was made just about a year ago that they spent as much for recruiting as they did their whole program twenty years ago, just getting the good players to compete. Now, of course, they have the turnover from their large

gates, stadium holding 80,000 in football. It's a sellout for every game every year. So you can see where it's impossible for a school like us to attain anything even approaching that. Recruiting is terrific, and it's really a tough job for coaches to do.

So I coached track here at Nevada several years, and I enjoy the sport. I think it's a great sport. But how far can we go in our weather? And the coaches nowadays have to have their men working out (and I brought out before) about thirteen months a year, which is just saying that they're working out all the time. And trying to keep up, going from crosscountry and races to track in the spring, makes it real rugged. So these are the things that I think are important to evaluate before we decide, or the powers that be decide on the type of program.

Of course, as I say, I'm not goin' to be involved. But I will probably always be interested because it's been my life, I guess you could say, athletics, and a great portion of it at Nevada. We have a lot of criticisms come out from lack of facts. I'm sure they'll continue. The news media often go off a little quick without getting facts. And sometimes, if they knew the facts, the stories probably wouldn't be as controversial or as interesting. So I guess you have to sell papers. I can see the sides of both. But I did mention my feeling toward the news media: it's great when they're on your side; it's tough when they're not. And oftentimes, fairness is forgotten.

I certainly have a great deal of sympathy for a coach who is in major competition and everybody is out doing it when he can't win. I mean, we're in basketball tryin' to make a change, definitely a major change, from the Far Western Conference to the WCAC. And Coach Spencer is up against a real rough go, whereas the other sports, the pressure is not near as great.

Along with those sports I've mentioned, we have wrestling, tennis, and golf. I think our program should keep pace with schools our size. I don't think that we're goin' to become an NCAA golf champion. There's always a possibility. Tennis, there are ways. I think our program a year ago and two was a little bit pumped up, and we were depending a lot on some transfers being brought in. I think we've got to arrive at a stable pace and keep the program. I've always said that any sport that we have, we should support it, and we should keep it on a good, stable basis where we have representative competition. And as far as what goes on nationally or down the stretch, if that great dessert, or gravy, as you call it, comes, fine. We'll participate. But it isn't an objective. Any time you figure that six hundred schools are goin' to be competing for the top spot, you've got a lot of thinking to do. And if you're going to be dissatisfied because there's not much room at the top and you don't get there, why, you're going to be in bad shape, too. This is the feeling of people, that they should be satisfied with a good year. And I think our coaches are working real hard at it. And some of 'em are goin' to have bad years.

The general public classify a guy as a good coach if he wins. A wrestling team, for example, and this as I brought out before, Coach Loper's done a real fine job in bringing wrestling along here at Nevada. But he can have a world champion wrestler and be considered having a fine year. A football coach don't win any games, he could have five All-Americans, and not have a good year. In fact, he could be blamed if he had five All-Americans more. These are the things that the public often overlook. You can have a runner that was outstanding, and that takes the sting off. You're identified with a champion. But again, in your team sport of football or basketball, you don't get that. You have to either do it or you don't.

So sometimes, in comparing coaches, I often tell coaches in a class I have in theory, that when you go out to get a job, if you want to survive, go into some area where there won't be as much pressure. And then you have one good thing happen, they'll remember it. The bad things that happen, they don't remember. But you go into the major areas, and they remember all the bad ones because they're nationally publicized all the time. So this is rather an irritating situation in athletics.

Now, let's take sports like boxing and skiing. Very few schools around have it. Boxing is limited to three schools in the United States, and almost lost one of those last year. California was goin' to drop it, and then they decided that they'd keep it gain' for at least another year, but no promise in the future. Well, they have what they call the California Collegiate Boxing Conference. And when you hear a name like that, it sounds real good. But there are only three schools competing: Chico State, Nevada, Reno (University of Nevada, Reno—ourselves), and California. And California, as I say, is just hangin' on. So there's a tendency to think, "Well, boxing is great." And this is no reflection on Coach Olivas or the boxers, at all. I'm not sayin' that. But I *am* talkin' about the competitive areas. Jimmy Olivas, I was the one that recommended his being hired back in 1951. And he's done a wonderful job. Me has great interest in boxing. But it's rather a surprise to a lot of people that there isn't any boxing throughout the country, intercollegiately. No school has an intercollegiate boxing team except the three I named, and they're all in the same vicinity. And more or less, it's because these had a program going, and they thought it was good, and it is. It's attractive. People like to come and watch people box. But we won't go into the reasons they don't have it. There's quite a bit of antagonism against having boxing as an

intercollegiate sport. Whether other teams are goin' to come back, we have no indication to this date. Our own alumni boxers have been interrogating schools, "*Would* you have a program, can you bring it back?" And we've got nothing positive since. And yet, if it's run right, and it's controlled, it could be a fine sport. And I think our team—. But you can see where there's a chance of being over publicized. You win one—I recall one championship at one weight was won by boxing with one guy, and the other guy forfeited, and the person who won it wasn't even figuring on being in the tournament competition. And again, as I say, I'm not belittling boxing, but I art saying a situation like that is rather disturbing, and you'd hope that you could have some good [competition].

Skiing has a similar situation, but not as bad as boxing. There are areas of skiing, about four, in the country. For example, over the weekend, we had the Northern California Intercollegiate Invitational—or, Collegiate meet in skiing. Now, the name is very impressive. But actually, it boils down to two teams, one a junior college and us. Cal Aggies were in it, but Cal Aggies don't have a team. They just have a club of kids that ski. We have a ski club here, too, but then it isn't the intercollegiate. We have a regular intercollegiate team, as does Chico—rather, as *did* Chico. But Chico dropped it. And all the schools that are normally competition for us—let's take the Far Western Conference—none of them had skiing. Chico did, but they dropped it. Cal Aggies, as I say, have a club, and they send—you know, a carload of kids up for any meet. But it makes it difficult. Nevada and the junior college at Sierra have to put all the meets on in this area. Now, in order to get competition away from here, we have to go away as far as Utah (I brought that out before), and Colorado, and even the East Coast, and,

of course, Washington up in the northwest. But all of our normal competition in other sports don't have skiing. So we're handicapped in scheduling. And so many meets in skiing end up with Sierra College (a junior college) and us fighting it out to see who's goin' to win. They had one up at Siskiyou about two weeks ago, and we won it. They had one down here last weekend, Sierra College won it. And that's the way it will go unless we take the long trip. And this year—of course, you have to depend on the snow. But high school skiing does not exist in Nevada. Reno High School had it at one time, but dropped it. So these things about sports have to be known before you can understand what we're doing.

Gymnastics is a sport that I think can become real popular. It's a peculiar competition, almost like diving and swimming. It's all judged on—you know. It isn't real competition in the sense of one guy knockin' another off a bar, you know. They get on individually. But it is a good sport. And I think it's wonderful, developing youngsters. We have a pretty good schedule, most schools. And even the Far Western Conference schools will compete against us in gymnastics. So it's a good sport.

And as I say, wrestling's comin' in. But where are you going to put these? Where are you going to put your emphasis? One, if you have some good competitors in a sport, I think that you should go gung-ho in that sport while you have them. Fine. In other words, if we have, say, five outstanding wrestlers, I would push everything a wrestling coach could do that year. If his team is not so good, I would keep the normal schedule. But as far as the national's concerned, we're not goin' to turn 'em down. We're not turning our backs on any of these areas. But when we have them, and it's really worthwhile, fine. But why go if you can't compete? And we have had, a lot of times, a feeling that we didn't allow a team

to go, but actually, they shouldn't have. It was kind of a tongue-in-cheek thing two, three years ago, when we had our cross-country team go to the national collegiates and win it. And the reason why the tongue in cheek, we weren't sure ourselves whether two or three of our guys were eligible. And it turned out they weren't. They were brought in from outside the country. So these are things that you run into sometimes. But, of course, that can happen in any school. In the paper this morning, California, University of California won the NCAA track and field championship last spring, and it was taken away from 'em, a ruling by the NCAA, because they had an ineligible man, a man who hadn't been projected as a 1.6 average, which is minimum. And a statement this morning [January 11, 1971] in the local paper by Paul Breckler, the athletic director of University of California, said it was an oversight. In no way did it reflect on the individual that was declared ineligible, but it was taken away from them. So it can happen. And it happened to us in crosscountry two years ago in the collegiate division.

I have felt that when we went into the Far Western Conference that we were going into a conference that had the things that I thought a state university should have. The fact that they were state colleges—that's all right. I can't help that. And I would rather be competing against universities, sure. But the reason why I thought it was good is because their policy was to emphasize all the sports possible. So if a youngster comes to a university—say, our own state, a boy comes here and he's good at something, we should be offering that if it's feasible through finances, coaching personnel, and competition. But these are things we have to consider, always. And that's why I'm making these distinctions between our sports—amongst our sports, rather, of how, in boxing, it's this type of thing. Here

are the problems over here in skiing. Here are the problems in cross-country. Here are the problems in wrestling. Or here are the good points in skiing, or the good points—. And how can we justify our program, thinking all the time that you have to have the finances and coaching personnel. Plus the fact that if you're going to have anything, you should do it good. Hot championship, no. I keep repeating that. I like the big competition. I like to play the good ones. For several years in basketball, I could play anybody in the country and figure that we could hold our own. But if I don't have, I would be the last to schedule. I'd want to have an outside chance. And I enjoyed these glamorous days, so to speak, of big headlines. And everybody does. But nobody—that is, very few people realize what you have to do to get there, and what you have to have back of you.

Now, the University of Notre Dame is a peculiar school in that it is just that, the University of Notre Dame. It has a tradition of athletics that goes back years and years. And they'll always be tops in football and basketball. And it's a small school, comparatively. But it is Notre Dame. It's unique. And a lot of people would like to become—. But what right does the University of Nevada, Northern or Southern, Las Vegas or Reno, have of trying to attempt what Notre Dame's doing, when there are fifty or probably at least thirty other state universities that don't do it because of the impossibility through finances. Notre Dame has a traditional attraction for a top team schedule. How can you get there? Well, it's a shot in the dark. Six hundred colleges, there's not much room for, or not much reason for, the success of all of us being a Notre Dame. And so we have to look at these things realistically.

I'm always concerned about a good—I want a stable program. I don't want the

bottom to drop out. I've often been accused of bein' a conservative because of the things that happened to us in the '40's and ended up by dropping football. But I'm not. I'm not scared. I love competition, and I love *good* competition. As I say, I'd like to be identified with *great* competition. But I also realize that the lesser competition is very important in a school, and that you have no business bitin' off more 'n you can chew. And who's to say how much?

A football scholarship averages around \$2,000. That's a subsidy. That has nothing to do with the travel and et cetera. And you figure that you have to have a minimum of sixty men in football. That's \$120,000, just for that. Now, there are all the extra things. So you've got to be thinking in terms of finances all the time—how far can our Boosters go? How far will our state legislature go? How far should they go? Well, I'm sure not the one that makes the decision, I know. I'm just one person and one thing. But I am not afraid to give my judgment on it from my experience and what I think is healthy.

It's easier to go off—.youngsters, students, sometimes pick a college because they have a good athletic program. A lot of 'em pick a college because they have an outstanding team in football or basketball. Now, if that's what they want, fine. They want somethin' to come home and brag about, that's all right. Participation in an athletic program is very important, and the more students you can have participate, the better. But there's a great deal to be said about the good that comes out of competition in athletics for the nonparticipant, the cheerleader, just the plain old-fashioned student who likes to see it. Now, of course, in this day and age, we're talkin' about physical fitness, and they're sayin' that the spectator sits in the stands gets no exercise—that's true. But there's a lot of social

significance to attending games. I think we're all aware of it, but sometimes we overlook it. And I, for one, want as many sports as I can, and yet I am also appreciative of what good a good athletic program does for just an ordinary—let's call it an egghead, if you want, an ordinary student, of bein' identified with a school. You watch the stands at some of these TV games in basketball, and you'll kinda question whether those athletes out there're getting more exercise than some of the students. I watched 'em over the weekend. I saw it. It's something that I hope, but I don't think we're ever goin' to have it perfect. We're never goin' to have it satisfactory to everybody. I know there's always goin' to be a certain group that want this or that want that. But I think when a majority's concerned, a good, stable program, not thinking in terms of great success or the pinnacle of everything, would be better.

"MINOR SPORTS" AT NEVADA

You know, what we refer to, sometimes, as "minor" sports— actually, I guess that's a good way to set them aside from what you'd call your big intercollegiate activity, which involves so many, and usually the student body is, and the community and the state are more aware of. I don't refer to them very often, though, as "minor" sports . Actually, years ago, there was a distinction; even the awards were different. But we put them all back into one category. Well, I put it this way, that if a guy is a good pool player, why, he should be given consideration for his ability in that line. I have nothing against shooting pool, understand; I mean about all our minor—so-called minor sports. We give the same award, and we made that distinction, of having only one category, as compared to previous, back in 1951, when we did drop football and kept

our other sports going. And we have added, from time to time, various sports. I think I mentioned such sports before as gymnastics, wrestling, cross-country, and the like.

The Far Western Conference was a real fine boon to those type of sports—in other words, a variety of sports. That was one of their policies, was to have as many sports in the schools, the school members, as possible, but according to the ones they could afford, and also have personnel for coaching. I've always felt that it is not wise to start a sport unless you have the foundation and know you can continue. A shot in the dark sometimes can work out, but in most cases, it's not very stable. We did that in baseball. I mentioned that before, how it had come about, and overnight, we had intercollegiate baseball. Because of that start, I think it was one of the reasons why it was dropped for several years. And then when the Far Western Conference—we joined them in 1952, we brought back baseball as an intercollegiate sport. But some schools have swimming within that conference; they do. We don't have a pool. The facilities are lacking. The problem of going to the YMCA and the Moana pool in the city are tough because everybody wants to use 'em at the same time. Consequently, we have never promoted in any way, shape, or form swimming as intercollegiate sport. We have been criticized for it, but I'm sure anyone who understood would not criticize the decision of the department in that respect. But it made it a good situation for coaches. It helped their schedules in the Far Western Conference. Everybody made it more or less understood to be mandatory, up to a point, to meet each other. And I think it has helped those sports thrive in the conference, and I'd say in particular, at Nevada.

I will say this, that if you were a coach of Chinese Checkers, and you won, and nobody

else had much of a team, you'd be a great coach.

Two sports that have always been a different type in the way of operating at the University have been boxing and skiing. Briefly, boxing all over the country practically stopped in the '50's. Prior to that time, there were quite a few schools dropped it. But during that period, there were a good many, and I'd say since 1960, we have had very little competition intercollegiately. At the present date, there are only three schools competing in boxing, the University of California at Berkeley, Chico State College, and our own team, the University of Nevada. It is a sport that's attractive, particularly to spectators. I think you'll find that intercollegiate boxing was a very fine financial success at schools such as Idaho State, University of Wisconsin, San Jose State (they were always top teams), and even Sacramento State in the Far Western Conference, to which we belonged when it was thriving. But the attitude of the people, and the attitude of schools and athletic people was that boxing could get out of hand and eventually become a little dangerous, because in competing in a sport that seemed to call for—I guess we often call it "head hunting" (every youngster likes to hit the other guy in the head), and the possibility of knockouts, and boxing matches themselves—overmatching, which would come when one team wanted to recruit over another—various reasons brought this about.

Now, I think it could have been controlled. I think that our coach, Jimmy Olivas, has done a real good job here of not only coaching the sport, getting the enthusiasm, but he has always been aware of a possible injury, and he takes care of his boys very well. And it is not as popular—over-popular—as people think. The news media will emphasize boxing. And anything that is hanging on or dying, there's

always the surge for it. This is no reflection on boxing. We brought boxing back. I brought it back. We didn't have it in 1949 and '50. But in 1951, when we started this program, I brought it back by recognizing that it would be a good sport to bring in. I had a coach who was available (he's a personal friend of mine, sure, but that wouldn't've been the reason, just because of that), Jimmy Olivas. And that's when we started boxing again. And Jimmy, of course, that's his life. And he'll go on pushing that. Now, you'll read a lot of stories about other teams coming back, but we have no indication of that. It's all speculation.

This competition, however, is relatively poor, because, with three teams—once in a while, a Navy group from Vallejo would come up, but in most cases, you box home and have a small tournament, and that's just about it. So it actually can't be called an intercollegiate sport in the national scene.

And the people who are boxing, the competition and the eulogizing comes when you don't have much competition. You see, the other schools aren't battling you. But when you're in that big ring and you don't win, there's a reaction of townspeople, citizens, students. Some girl said, "Well, we always win in boxing." And do you know, in ten years, between 1951 to 1960, about eight years there, we never had a winning season in boxing. But they remember one boxer.

These are the peculiarities of sports. I'm not belittling anybody's effort at all. But I certainly can see the problems in your team sports that don't exist in your individual sport. Because you get no credit when you lose in a team sport. But if you lose in an individual sport, an individual will win. And you use him or her or what else to glamorize what you've done. And these are the things.

Now, skiing, the same way. We have a problem. The picture of it is—and understand,

it isn't that I'm going to belittle, but I'm going to be fair, and that's sometimes hard to do. I can't come out and make statements to the press of what I think about boxing and skiing and their parts in the Nevada intercollegiate scene because you just can't tell people these things, and they don't realize it. It's a hard thing.

Boxing, now, the crowds in boxing—somebody said, "Oh, boxing makes money." Boxing never paid for itself yet. I had all the finances. We can't even pay the coach's salary on what we have. It comes out of our other picture. And so there, you see, there's a lot of things that don't meet the eye. Now, we had the alumni boxing thing the other day, and it was all over the papers. Well, you know it happens that the business manager, a guy I had in high school at Virginia City, is a great boxing nut (never boxed himself, but he's a great boxing nut), Ty Cobb. You see, the news media are hot for the sport. And I don't know—it's a funny thing. There're only three schools boxing. People don't think of that long enough. Why aren't there more? Wisconsin, Idaho State made a fortune in boxing—I don't say a fortune, but they made good money in their collegiate programs. They don't have it. And they were still makin' it when it finished. So, you see, there was quite a surge against boxing.

[To go back a little], I did mention that we had boxing. The first time they had regular intercollegiate boxing, as such, I was in school. It started in 1929. They had it for about four years. And although I didn't compete in it, I was very close friends with several who did.

We had some outstanding boxers. We had Dick Wallace, who was working at the YMCA at the time, had been a former professional boxer, took over the team and coached it. And Jimmy Olivas, our present coach, was on that team, as was, later, we called him "Bat"

Devine, who was our coach in the late '40's, also on that team. And then such outstanding performance (although Jimmy and Bat Devine were both, very fine boxers) [as] Tony Poloni (I think right at present, Tony is a retired police officer, has been one for a good many years in Reno, won the light heavyweight boxing championship of the NCAA); Wally Rusk, Art Levy, Spud Harris; and a former Regent, since passed away in a tragic accident, Newt Crumley was on that team.

And for three years, we had boxing, and then competition seemed to be tough to get in the area, and the interest dwindled a bit, and we dropped it.

Again, it came about in the '40's. We started up, and Bat Devine was the coach during that period, and Dick Taylor also had a fling at it as a part-time coach. And both of them did a real fine job. However, it was seen fit to drop the sport, and when we dropped football and I got the position of director of athletics, I encouraged the bringing back of boxing. Jimmy Olivas was working in the area and very much interested in coaching, and that's how Jimmy got started here in 1951.

Jimmy has had some outstanding boxers, particularly during the early years, when there still were about twelve teams throughout the country boxing. Louisiana State, we met them back there in Louisiana. We also boxed Wisconsin back in Madison, Wisconsin. And, of course, Idaho State had, always, a strong team; San Jose State, a real fine team; Washington State, a real strong team, also; and Sacramento State, in our own conference, were real good at boxing.

We held our own, and as I say, we had several real fine boxers, and they were also champions of the conference, and either champions or runners up in the nationals. Of course, as I say, there were only a few teams in the country boxing at the time.

We held the NCAA—in fact, we held the NCAA championships here twice. And some of the young men we had boxing for us, such as Sammy Macias, who's at present teaching in Sparks, went to the finals, lost in a very close decision, could've been an NCAA champion. Mills Lane came along a little later. But during that period, the boxing was dwindling in the schools, for competition. Also, another one, just about the time of Sammy Macias, was Joe Bliss. Joe, at present, is working in Reno, a real fine Indian boy with a wonderful punch and was a real fine boxer, as well. They all contributed a great deal to the history of boxing. I always recall, back in 19—it has to be in the early 19's, like 1914 or 1915, in there—when one of our later and since passed on United States senators, George “Molly” Malone, was the Pacific Coast champion. This, of course, was long before my time, and I don't think the boxing was very well organized intercollegiately throughout the country at the time. But it's rather interesting to know. And he was always—George, or “Molly,” as we called him, was always very much interested in boxing. And in fact, he was a great booster for all of our athletics, particularly boxing and football. He had played at Nevada during that period, before—well, it was during World War I, when he wasn't in the service.

As I say, Jimmy'll fight to the last drop for that boxing. And that's fine! That's fine. But sometimes I think that the participants get so much credit, where other places, where the competition's real tough, they don't. And this can be bad. This can be bad. You know, it's a—you don't know who wins. Do you know how our cross-country team does? Can you tell me how we did this year? [The news stories sound as if the team did well.] Did we? What does it say? You come in fourth, and yet it'll be a big thing in the paper. You see how it is? But you go to football—you lose, you're

through. Basketball— you're through. You lose or you win. There's no ifs or ands, no cup for the guy that stood on his head the longest. This is the thing that people are fooled with. You see, you can have a sport that is doin' very little good, competitively, and if you write it up in the paper right, you can make the public think they had a terrific season. And these're the things that are hard against the whole program. And I'm for the whole program. And I know that without football, and without basketball, your sports program's a joke. Nobody pays any attention to it, you're lost. You do that. The very people that will tell you about these other sports, you lose those two, and they lose all interest. They'll say, "What's the matter with that school?" Well, why? Because all schools in the country are emphasizing those two sports. So you got out of the swim of things. So this is the thing that can— you know, people hurt their own cause by just not realizing some of these things.

It's like that with cross-country. You said we did well. Well, did we? Name me one team they beat. Can you? But you know some football team beat us, or we beat. You see, there's the thing. It's the way things are written up. And if you're in an area where there isn't much—. Nobody goes to see a cross-country meet; nobody ever sees one, except the guys that are running it. And nobody, to any extent, sees many of the ski meets. Except our winter carnival, they all go up for the jumps, maybe the slalom. Oh, I tell you, it can have its—. That's why the organization of this whole thing is so important, that you give your just due, but you gotta look out. Have you ever noticed how a high school in this area would lose a lot of its games and have a poor season in some major area of sport, about near the end of the season it'll come out the achievements academically, see. And they have the headline. Well, you see, they're grabbin' at something that will take

peoples' minds off—[laughing]. Oh, I've done it myself, don't worry. Well, I better go into that. I can go into that in more detail. At no time would I want to cast any—. I want to tell the facts as I see them. Because I've seen them for a good many years. And a lot of people say, "Well, you, naturally, are more interested in the football, basketball, and baseball," which were my three big sports. But I don't compare baseball in college to basketball and football. You won't hear me bring that in.

Now, skiing on the West Coast is dead. Nobody has a ski team. You see our winter carnival, you'll see twelve teams listed. Five of those teams listed don't even have a team, don't even have skiing. Four or five guys get in a car and come up, see? And no team, no sponsored team by the department—by the school. So you've got a lot of things there that don't meet the eye.

Now, [in] the skiing, for many years, we had part-time ski coaches. Our personnel in the department, we didn't have enough positions open, and so we had to go out and get people who were interested. In most cases, they were former skiers here at the University.

And skiing has been a sport at Nevada for a good many years. The past four years, we've had what we refer to as a regular position, ski coach. The present coach is Mark Magney. And three years ago, he came to Nevada and took a position in our physical education and athletic department.

The difficulties that we've run into have been the lack of competition, similar to boxing, particularly in this area. Skiing is still pretty much national, but is emphasized greatly in about three different areas in the United States, the far East, or the Atlantic seaboard. Those teams go in for it, as the weather would indicate. And it has always been considered a good sport for Nevada because of the nearby facilities, the snow, the

hills, and skiing is a very popular sport in the city of Reno and into northern Nevada. However, a good many of the schools that are considered our neighbors, such as San Jose State, California Aggies, even Berkeley (the University of California), and Stanford University, Hayward State, Sacramento State—schools close in do not have skiing. At one time, several of these schools did have it, but I think it ran into difficulty because of finances, coaching personnel, and the distance from the campus to the facilities that had to be used. And that is one difficulty we have in making our schedules, and have had, for the past eight or ten years.

We have to travel to Utah or the northern part of Oregon and up into Washington to find any team competition at all, any interschool that is, interscholastic or intercollegiate. About our only competition in the area is a junior college or two—Sierra College down in Auburn, and College of the Siskiyous, which is a junior college also, up in northern California.

Naturally, there should be a lot of skiers, I suppose, developed around here because of the terrific recreation programs they have. But in many cases, we've brought in skiers from other areas to make our teams—well, give them the ability to compete. I don't know how long it's going to continue. But it makes for difficulty because it's very expensive to send a team to the competition we want to get. And as I said, Utah is the closest, Colorado is next, and then you can go back all the way to the Atlantic coast, if you can stand it financially.

There isn't any real, set schedule from year to year. And I think that is one of the weaknesses of skiing. It's often been said that, well, we should go in for it in a big way because ski areas around here are prominent and are advertised, and we should go out and get good skiers, even as far as European countries. Now, if that is a way of competition, fine. I suppose

it's all right. I have never felt that that's what we're in business for here. But a lot of people will differ with that and probably have their reasons. But it would be rather a commercial enterprise if we tried it. And time and time again, we'll hear—some news media will mention the fact that we are not doing enough for skiing. But actually, the situation that I just explained, I think, shows that handicaps we have in getting a regular good, solid ski program.

We have a winter carnival every year, which is very popular. We invite teams. Most of them come from the region of the West. We do have the Air Force Academy, and sometimes a team from Oregon, on occasion, some team from the University of Washington. But the other teams that are entered are usually just a club or social groups within a school that just make it sort of an outing. I think you'll find those kind are listed many times in the roster of teams that are competing. And I would say that Coach Magney has done a good job with his efforts. I know he's putting as much effort into it as any coach would, regardless of the handicaps.

I think skiing takes a lot of time. That's one of the handicaps, too, scholastically, is that on these trips, ski meets usually last from two to three days minimum. And oftentimes they're away from school during school days, which always will be a handicap, scholastically.

[Speaking for a moment about the coaches], in the skiing area, [Chelton] Shelly Leonard did a real fine job for us. Shelly wasn't being paid too much at the time, either. I often think that it was the love of the sport that kept him with us, and he worked real hard. Particularly would he work hard in organizing the winter carnival. It was put into quite an elaborate production, and there were a lot of loose ends. And always, the headaches fell on the coach. Me, from my position as athletic

director, would help him as much as I could, but I wasn't too much for skiing myself in the sense of participation, so I wouldn't know of too many things that went on. But I had to learn, and I guess I learned some of the things, even the hard way.

We were the host for the first national—that is, the NCAA championships in skiing. And it was during Shelly Leonard's period of coaching. And out of that, we had one champion, Pat Meyers. Pat won the downhill. Pat was rather a husky young man, and I know that in the competition, he was up against some of the best he'd ever seen, and by far, more than he'd ever seen. But somehow, Pat came downhill, and I guess that extra weight he packed got him there. And he came through in flying colors. We were real thrilled about it, as I know was Pat and his family. And I remember at the banquet afterwards, when they sang all those sweet songs that I hadn't heard before, Pat got his just due and was given as an honor an NCAA medal for first place.

Following Shelly, we had several coaches selected the same way. Shelly could not continue on with it because of other work he went into, and so we had to switch. It wasn't from our choice. It was the fact that he couldn't spend the time any more; otherwise, I know he'd've been very happy to do it, and we were even happier to have him.

Les Hawkins, at present a principal in Swope Junior High in Reno at the present time, was our next coach. And he held it for two years. And then we used a man in our department. It was a little bit tough for Les, with all the work he had to do as—. At that time, he was principal of a grammar school, Roger Corbett. And it's pretty hard to put in the time and the distance, and then he traveled all the time for workouts, so he had to leave. And then we had a man in the department handle it for a while, George Twardokens,

not in the general sense of being hired as a ski coach, but he did have the available time. And then we got to where we are now.

But over the years, I think our winter carnival is pretty nationally known, and I think compares very favorable with the Atlantic seaboard big ones. I know they have one at Dartmouth every year, and I don't recall just what they have in the Northwest. But it has grown, and it's added a lot. It's almost like the bowl games you see now. The football game gets to be incidental, although I hardly think it was this year, with Stanford winning. But a lot of activity takes place, and right at present, the chairman, I believe, this year is Bill Cobb, and he's getting everything ready. And I imagine within about three weeks, they'll be putting on the big production.

It seems like our students and the area exploded every once in a while into a big deal. And then I've noticed, too, in the last few years, the elaborate dressing up of sorority houses or places in town have been curtailed to a great extent. I don't know whether it's because so many other things're goin' on, but it still is—they have a real fine meet up on the hills. And I know, as far as the coach is concerned, the competition, it still retains its same—. I would say, probably, we don't have as many of the top teams in the country here as we used to because they used to travel a little farther. For example, an outstanding team in the country is Denver. We haven't had 'em here for several years.

I do recall an NCAA meet we got in over our heads and had a rough time comin' out financially. I will always be thankful to the Reno Chamber of Commerce. It was more or less my responsibility to see that the bills were paid out of something, and the Chamber of Commerce and Bill Brussard, who was the president at that time, certainly came to the front and saved us a lot of headaches

financially, or we would've been in a bad way, and I might've been goin' down the road with numbers on my back!

It's an expensive thing to put on. Equipment not so much, but facilities, getting them ready, and judges. It seems like for every competitor there's a judge. And it's just an elaborate affair in that sense. It isn't like a basketball game or a football game, where you just have a few officials and a gatekeeper.

About ten years after that one we had, we put one on as a co-host with the University of California. And there was a lot of getting together and meetings on how we were going to do it. It was first offered to California. At that time, Pat Brown, governor of California, was very anxious to put to some use the Squaw Valley area, which had been built practically from scratch for the Olympic Games and Winter Olympics a few years before. And, of course, in the NCAA, a member has to be the host, so that fell to the University of California. And at that time, the athletic director was Pete Newell. He also was the basketball coach before that, and I've known Pete pretty well from competing against him. And he asked us if we would co-host. After that effort we'd had a few years before, I had my tongue in my cheek when I said, "Well, we'd be glad to help out, but it's a big thing. Whether you know it or not, it's a lot bigger than some of the things you've promoted before." Well, he felt that with our experience, and, of course, our nearness to the areas, why, we would probably be able to give them a great help.

Well, we got into it. They had a lot of ideas that didn't work out, I know. I remember, particularly, in raising money, they bought about five thousand or ten thousand buttons that were to be sold at a dollar apiece. And as I recall, now (I think we had ten thousand), there were—well, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine still in the package before

[laughing] the thing was over. I don't like to say this, but the man who was responsible was the publicity and information director of the University of California, and later on, he took the head job with the NCAA. I won't go into any names. And I often kid him about the great effort of raising money. They didn't cost too much, of course, but they did cost something, and we didn't even sell any. These were to be buttoned on. Everybody'd buy 'em for a dollar, but it just didn't work out. And even though committees tried hard, it didn't work.

I also recall that I was the only athletic director up there during the meet. I got stuck with all the headaches. But being close by, we were certainly glad to cooperate. And I think it was a very good meet. However, again, we went in the hole some \$1,500 apiece, each school.

But these're the things that have to be carefully watched. And I don't think co-hosting was the best method. Because sometimes the right hand don't know what the left hand's doing, and it is really a state of confusion. If I had it to do over again and I was running it, I would rather put it on myself; that is, put it on with our own school, alone. I don't think you can cooperate.

[What do I think about the junior ski program?] Well, I think that the junior program, of course (I think everybody knows about it), is a very popular one here and has all sizes, shapes, and ages touring up to that hill. And it can't help but develop some pretty good skiers. But competitive-wise, I don't know whether we could put the finger on the results or not. You know, competitive skiing, cross-country jumping, in particular, takes quite a bit of effort and concentration. Naturally, if some 1,400 youngsters're going up on the hill at an early age and getting interested in skiing, somebody must have some ability. And I think some of our skiers

here, whether they got it out of that program or not—I mean, I often wonder how they get there. But any time a group are competing, a group are participating in an activity, they're naturally improving. And if they come to the University and are interested in skiing and competitive skiing, why, I think, naturally, it helps out. I haven't seen too much evidence of it, except in a few cases. And then, as I say, whether that came from the junior program or where, I'm not sure.

But we're always thinking in terms of recruiting outside. We had two or three outstanding performers on our teams the last couple years that came from around Wisconsin and Minnesota who came out here to go to school because we had skiing and were enticed to come. I think it's bound to show some effect.

There seems to be a great difference in that sport between recreational skiing and competitive skiing, more so than other sports, like basketball or football. Anybody that plays is usually playing in competition, whereas recreational skiing is one thing, and competitive skiing—. They talk about racing and racers. For example, [Bob] Beattie, the United States ski coach for the Olympics, the last Olympics, came into Reno several years back, and I don't like to use the term, but did make himself rather obnoxious to us because he insisted we weren't going in strong enough with such a great ski area, without thinking about our competition. And he was continually talking about racing, which is almost a form of professionalism in skiing.

I don't know just where one works into the other, but I'm sure that if you get a lot of people out doin' something with skis, they're bound to have more ability. And if they're coachable and interested in competing, I'm sure that it helps out. I'm sure if it doesn't, if it hasn't been payin' off that way, it hasn't been through any

fault of the recreation department, because I think they got a wonderful ski program. And certainly, they can't be expected to put great competitors out for the University. But that, generally speaking, is about the way I would add that up, that it's a real fine program for this part of the country.

That just about sums it up for those two, and I might say that none of our regular competition intercollegiately in other sports have skiing or boxing.

[As for some of the other "minor" areas], well, wrestling. Wrestling is getting to be real popular in the state of California, and even in other states around, California in particular. The Far Western Conference brought in wrestling about ten years ago as a sport. And we didn't have a team for a couple of years while that was going on. Hopefully, we expected to because we like to keep up with any sport we can. Facilities were a little lacking, space, and, of course, coaching personnel. But then we started. We started about six years ago, and in all due credit to the ones who handled it. At that time, Billy Daniel, a graduate student, handled it for us one year. Lee Newell, who at present is director of the intramural program in the department. And Harry Kane, who was hired as a line coach in football, took over the rein in sort of developing it. But very little progress was made. Actually, I don't believe any of them had enough time, with their other duties. And probably we were just wishful thinking. And as I say, my policy is to know where we're goin' when we start, but sometimes you take a chance, and I guess we did. So it didn't go too well.

And then a position was open. Harry Kane left coaching and went into business. And we were hiring a new coach, and our present wrestling coach we hired at that time, Keith Loper. Keith was also hired as a line coach in football. And Keith has brought the sport

on pretty well. We're competitive. Two years ago, we had a Far Western champion, Far Western Conference champion. We're not in that conference now. And also, last year, we had two wrestlers who had very good records during the year invited to the nationals of the collegiate division back in Minnesota.

That was rather an unfortunate situation. Coach Loper took them back and got snowed in, or grounded, in Chicago, and something wrong with the communication. We ended up by not getting there in time for the drawings, and evidently, from previous experience, they had a hard and fast rule that that had to be done that way. And we ended up by turning around and coming home, and were rather disappointed, because we had a good boy in Peterson, who I think—. (Tryin' to think of his first name; there were several Petersons here who played for us in various sports.) But he had a good chance. A boy by the name of Moore had a pretty good chance. I think Peterson had the best. But neither one of 'em got to wrestle. They just turned around and came home, rather an expensive outing. But, of course, always, looking at the dollars and cents when you're in charge of the purse strings, we felt a little bit disappointed about it, as I know Keith Loper did, because it was a lot of time for nothing.

But wrestling's comin' real good. We haven't developed enough wrestling in the high schools around here, but it's coming. And particularly has Coach Loper lent his support to the high schools. He does a lot of officiating for them. He organizes and helps them directing their competitive meets, the northern Nevada meet, the state meets in high school. And everything he's building toward increasing the enthusiasm in high schools in the area and eventually getting some of them to compete here at the University with him. And he's done a real fine job.

And I think wrestling will come. When you have boxing and wrestling at the same time, it's a little hard to get people interested in wrestling because it's a new sport in this area. There're a lot of people will come to a match sometimes, but I'd say half of 'em don't know enough about the sport to really appreciate it, and consequently, the general interest in the area is not nearly as great. But I think that once it's set and once a good program starts to pay off, so to speak, in competition, why, I think it's going to be a real fine sport.

Cross-country, we had that in the Far Western Conference. I more or less consider it a form of fall track; however, it is a regular, listed sport in the NCAA manual now. Most of the track distance men participate, and we have had some real fine teams. We have supplemented with some of the foreign students that Jack Cook, and prior to he, Dick Dankworth, brought in. The competition in the area is not too great yet. Within the Far Western Conference, almost everybody had a team. But within the WCAC there's very little action yet in that area, as in track itself. And consequently, we have difficulty in getting the right competition. Usually, open meets that are held, invitational meets, sometimes are quite expensive. A sport of that kind, you can only budget so much, and it has been a little difficult.

It's rather interesting—these athletes, foreign athletes, usually when they're brought in, are pretty good competitors, or they wouldn't be coming. And sometimes that has an effect. It's hard to get some team to meet you when you have too good a team as a result of those athletes. I know on many occasions when we've had teams that normally would schedule us won't schedule us because we have had that type of program, of bringing in European athletes to compete for us.

That was one of the difficulties, and then our association in the Far Western Conference in track, the feeling that we were overdoing it, and sort of stretching the competition out of focus in track. We had several foreign students over a period of years. I often think that sometimes those things happen. If they happen to one of these California schools in our conference, nobody would say anything, but if it happens to us, why, we're kind of the outsider. But that has been our experience. And how long or what will come in the future, I don't know.

But I think it's a good sport, and I think it's a good one to start out with. Particularly is it fine for a track coach gettin' his men conditioned. Often, track has been accused of being a "thirteen-month-a-year sport." And I think the idea is that, going from one to the other, you never get out of condition. And so you're more or less working out from one end of the year to the other, and then there's a lot of track competition in the summer that the NCAA and AAU have that they participate in.

Tennis, I would say it just keeps about a normal pace. Our weather is not conducive to good tennis without an indoor area, and there is none in Reno right now. We have had our coaches go down to the armory out at the fairgrounds, which has a fairly spacious—about enough room for one court. And it hasn't worked out too well as a workout place, but at least it's something that you can do when you have bad winters, as we definitely are having now. The weather here in the second semester can really foul you up, and particularly does it foul up coaches in such sports as tennis and baseball, track, golf.

It'd be great if we had a field house, where you have large enough areas where you can get your regular workouts out of the weather. I don't know whether that's going to be in the near future or not. The present complex

they're talking about for physical education (which is on the hopper and just about ready to go from the legislature, and with aid from student fees) does not—the present plans don't call for a field house. But maybe we have enough good months; maybe we're just expecting too much. I don't know. But we are in an area, climate-wise, similar to the Middle West, not as bad, maybe. And I know within our conference, the Far Western Conference, the one we were in before, Humboldt has a field house, inside. They have real bad weather, not as cold as ours, but wetter, and it's been a boon to their athletic program in the spring. The coaches all feel that it's a great opportunity to get workouts when normally they couldn't.

However, tennis, we have competed in the Far Western Conference in the past. Now we're independent and selecting any competition we can get. We still compete with a few of the Far Western Conference schools, but we also try to compete as much as we can in our new conference we joined, WCAC. That is one sport in which every school in the conference participates, along with basketball and baseball, golf as well. They all compete in them. However, there is not mandatory dual competition in tennis. Consequently a lot of the schools, in order to keep from depleting their finances, don't go much distance to participate. And so many of the schools are quite a ways from us, and we have no other competition around here, it makes it a little difficult.

But our tennis program has been—we've had some outstanding tennis players over the years. We've had two real fine players last year. One of them is back to compete. [Glenn] Grisillo is through with his competition. I keep forgetting the young man's name, but his first name is Willie. He's a Latin American lad from Los Angeles. And he was a real fine

competitor in the competition throughout the coast intercollegiately.

But everybody is competing. Last year we were host to the conference tennis tournament. And everybody participated; everybody sent up a team but one, and rather ironically, it was the University of Nevada Southern. They have said they haven't got too many facilities down there for tennis, but I would say they have a better climate than we do. But it was a real fine tournament, and I think our team competed very well in it. I believe Pepperdine won it.

Golf is, and has been, a sport here for a good many years. Again, the weather is not conducive to a good team. We have to depend on the individual ability of people and those who can get ready awfully quick. Fortunately for me, and unfortunately for the team, I'm the coach for this year. I coached it once before. I don't have any secret formula for winning, but I feel that the weatherman hasn't done me a very good turn this year, as it doesn't many years. With the snow on the ground, we normally start playing, and try to play as much as they can all year. We work out green fees for the potential team members in the fall where they can have free access to about four courses in the area, but this weather hasn't been much help. And I don't know how soon they'll be able to get out. Now, we have our first match in the first week in March. And we're just hopeful that the cold weather'll come all at once, and the snow, and then it'll give us one of those nice Januaries that sometimes we get.

Usually you find January, February, and March—we've found this out athletically, and the coaches are often getting to be almost neurotic. One year we have a good month for outside activity in January, the next year it'll be terrible and February it'd be good, and intermixed in there is March. Sometimes January's a wonderful month and March is a terrible month. And that's

even sometimes pulled April into it. And our coaches oftentimes go around with a look on their face of futility. And I think sometimes, they're affected by it a little bit too much. In other words, they use it as kind of an alibi. I don't believe in alibis, but I suppose I like to hear somebody say that "The reason I'm not winning is because he doesn't have the facilities or the material or the weather." I probably lap that up when I hear it. But I never did like to alibi. If you got something and you know what you're up against, why, you're goin' to have to make the best of it. And oftentimes, on the other side, the other guy hasn't got it too good, either. You know, it rains in California, and that can handicap them. But bein' as I'm the golf coach again for the second time in my life (I coached it about eighteen years ago), I'm sure that I will need an alibi, so I'm goin' to get one ready [laughing]. The biggest alibi they'll have is their coach! I have several young people that're rarin' to go, and I mean they're just—. I told 'em we'd get some pink balls and turn 'em loose out in Stead. But I think we'll have to wait 'til the snow clears.

But golf hasn't been a competitive sport for us, in a sense of winning. We have to hang in there and hope we can win a few matches. And of course, you never know—there's always an outside chance you can win a championship. In our conference, we have a tennis tournament and a golf tournament schedules, but no mandatory, as I brought out before, dual competition between schools. But we have our schedule all reset. We're playing several Far Western Conference schools. And I don't know just how far they've gone in tennis, in the coaching of tennis. A man was hired from another area of the campus. Now, whether he's going to be available this year or not, I don't know. I am not sure just what we have done in that respect. But generally speaking, we are always hopeful—this is nothing against

Jimmy Olivas or Jackie Jensen, who coaches baseball—we do like to have our coaches a permanent member of our staff. If you don't have it, you don't have it, so we get along with the others, and we certainly think that both Jimmy and Jackie have done a wonderful job at the helm as part-time coaches. And we know they're handicapped by having something else to make a livelihood for 'em.

And our baseball is in a bad way right now, currently. We never did have too good a facility. We did, after quite a few years, work something out on Clark Field for an infield and a diamond that we could play a game on when necessary. Prior to that, we had to go off the campus to even practice. And I was coaching the sport during those years, and we used Threlkel's Park downtown, out on Fourth Street. It seems like the old cycle come around. This year, we're without that Clark Field diamond due to a building program that's going to take that space up, and already, I know Dick Trachok, the athletic director, was talkin' the other day to Jackie Jensen and said he'd just have to make some arrangements in the Reno recreation area, some area around town. Moana, where we play our games—and that has been a big help—the commissioners allow us to play our games there, and even sandwich them in with the silver Sox games when they come in May. And they've been a big help to us. And this is all free of charge, and they even get the diamond ready for us. But that's one thing we can't depend on in the early part of the season because the weather does not permit the use of that type of field. The ground just isn't playable. It's frozen, and then it thaws and it's wet and mushy, and we can't ruin it for 'em, so we can't even think about practicing there, particularly up until our early games. So Jackie, right now, is lookin' around for some place. Of course, right now, there's no place, with the snow on the ground.

This has been a problem in baseball, and again, we wanted baseball. We got into a conference that has it, and we're just goin' to have to make the best of it. Again, I go back to the old idea [that] it'd be nice to have some form of a field house, probably not a full one, as're popularly known in the Middle West, where you could put a football field plus on a turf, on ground, a dirt floor. Humboldt's is just half a one, but it's about, I'd say, a hundred and sixty feet by a hundred and sixty feet, which gives you ample room for infield practice, or even any type of practice in baseball, even hitting. It'd be nice to have one. Whether we will or not eventually, I don't know. But make the best of it, I guess, is about all we can say in those spring sports.

Gymnastics is a new sport that came into the Far Western Conference. We went into it about six years ago, and are still carrying on a pretty good program, although we're now independent, and we just schedule that way. And we've had some pretty fine gymnasts. I don't want to talk about the women's side of it, but we have had several women who have been very competitive in gymnastics. And I don't know how far they're going to go on that. I think the intercollegiate program of the women is going to grow in the future in various sports. But we did have gymnastics for several years before we started in the others. I don't think I'd better go into that because it's a little bit out of my line. I was not involved as an athletic director with them. But they're coming. It's coming in now.

Women—when I first came to Nevada in 1926, high school basketball was real popular with girls. They had a state tournament, even. I can recall some of the great teams. Fallon High School dominated the scene. And then, due to certain physical and education and health policies and recommendations, they decided the sport was too strenuous for women and

shouldn't have it, and it was dropped. And I don't think there was a high school in the state for thirty years or so ever had a basketball team or even an intercollegiate volleyball. And then, all of a sudden, it started to come back. The same thing for colleges—they didn't have it. And now, it seems like maybe the women are sturdier now—I don't know, but I think it's just a matter of a philosophy and policy and help and physical differences in the sections that brought these changes. Sometimes somebody'll get up, and it can even be a medical doctor, and he'll say, "This is not good for such and such." Even in the men's sports they'll tell you. Like boxing, doctors have—a lot of 'em have stood solidly behind the effort to stop all boxing in college, saying that the rocking of the head is liable to loosen somethin' up there and have some permanent effect. That was one of the criticisms. So, you see—. And then along come another doctor and say, "That's a bunch of hooey." I don't say just that much of a borderline all the time, but it's really strange how these things happen. And I'd say, right now, throughout the country, that high school and colleges are going to increase more and more the activity in intercollegiate, interscholastic athletics because of athletics. Almost back, with the pendulum swinging around again as it was thirty-five years ago. Strange, athletics—and strange in the thinking, strange in conditioning, strange in what happens. I've never made a real study of it. I have my own ideas of it, sure, but I think women's competition can be popular. I think the college girls can stir up a lot of interest, but I wouldn't say football.

Rather a funny thing, you know, we had Marion Motley, a famous football player here, later more famous when he played the Cleveland Browns, was all-pro, come out for a party, our Boosters banquet at the governor's mansion two years ago, and found out that

besides his regular work, he was coaching a women's football team, professionally. There were four of them in the East, and he had one of 'em, out of Pittsburgh. And I said, "Well—." I asked him, "Were they playing regular football?"

He said, "Absolutely. Regular football—pads, tackling, and everything." And he said, "You'd be surprised how competitive it was."

So anything can happen. I don't foresee football, however, in colleges and high school with girls, although we do have the Powder Puff, or whatever they call that, on Homecoming. Don't we have a girls' touch tackle game here? Well, anyway, this can certainly—well, it'll create problems of facilities. But if the program is good (I've often used the term, "I don't believe in throwing the baby out with the bath water"), if you have something worthwhile, make do; in other words, if another gym is needed and possible, okay. If it isn't try to work 'em both in.

BLACK ATHLETES AND THEIR PROBLEMS

I always have a great lot of admiration for Marion Motley. I say that, probably, his playing here was greater than his playing with Cleveland. Now, that's a funny thing to say, but here, he didn't have the blocking. He didn't have the other backs. He didn't have a great quarterback like Otto Graham. And believe me, he couldn't accomplish near as much as he could with them. I will always appreciate Marion as a real fine player—you know, tough, hard-working, fine boy to coach. Once he got the idea, he'd go all the way for you. And I think we expected too much out of him. And then he went on. And he was a great back. I can recall one of his weaknesses was—or maybe we'll say one thing he didn't do well was hit a line. Marion was a better runner straight up. And today in professional

football, he'd have difficulty because he'd have to go around. If he got started through the line, he was a powerful runner, and as powerful as any man that ever lived. But I'll go along—he's with the best of them. But what this guy is saying in this book, "He's the greatest ever,"* it's quite a speculation. Effectiveness, maybe. Maybe the effectiveness on a team. You see, the whole Cleveland system was built by Paul Brown for Otto Graham, a great quarterback, and Motley, a great blocker and a powerful runner. And so his main options were a pass or a draw play, which is a fake pass trap. You fake a pass and you trap 'em in the line and you get 'em sprung. And once Marion Motley got through a line with those powerful legs of his, it was pretty hard for any one man to bring him down; it would be in college. Now, of course, the pros're bigger men.

So, this, of course—during his time, his contribution—I will say the guy is right, that he was, by far, outstanding over any back in pro football. But when you try to count all the good ones that've come since—. And you know, that has to be just about twenty-five years ago. Been a lot of backs [laughing] since then. But that was the main difference, I think, the durability of athletes. They probably were conditioned to stay in there longer than they are now.

I'll tell you. He was a great kid. Marion was a great kid. You couldn't help but like him. He had a great personality—pleasant, happy guy. And conditions were a little tough here for a black boy then, you know. Sure, they all thought the world of him, I guess, when he'd run with that ball. But I don't think other than that—. I tried to get him eligible for basketball and couldn't make it stick. And I know Dr. Traner (who I always felt was one of the greatest educators we ever had in the school) insisted that Marion was bein' discriminated against. He said, "I don't think they're givin'

him a break," and I was, of course, positive of that because he looked so good to me out on the floor. [Laughing] I was a little prejudiced. But I never could get him to play because he wouldn't be eligible. In those days, you could be declared ineligible when you were down, rather than the end of the semester, as it is now. And Marion would have a little difficulty with those books. His background was tough. He fought his way, I guess, through high school. But I'll never say anything except the best for him, because with, all his handicaps, he was still a great competitor. A very popular man, very popular young guy with students, with his teammates. And so obvious when he came out here to visit two years ago and we had a big luncheon just for his group. And it was rather interesting, because here I was, I had been here as the coach, and to see him, kiddin' around with him, he just has to be one great guy, that's all. But a lot of good ones have come and gone.

This question of the black athletes, I would say this: outside of in high school, I had a couple of football players and a couple of basketball players. Way back in the '30's, down in the San Joaquin Valley, I had a couple of black athletes, real fine athletes, but I never had many. And when I came to Nevada, in basketball—of course, we had 'em in football. We had some fine ones. But in basketball, I never had a black player. And believe me, I'd like to've had some. They got a lot of ability, some of them, and I never did have one in basketball. They all came and played football, what few we had, and they didn't play basketball. Not that I didn't have some who were two-sported, but none of the blacks did.

*Paul D. Zimmerman, *A Thinking Man's Guide to Pro Football* (New York: Dutton & Co. 71970).

Now, I'd say when Marion was here, it was hard to accept in Reno. It was the times.

And me, I had played—I probably had an advantage over other people. I had played quite a bit of semipro baseball after I got out of the Coast League. At that time, of course, blacks were not allowed to play in organized baseball. And in semipro ball, I got to playing with several real fine athletes, pitchers (I'd catch), and even other positions. And on a team there'd be one or two, or three, and likable people. Maybe I just ran into the likable ones. I liked 'em. And I certainly had no—I came from the Middle West, a farm, where [laughing] we didn't see a black, you know. And I don't think I ever saw one until I was about fifteen, saw one from Boys' Town, Nebraska. And so when I came out, they were interesting to me. I just accepted 'em, and particularly if they were a good athlete. I've always had the philosophy, if the guy's a good athlete, it doesn't make any difference what he looks like or what color he is. But the thing with Marion, it was a little difficult.

Then came [Sherman] Howard and Hairston—we called him "Punjab." Oh, he was a man mountain! What a terrific football player! The only thing, he had bad feet, and he couldn't cut it. He weighed about 270, and he could move like a cat. Howard, Sherman Howard was a real fine halfback, later played professional ball, and was a real—could sprint, too. I had him as a sprinter on the track team. He run the 9.8, and played professional football with the Chicago Bears, and was a very fine halfback in professional football.

We had another back before him under Jim Aiken. I keep tryin' to think of his name. I did mention before Al Tabor. This was a trip in which I was wearing two hats. I was the line coach for Sheeketski, and took the job as business manager for that trip. We went to St.

Louis, played St. Louis University. And that was on a Sunday, and the following Friday we were playin' the Detroit University in Detroit. So we stayed back there. We flew back, and then we flew over to Detroit.

Well, when we got to St. Louis, without thinking (and I didn't make the preliminary arrangements for the hotel), we went in to register, and we were told that the blacks couldn't register. And I had three of 'em. I had Sherman Howard, and I had Alva Tabor, and, I believe, Greene. I'm not sure of that third one, now, who was on that team at the time. So I had to find quarters for them. So I asked the guy, I says, "Where can we go?"

He says, "Well, you'll have to go across town." And there were places over in such and such—he gave me a general idea.

Well, I thought the best thing to do was get a cab and talk to the cabbie. And so I had to take 'em across town. That was a rather embarrassing situation, for me in particular, more so than for them. And I told 'em. "Aw," they said, "we—you're not—we know that. That's happened before." They were very philosophical about it. In other words, they expected it. And to me, it was—you know, I didn't react to it the way normally I—. I just thought, "Well, it's a team. Here we are, a group of guys. We play with 'em. We coach 'em."

But this was difficult. Actually, this was the first breakthrough in a lot of hotels, where if you were a member of a team, they'd take you in the hotel. But if you're just a single or individual black man, you couldn't get in. Of course, those were the times.

So anyway, I got 'em some good quarters, good as I could find, and they were real fine about it. But you know, that was an interesting thing, too, and I've always said [laughing], I recall sayin' to Sheeketski—I might've told you about this, in Tulsa, didn't I tell you? Well,

anyway, Sheeketski—I told Sheeketski he'd go down in history with Abraham Lincoln, that he had started the emancipation act in Tulsa. Here's what happened. Well, anyway, that was the way it was, and I did it on the trip in Detroit the same way. The boys at that time understood it. They were brought up good. I thought these kids were real fine boys, all of 'em. We didn't have any of 'em that got out of line. And I guess the times, they were used to it. It happens, and that's the way people thought, so—.

But this trip we made to Tulsa, our president, John Moseley, at the time, was from Tennessee, and I might say a real Tennesseete in the sense that he [laughing] talked the language, you know, and a fine man, a fine president, too. But we went back to Tulsa to play, and he's there. And it was talked about before we went, about the colored—about the blacks playing in Tulsa. They had never played against Tulsa, no black. And we took Alva Tabor, and Greene, and Sherman Howard back with us. And Sherman Howard was one of our best backs. He was a starter ninety percent of the time.

So Joe [Sheeketski]—it was rather a tight situation. Anyway, Dr. Moseley was back there, the president. And he was quite concerned of what Joe was goin' to do. "Are you goin' to play those fellows?"

Joe said he didn't know.

And I know his advice was not to, and probably from good judgment, too. I mean, Dr. Moseley wasn't a narrow-minded man, I know, but he just felt [laughing] that, who are we to come in and break the rule?

So right up to the night before—. Usually coaches meet up and have a few refreshments in the room, and Dr. Moseley came up. And so he asked Joe if he'd made up his mind yet what he was going to do the next day. And Joe ended up by telling him, "No."

Then he left. And I asked Joe, I said, "Have you made up your mind?"

He said, "No, I haven't." He said, "I'll make it up tomorrow." He says, "What would you do?"

I said, "I'm not makin' the decision." I says, "You're goin' to make the decision. And I'm sure you'll make the right one, because, Joe, I don't want to tell you what to do, or what I'd do, and then you do the opposite, because you'd feel like I was against what you're doing."

So, anyway—and I was hoping he'd start 'em.

Anyway, we [laughing] came to the game. And very dramatically in the dressing room (it was a big dressing room), and just before the starting lineup was announced (now, you go out on the field, you come back in the dressing room), we were all sittin' there, and here comes the moment of decision. And everybody's waitin' to start—and *everybody*, all the students, all the players knew it. They knew this situation was ripe, you know, probably as much as we did. And just before they started to announce the team, Dr. Moseley came in the door and stood there, obviously to listen—maybe just as an enthusiastic president. I know he always did. He was real fine as a supporter, and I have nothin' against him on this, but I can see that people with different backgrounds make different decisions.

And so Joe named the line, starting line. And then, rather than make it *real* dramatic, the first guy he named to start in the backfield was Sherman Howard. And he was the only black starter we had. And you could almost hear a pin drop when he said it, and then he went right on and named the other backs. I told Joe, "The only thing is, you didn't make it dramatic enough. You should've waited 'til the last and then—."

But anyway, I recall Dr. Moseley walkin' out and not sayin' a word.

And it was real interesting, that we went out and played, and we had a real fine team that year. Tulsa didn't have too much. And we beat 'em something like sixty to fourteen. And Sherman Howard played the whole first half and into the second half about five minutes, and he left the field. We took him out, put in reserves (of course, we were ahead), and the whole stadium stood up, gave him a hand. You know, it turned out so well. I've often thought that if they—had Howard—I'm thankful he was the type of guy that didn't—a little temper, you know, might've ribbed him, he might've had a fight out there, he might've had the exact—you know. You never know what human nature's goin' to do. But he played a great game. He made all kinds of gains, and the attitude of the Tulsa players was great. I mean, it was just a human instance to me of what can happen in this world, and it can happen in the country, if the right thing is approached right. I—it just—so strange. And here, Dr. Moseley, he was scared to death of what might happen, see. And I don't blame him. Being president, I can understand his predicament. But Joe decided he was goin' through with it.

Was great. Out he came, Alva Tabor got in as substitute quarterback for Heath and threw a couple of touchdown passes, and he came out. And he got a hand. In other words, the people just—I think you understand. That's human nature. You know, it's a funny thing.

But they didn't—don't approve of it, generally speakin', but when it happens, and everything works out all right, everybody flips over. And they went out of their way to show, and I think they were thrilled. So I told Joe afterwards, I said, "Well, you emancipated the blacks in Tulsa." It was really an interesting situation.

Probably our dropping football shortly after that, everything seemed to go along pretty smooth. I don't recall any time where

we did have the black students or black players room in the same room with us up through 19—this was about '48, I think, and through 1950. And then, of course, we dropped football. And about that time it changed. It changed in Reno. Some of the hotels that didn't accept 'em, teams coming in, but if you were with a team, okay. The Harlem Globetrotters helped out in that, I think. They came in, you know, and they're nationally known, and I think everybody started to—the times were changing.

And actually, the next group that we got was in 19— we didn't have many blacks in school then, from then on. Oh, in football, we'd have two or three. We got two or three from Las Vegas, a couple of pretty good football players, [Archie] Curtis and Barber. And Coach Trachok. had—oh, at different times, he had two or three black boys on the team— no problem. They would live on the campus or they'd have a room outside, maybe down in some black neighborhood here (there aren't many of 'em), a black family'd have 'em in or give 'em a room. And it worked out real well, and I didn't see any problems.

And 1959—well, of course, this was Dick's time, during McEachron's time, there weren't many, one or two. And then Jack Spencer had several in basketball. And you know, on the Cleveland Browns, when Motley was playin' there, one of our outstanding ends of 1945 and '6, Horace Gillum, was playin'. Horace went on to win the award for the best kicker in the National Professional Football League. He's a great punter. He played end for Cleveland, and he was on the team with Motley. Of course, Motley was here in '42, and Gillum five years later—four years later. We didn't have any problems with them. And Jack [Spencer], he had some problems getting some of his boys rooms. And I think there was a little feeling against 'em. He was gettin' too many of the

blacks here, but it was a matter of getting athletes, and it just so happened he had more.

I would say up until about three years ago, we had no problems. Then there seemed to be a stir on the campus about the blacks not having this. The coaches were quite concerned. It was about the time the action came from the federal government, that you have no right to discriminate in your housing, the landlords. This came about, and I think that seems funny, but that seems to antagonize people, when you're told to do something. They were tryin' to use devious ways to stay out of having blacks move in. And, of course, people were worried about their property. You couldn't blame 'em, in a way—nothing against the blacks at all. But the idea was that some people would avoid moving in. So we had the typical housing problems—never on the campus, I don't think. I never saw any, I know we could always get 'em in a room on the campus. But the rules of the school were such that the help we were gettin' 'em through their work, we'd get so much a month. And the rules of the school were such that you had to pay about a third of your board and room down right away. And they wouldn't have the money. And we didn't have the money. So, outside, they could pay by the month, pay as you go. And they'd work and make, maybe, forty dollars a month in their working, plus a little help we were giving 'em, and they were able to pay their way through school.

And then, as I say, the last two or three years, there was a little problem. Right now, either I'm not aware of it because I'm not in the middle of athletics—I don't know of any problems that we've had. I really think Nevada has—we've had a Black Student Union, of course. That has somethin' to do with the school itself, but I'd rather just stick to athletics, 'cause I really don't know all the problems. I know I've had some—had a couple

of confrontations in meetings with some of the black students, some of the student leaders who are black, and I think it's just a matter of communication. We seem to—sure, they got a little edgy, but I explained to 'em our proposition—our problem. That's it. That's just—we're treatin' everybody the same. And we don't believe in turning our back on a white to help a black. But we do know that we have to look out more for helping the blacks because most of the whites don't have that problem. I have no problem with 'em. They seem to go along with the explanation. So actually, : was never confronted. I had a couple of 'em ask me, come in and ask me what about this, that. They were a little concerned.

And I don't know whether that exists now. Does it, on the campus? Have you heard anything? I think the students as a whole're causin' more trouble than the blacks.

Well, I'm a little naive on those things. I don't go outside to find 'em. I stuck to my locker room and I just—. I definitely realize their problems, and I—probably not even that, I don't know. But I know there must be a problem for 'em, and I' would be the first guy to help if I could.

But I just don't recall any. The athletes that we've had I've been real proud of, as Nevadans, as members of our Wolfpack. I have nothing but the best—. And at the same time, not necessarily am I leaning that way because they're black. But they participated, they were members of the squads. I got a card here from a guy—well, I get [one] every year. This is another black I forgot about, a terrific guy. I'm even gettin' in touch with him so Spencer can see him in a couple of weeks (he's goin' back there to recruit), [a fellow by] the name of Kenny Simms. [Laughing] I don't know whether these things—I'm not a bit backward about tellin' things. Maybe I shouldn't say some of the things I'm sayin'. You can use your

judgment on it. But here's the thing. Kenny Simms, K. Simms—I got to find that card. I guess I took it home. My wife always has those cards, every card.

Kenny Simms was in Chicago. He had gone to Northwestern. And some way, Jim Aiken was tryin' to get athletes out here in 1942. This was in the spring. And somebody told him about this guy, Kenny Simms, who turned out to be about twenty-six or -seven years old, in Chicago, who knew a lot of those athletes and had been an end at Northwestern. And so Jim contacts him. Jim doesn't know whether he's black, white, red, or pink, or orange, And so he corresponds with him. And he gets a whole [group] of athletes. Now, we've got Motley here already. And out they're coning in the summer. And he's corresponding with Jim, and Jim's callin' him—no, those days you didn't call, just correspondence. And every letter, written in a real good hand ('course, he went to college), "K. Simms."

Jim didn't know he was a black. And all the boys he was sending out were white, out of Chicago. We have several out here. I could go back and name some of 'em. But finally, he wrote Jim a letter and says, "I'd like to come out myself." He said, "I haven't finished college yet," and he had about a year. And Jim says, "Well, he'll—it'll"—talked about it, he's twenty-six, twenty-seven years old, and Jim was thinkin', "Oh, gosh," you know.

So he says, "Well, that's all right. It won't cost you much. I can come out for nothing." He was a bellhop or a porter on a train, on the Chicago-Northwestern-Rock Island, back in there. He went all over the country. He had a pass.

So Jim told him to come. And the day he arrived, we're out practicing. He gets on a bus, we send a graduate student down to pick him up. And up they came on the field, and here comes Kenny, and he's black. And I recall Jim

turnin'—we were over there (he was workin' with some linemen), Jim looked over—. And, you know, there was a feeling here against the blacks in Reno. We just didn't have a black community, as I say. Motley was the *only* one. I suppose there might've been a black or two in school, but he was probably the only one anybody knew about, athletically. And Jim was a little bit concerned because he knew it'd be a little criticized for it. He had been criticized a little bit. But Jim, of course, he came from Ohio, and black and white, they [worked] right alongside each other, and he hadn't given it a thought before he got here, you know.

But anyway, Ken Simms turned out to be—. He's coaching in a junior college back in Chicago right now. And we get a card from him, every one with a little note on it. Last year we didn't get the card because somethin' happened up here, I guess. He sent it out, and we weren't here last Christmas, my wife and I. And he knows my wife, too, Erma. She was workin' down at the graduate manager's office—that is, before we were married.

So anyway, Ken stayed and played. And he was a real fine end, and a terrific guy, just a fine guy! Real fine player.

So we did have more than just Motley here in 1942. We had Kenny Strains. I don't know whether I got the book here of '42. I don't think I have. I've just got a few of 'em. But I got 'em at home. But Ken was here in '42. I believe that's the only year he played, and the next year he graduated. And now he's a teacher, and he's a great recruiter. And I just thought of it, and I talked to Jack about it, and Jack's goin' back to Chicago. I said, "Jack, if anybody knows all those athletes around there, he does. White or black, he knows 'em all." He's just vitally interested in athletics. So there was another one. He was a wonderful boy to come in—for his race, you know—to come into a town, into a city and

school where they were a little bit concerned yet. Real good boy.

My god, I never thought—I'd forgot all about him, never got a card from him.

[Do they discuss their other problems with me?] Oh, individually. With me, it has been academically. Socially, no. Some of 'em I know real well. I know when they're goin' to get married, or tell me they got a girl here, and this. But more or less, it's just conversation. Most of that comes with their coaches. In other words, if a coach brings a kid in, we like to have him keep the social contact, like getting the room. I'll find out where they are, and I'll send 'em. But I always have the coach handle the boy because he's the one that recruited him, and he's the one that should follow through. No use bringin' an extra in. But most of the time, academically, I've had 'em individually in class, and some of 'em have difficulty. And I'm aware of it. I have theory classes, but, of course, it has to do with administration of athletics or coaching or something, so it's in the line that it's easier for me to communicate with 'em than it would be, say, a math teacher, or biology, or somethin' like that. I help 'em out every way I can, if they're willing to work. And the majority of 'em are.

And the thing that I enjoy—as we enjoy [in] coaching any time (I'm sure all coaches are the same)—is when a boy latches on, he finally catches on. He comes in here and he's floundering around, and, "Well, they brought me to play, and I don't know what I'm goin' to do after I get through playin'. I probably won't finish school. I'm havin' a hard time in this class, that class." And then all of a sudden, you see 'em makin' it. They got over the hump and gettin' into their junior year. And then you see where they're goin' to make it. And then, you'd be surprised how they become just like the others. It's all background, I'm sure. It's the background. They were in school.

They probably didn't—you know, some of 'em probably don't have enough to eat. And go to school, and they don't want to go to school. They have to because that's a "rule"; that's a "law." And I think they just—, "Aw, well, wait 'til I get old enough, and I'll go out and get a job like my older brother or my uncle, and I'll be a—," you know, "workin' in this place handling machinery," or something. And I think that's the handicap. And then they get out of school and they've got all that background to make up. Really hard. I see that in them. I see that in several. Alex Boyd was one. Alex was a featured athlete. And I know that he couldn't help but think, as a lot of black athletes do, that, "I'm a caged animal. They got me here for an attraction, and when I'm through, heck with me." I think they get this in their mind sometimes. And maybe they have a reason. But that's not fair. I mean the thing is, they're here like anybody else. Sure, if they get a reputation athletically, can become a coach—. Now, Craig Hall is coaching in St. Louis. And Jack [Spencer] hears from him all the time, and doin' real well. He was a black guard on one of Jack's championship teams in the Far Western Conference. Napoleon Montgomery, "Nap," a great board man, a fine, real fine personality, he went into teaching, and then he left teaching. And now he's a salesman. He's a salesman in Chicago for some prominent—I don't know what field it is, and makin' real good money. And every once in a while Jack gets a letter from him, and he usually lets me read it. And so they made it. They got over the hump. You know, the first part was tough. And this is the thing, I think, that schools should be aware of.

I've never laid any claim to bein' a Phi Beta Kappa, myself. I spent a lot of time playin' when I was in school, and I mean, other than athletics, sometimes. And yet, I participated all year, athletically. I participated all the time.

And a lot of times, I didn't want to study. I just didn't feel like it. I was gettin' by, and I had to battle a little bit down the stretch to get my degree. But the thing is, I wasn't handicapped like they are. So I can see the extra handicap that an athlete, who is black, spending that time, say, out in football, practicing basketball all the time, takin' a trip, and tryin' to keep up, without the proper background, he's got a tougher struggle than I ever had, or anybody in my same situation.

Now, on this, I think that our coaches definitely feel that way, that we get 'em over a hump. The educators, I still think, are living in a world of their own, let's say, that, "If you can't cut it, get out." I don't believe in that. I always figure that if a person comes in and he has a background that's tough, that he should get a little more chance to "cut it," as they say. You know, there has been an attitude, I imagine, when you went to school, and that isn't too many years ago, either (this, I think, is changing a little bit), where you come to school, you can't cut it, you get on probation, you get suspended, you're out. You have one shot at gettin' back. If you don't get those grade points out of the way and get back in the swing, you're through in college, in your standard college. I think this is the attitude—has been the attitude. That's pretty harsh when you stop to think about the opportunities of kids.

Now we have a kid in here playin', or a kid goin' to school, and he has a poor background, he goes through that, and he's suspended, he'd out—financial problems, along with everything else. So I'm of the mind, "Now, let 'em hang around. Let 'em back in again."

I wonder if people ever realize how much—and I've seen so many of 'em. The young man I was tellin' you about, who's a colonel in the Army Air Force over in Viet Nam, and a top, brilliant kid, flunked out of school. I had to get him back. And he got back,

and he just almost didn't get back. I'd have to tell you that story, about that situation, away from this microphone. But anyway, this is the thing. Give 'em another shot. Give 'em another shot. If a boy—a black boy goes to school two years, hangs in here two years, one year, the full year, and he never passes a thing—. Now, this—I don't want it to be that way, but I'll go that far to bring out the point I'm sayin'. When he leaves here, he's a "college man." He's been to college. Lot of my friends didn't finish school, friends in Reno who are "college" people, never went over three semesters, four semesters, in businesses doin' real well, and are prominent, alumni, helping out. This can happen. Curtis. Why, the poor guy, I don't know what he got by in. But he's a "college man." He has a job, security at Harrah's. I think he went down to someplace else now. He got a job in a sheriff's office first, down in Las Vegas. Now, would he have got that if he hadn't gone to college?

This is a funny way to put education. But this is the thing, I think. Then we have a minority group, let's say, the blacks, I think this is the thing in school that we overlook, is giving them that extra chance. I'm too liberal, I'll admit. I want 'em—I get 'em back all the time. Of course, I got that way from being a coach. I hate to lose 'em. You know, if you got an athlete and he's goin' to flunk out, it kind of bothers you. You'd kind of like him to make you a coach. And this is the thing, I think, that prejudices me that way. But the same time, I've always felt that maybe this isn't the place to do it. Maybe the new type of school, maybe the community college. But let's face it. We didn't have those community colleges.

These are some of the problems some of the blacks have had, *more* than the whites, although the whites've had the same problems. So I'll emphasize that more with the blacks than I would with the whites. Maybe the whites don't deserve that extra chance. In

coaching, I always used to tell a kid, "You can make a mistake, but don't ever make the same one twice." See, you're entitled to that first one, but don't ever make the second one. I won't go into what I'd do to vein afterward. But that's the way I felt. That was the idea. And now you know, don't ever do it again. A mistake in action out on the field—not necessarily social. They've made a lot of those sometimes, too. But this is what I think in terms of the blacks, for helping. And I have some in my classes right now. And as long as they're workin', as long as they show interest, boy, I'd be the last one to discourage 'em. Just think what they can do in their own group.

Big "college man," Curtis, I don't think he—good ol' Archie.

But I think we're lucky in Reno, the way it's progressed, when I think not too long ago you couldn't even get in a club. I went down to see the Mills Brothers at the Riverside, I remember. They couldn't go in and gamble after they put on the show. They weren't allowed in the club, even though they were entertainers. Louis Armstrong. So I can see where the problem has been.

Maybe it's stronger than I think. I know there're still people in Reno that are very much warped, particularly landlords. I suppose they don't want—they're scared of their property, some man or woman., I can see their side of it, too, you know. All their life, probably workin', saving, buying an apartment house—that's their livelihood. And because of society's thinking—nothing against the black, maybe, just the fact that that's goin' to hurt 'em. So I guess we've had—we have 'em, but maybe you're talkin' to the wrong person. When you talk about 'em, maybe Jack Spencer knows more than—particularly Jack.

I think we're lucky to have those type of kids that we've had, athletes, yeah. But I can only talk for the black athletes. I can't talk for

the other blacks on the campus. I do think that we are very fortunate in the type of kids we had, and they, I think, are working out.

I think that, by and large, outside, a black athlete, being recruited here, will lean toward here, the University of Nevada. I think the past treatment leans that way. Now, you'll hear others say the opposite—you know. You get some agitating black here, who'll do a little talking—and we've had a couple—not athletes, necessarily, maybe one. They can make you think and make the average person think that we are pretty rough on the blacks here. But I don't think so. I think the general feeling is that we're pretty broad-minded—I mean, on the campus. Now, I don't say—I know we can't take the responsibility for Reno, that's for sure. But I'm all for 'em. They never made any difference to me [laughing].

OBSERVATIONS ON COACHING PRACTICE

I don't know whether you want a little bit [about the actual technique of coaching]? Well, of course, that's a very important part to me in coaching. Coaching is—I probably could be classified—I suppose some coaches have been kind of a Jekyll and Hyde. I can enjoy a good joke. I'm not a serious-minded guy. But competition, or something that means something that a goal has to be reached, and you've only got a few minutes to do it in, then it's very important that you're prepared and ready to do the job as best you can. And, of course, competition is—I think it's the nature of man—it certainly was with me, and I enjoy a conflict in intercollegiate or interscholastic competition.

Discipline, to me, was very important. I often told players—or squads that the important—that one way they could all concentrate on going the same direction was if they played to make me look good.

That sounded rather selfish, I know, but I was merely tryin' to point out to them that if *I* look good, *they'd* look good, and that I would lay out the plans and the activity, and that's why it was so important to me that they conformed and did the right thing. I even went so far as to emphasize the fact that if you do something the wrong way, if everybody's working that way, you'll have a better result than if you're going off in different directions. A team is just that. It's got to be organization. And many times, as is the case, you don't have the top players. And organization will carry you through some rough weather when you might be outmanned.

And I think, on many occasions, I had teams that were outmanned. I can recall many years of when we started out, somebody would ask me, a member of the news media, "What kind of a team will you have?"

I said, "Well, I'll have to say this, that I don't know what the others're goin' to have, that I'm playin' against. And as far as I'm concerned, right now, I don't know how my team will be, and I won't know for another two or three weeks. And it all depends on just how hard they work and how hard they make up for some of their deficiencies."

I like to see an ordinary player play a hundred, or, as they often say, a hundred and ten percent of his capacity, rather than a star who will not live up a good percentage of his capacity. I've used the term "hungry players." I never was too concerned about how much of a star a player was before I got him. He might be a star in high school, and in working in with teams we had, I had to unlearn a lot of the things that he might have. And always, it was a little tougher struggle to get him to put out a hundred percent. Consequently, many players I've had came out of high school, they didn't hear much about 'em. And I've often said, "I'd rather

have the hungry second stringer out of high school than the satisfied star."

These were things that I tried to drill into teams and drill into my players. I'm giving more or less of a psychological approach, I guess, now, rather than the actual techniques. I insisted that they be fundamentally sound, and that the things they didn't like to do were the things that they probably were weak at. And as a result, to make 'em the whole player, I insisted on tending to business in those areas.

Football, of course, aggressiveness is so important, and I think it's obvious. But in other sports, I think aggressiveness sometimes is overlooked. And I insisted on condition, I insisted on great effort, and always, above all, playing to win. I never told an athlete that winning was everything, and I never did think that. You have to lose to learn something, but youth lose enough of 'em without tryin' to lose. So I figured we'd have to win as many as we could. And many teams I had, I think, were the underdogs. I had probably five or six outstanding teams. I'm talking more or less about basketball now because in college, I was just a line coach, or assistant coach, in football, except for four years when Nevada returned to football after having dropped it back in 1952. So I'm more or less applying this—but all sports are the same, I think, in these regards.

In basketball, the importance of being able to reach as high as you can, jump as high as you can—. I insisted that games were won under the backboards. There's where it's the toughest, and anybody can look good out in the open. But it takes a real one to produce under the boards. And I think all the players I've had will remember me insisting on that. I used to spend a lot of time with them working under the boards. And you ask any basketball player which he likes to do best, he'll tell you that's what he likes to do least, is work under the boards. There's quite a bit of punishment

goes on, particularly in practice. If there's any contest to make the team, this was one thing I insisted on. But it was merely just following through with the idea I tried to get over, that the things you don't like to do are the things that you have to work the hardest at in any sport.

I was a stickler for defense. If a player couldn't play defense, I didn't use him very long unless he was willing to learn. And that's why a lot of stars, probably, who came out—so-called—out of high school never did make it with me, or maybe didn't stick around long enough to make it. But to me, defense is all-important in any contest. You have to keep the other one from beating you before you can beat him. And this was a constant reminder I gave players I had.

I recall a young man, he's a captain now, and I don't know whether he's over in Viet Nam right now or not, but he went there right after graduation (he took ROTC and graduated as a second lieutenant and went immediately into the service) by the name of Val York from Fallon. He was a great high school shooter, had one of the best touches of any young man I've ever seen. I had him as a freshman, and he played a little bit of varsity during his freshman year. I then had him two more years before I dropped the basketball coaching job, and Jack Spencer came in and had him for his fourth year.

It was rather strange; his high school activity, he was a very poor defensive player. After using him, knowing he had a lot of ability and he had a lot of what it took— - He was a (I don't mean this in a social sense) —he was what we call a cold-blooded player. Those are the kind that play the best when the goin' is real rough. They don't blow their top, so to speak, and they come through real determined. And that's the type of a player he was. He wasn't very big, but he was quick with his hands, but

hadn't played any defense, and didn't like to play defense, and showed me that he didn't. And as a result, he had to be benched. And I know it hurt his pride quite a bit, and I recall feeling bad about it because I didn't like to have such a potential on the bench. But it seemed to be the only way I could get it over to him that until he did learn, he wasn't going to play on any team of mine.

It got through to him, and I would say that probably his greatest asset as a member of the team in his junior year was his ability to play defense, to intercept a ball in basketball, to steal a ball, to make the great play in two on one. I always think—not that I take any credit for what happened, because when Jack came, Val York was noted as a great defensive player, a great ball hawk. What made me feel the best about it was that Val took more—felt more pleasure in being able to describe himself as a great defensive player, rather than a great offensive player, because I think he felt he was in a minority—rather, that, "anybody can shoot." And he often mentioned that, that he never realized how much thrill he'd get out of being a fine defensive player, the ones that, I think our friends, the news media, often forget. They like to know who made what. They aren't concerned about who might've won the game. This is one of the points that I always pointed out.

I was a strict disciplinarian in coaching. I've had the players tell me I was never satisfied, and I took the attitude that I never would be. And I didn't think there was any reason to be satisfied, that nobody would ever be perfect, and yet, they should strive to be, and that was the psychology that I used. That was my thinking. Whether I had the success side of it or not, I don't know, but I'm sure that any coach who has had any success at all realizes how important the fundamentals and discipline are.

Now, of course, the techniques of playin' the game—I was very much concerned, always, with the type of player I had. I was constantly adjusting the—let's say, the techniques of the game, the policy of whether you fast break or play it slow or press in basketball. I was continually switching around to fit the squad, the players I had.

I never was in as a coach during the recruiting era. Today, I'm sure that I probably would stick to one pattern that I liked the best if I was recruiting like we do today. A coach, now, goes out recruiting, and recruiting in college, in particular, is practically national, not only for all schools, but all schools go all over. It's nothing strange to have a boy playing in the West Coast from the East Coast, or vice versa. This is a big part of college athletics today. I am not going to, at this point, mention what I think of that. I sometimes wonder. I know no coach loves to recruit. It isn't a pleasant task. You have some star everybody's after, and sometimes those stars can get a little obnoxious when you talk to them if they think you need them. Sometimes the parents get into the act, too. I haven't had to rub shoulders with it much, but I've heard a lot of reports from coaches that've worked under me when I was athletic director, and even visiting coaches.

So actually, I probably learned to adjust more to my material than I would if I was coaching today. You can go out and get the big boy now (you hope you can), you can go out and get the speed, the ball handler. You always hope you have those, even without recruiting, and I always hoped I'd have 'em. And from year to year, I'd have my ups and downs in whether I had the key men that I wanted, as I say, in adjusting my technique in the game or my policy of how it should be played, the routines I'd use. I would adjust.

One of the things I used to say to the players is, "I have a squad," and I first of

all wanted them to understand that I was interested in *their* welfare, interested in their improvement, and interested in them winning—that is, winning their share, of course, and more than their share if possible, because the old law of averages catches up with you either way. Because of that, I might do a lot of things and say a lot of things, and even ride 'em a bit—a great bit—to bring something out of them, to eliminate any carelessness, or to plead for extra effort, and to make themselves better and make themselves better players for the cause, so to speak—that is, of winning games. And once I felt I got them on my side, I felt I could do a lot of things and say a lot of things that probably some people would never take in a moment of excitement. I was never one that waited around a day, like psychologists tell you, before you spank the child. I spanked 'em right now. And I used to tell 'em that nobody is goin' to escape my whip. Now, this is just my way of coaching, and probably a lot of people are the same. And then there're other types who probably have as good a results or even better, but I have to do it my way, and I've always insisted there's only one way to do anything right, and that's the way you think is best.

Once I got 'em in that mood, then I used to tell 'em, too, that if I didn't ride 'em, or didn't maybe, as the old term we often have, particularly I—they had it in high school—of chewing a person out for carelessness or some mistake that they made more than once. But if they were escaping that, they probably weren't going to get to play. In other words, I wasn't going to waste my time with somebody I thought would not produce enough for me. I might have a squad of—fourteen on a squad, and maybe there'd be three or four that I'd need out there, but I had nobody else. But I didn't think they'd ever contribute much because of, maybe (in most cases), an attitude of lack of

work. And so they never had to worry. And the ones I am on and riding and continually reminding are the ones I expect to get places with, sort of a feeling of, "We're all in this thing together, and let's go all the way. And if you're goin' to do it, do it the best we can." I always felt that way in competition.

I sometimes wish I could've chartered my own life and everything I did in what I did for competition of athletics. I—[laughing] as I say, I'm not that way all the time. I learned long ago about the old term "procrastination," which I mentioned once before, about a since long gone psychology professor, Dr. Young, drilled into me. And that was important in my coaching. I want to do it right now rather than wait until tomorrow.

The philosophy of coaching is important. I think the players have to understand what a coach—his methods, his ways of doing it, and, as I say, often I reacted on a spur of a moment, and I did make many mistakes. But I felt they'd overlook mistakes if they knew it was all in the effort to succeed and be successful. There is nothing more disheartening or sad, in my book, than to see a group of my players come off of a floor or field after they've been whipped. You know, you can get beat bad. You go to the mill often enough, you'll come back without any water. But this was always something that I would fight against. I would try everything I could, any strategy I could, to hang in there if we were playing what might be considered a much better team. And you'd be surprised how many we might've won when we were a real underdog because of just this feeling. We didn't want to come out with our so-called (if you'll pardon the vernacular) tail between our legs. I was very emphatic about when you do get beat that you don't go around in that manner, but you still keep your head up and your chin out, and I didn't care for any weeping of large tears after a game. I didn't let

it get that deep, although I suppose some of 'em were a little more emotional than others. I want 'em to look at the next one. But it is a real sad thing to see a group of youngsters—. It's hard growing up, sure. They got to go through it; they got to get knocked around. But at the same time, sometimes that can happen too often. And it can make a player a neurotic, I guess, the same as anything. You try running a business about ten times in your life and don't succeed, I imagine you'd get a little neurotic, too.

So these were the things that I kept uppermost. Fundamentals, yes. But a lot, to me, was the attitude, the feeling of a spirit together, esprit de corps, so to speak, and a competitive approach to everything. I would never give an inch in competition. I didn't expect anybody to give me any, either. But if somethin' was hangin' around loose, I'd take it. And this, probably, is my philosophy, I suppose, of coaching. I often wondered about what some of the parents might've thought, particularly in high school, where they're closer. But I never had too much trouble with 'em. I have a few who wondered if I was a Simon Legree at times, I suppose. But I know there was never any intention of hurting any youngster, either, physically or psychologically, or whatever way you want it.

That thought covers my—let's call it philosophy of competition, coaching. Probably I put more emphasis on it than people think. I think a lot of people think I'm just a bullheaded battler that just—go out and swing. But I feel that these things are important to any coach, and I'm sure they would be included in the philosophy of any coach. It's something you feel while you're doing it. And sure, while you're doing it, you could feel like chokin' some of your players at times. I guess I've [laughing] almost done that, too. But it's the emotion that I felt was necessary. I think

emotion in athletics is a great thing. I just feel that you never give your best—sure, it's great to be cold-blooded and be able to go through with a sort of a sphinx face, I guess, but I never was one to hold anything in. I often think that probably my antics on the sidelines as a coach—. Sure, I overdid it, and I'd crowd rules like anybody else. But I never got an ulcer [laughing]. So maybe that's what I'll try to prevent. I didn't hold anything in that might give me the tenseness that would develop into that.

I did many things that I felt bad about. [Laughing] I'll repeat—the time I got the tranquilizing pills from my coworker, former player, Chub Drakulich, and how they worked. They just didn't work with my—whatever it is, whatever I've got, my “oblongata,” I guess you could call it.

[I've had a chance to see the results of my philosophy of coaching in the youngsters that I coached who are now coaches. Am I satisfied with their coaching?] Oh, yes. I guess they've still got the scars that I gave them. It's a great pleasure to see these things happening. Sure, they don't coach like I do. I have talked to 'em about coaching. And a lot of 'em I even recommended the jobs to the people that they got jobs from. But always, they knew, as well as— I used to tell 'em that we're all different. Players are different. But at the same time, in getting teamwork, we have to go in a pattern. I'm aware of individual differences, as players are. And I know that some can do better than others. I always felt that teamwork was so important that I would not lay off of a guy just because he was a little more sensitive. Oh, I did. Some guys could take it. I'll always recall several that could take anything from me. They were just rough and ready, and they didn't have any sensitiveness that was goin' to bother them. They were all out to win. And those guys always stand out in my mind.

But they go out and coach, they don't necessarily do it just my way. They are an individual. And sure, there'll be some of my methods and some of my preaching that will come out—they're bound to. You're bound to coach a little bit like your coach plays; I mean, that'd go for anybody. And probably the competitiveness of it, I suppose that rubbed off. I'm real proud of their efforts. They aren't goin' to slough off their job. They're not goin' to feel sorry for themselves, I'm sure, because I never would let 'em feel sorry for themselves when they were playin'. And I preached continually that the grass was not as green, or greener, on the other side of the fence. And no matter what they thought the other guy had they didn't, they might be surprised if they got over there and found out the headaches he has. And this was one thing that I kept on 'em all the time.

I also would never belittle them to an extent as to say or quote to a news person that, “We haven't got a chance.” I never went into a game in my life, or a contest, that I didn't think I had a chance. There's some way. I'll admit that we often were “over-opponented,” so you say; that is, the competition was beyond us under ordinary circumstances. But then, we'd have to adapt to that and play a different type of game, or take advantage of some weakness they might have. This was part of the competition. I have noticed that in a lot of the coaches that are out. There's a lot of 'em around here, and all over the state, and other states.

I'm always very proud of one boy I had, Les Ray, who went back to a small school in Indiana, his home state, after he graduated from here, and went to the finals of the Indiana high school state championships, which is quite a deal. That's one of the toughest grinding in the country, is the way they eliminate all the way through. You keep playin' tournament after tournament, and to hang in there—real

good. Les has since gone into administration, he's now working on his doctor's degree, and even to having me out to Indiana for a clinic. In other words, to me, it was very gratifying that he would ask me to come back and participate in a clinic that he had for high school coaches in a section of Indiana, because Indiana is always known to be a hotbed of basketball. In fact, it's probably the birthplace of real, tough high school competition.

This is, to me, part of—you don't know who you help. I think Les would've been a great coach no matter who he played for because he had the great interest in the game, and is one of the finest young men I ever had.

"Slug" Flynn out here at Sparks, John Flynn—I knew John when he was about five years old and his dad used to come down to Threlkel's baseball park when I was playin' semipro and have him play catch before the game. He was a pitcher. Not only was he a basketball player for me, but he was a pitcher in baseball, and a very fine pitcher, a very fine basketball player. And he's now coaching Sparks High School, and I know he's doin' 'em a great job, as did his predecessor ahead of him, who I had way back in 1940's, Orsie Graves.

And John Legarza, out at Wooster High School, head coach, and one of my finest players. I had Lyle Damon on the varsity. He was small; he didn't play too much. But I always felt that he would become a great coach. In fact, his first job, I recommended [him] to one of my former players up in Virginia City, and he had quite a record up there. And right now, I think he's proven himself to be one of the best basketball coaches in the state, at Hug High School.

Dick Truman, down at Las Vegas, had two state championships in a row, and Harry Paille, who coached ahead of him at Las Vegas (that is, before so many schools mushroomed up in

Las Vegas), he had a fine success, won a state championship down there.

Then a lot of the little schools that are around—. And this, to me, is a great thing, that coaching is coaching, no matter where you go. I never belittle or never think anything is funny, no matter how small the school is. Competition is competition. And I think these youngsters, they play their heart out, and sometimes, you know, we get kind of surprised that there's so much at stake. But still, to me, that's what it should be. These kids are playing in a little school, Class C high school, if you want to go down that low in caliber. They're playin' in their league, and it's just as important to them as the Super Bowl in professional athletics. This is the thing that I tried to emphasize with all kids that played for me and were goin' out to coach. And there're a lot of 'em. I had a lot over the years in high school and college, not only in Nevada, but down in California, where I coached for five years. You know, we kid each other about it when we talk about the game. And many times, I have a tough time sittin' and watching a high school game when a coach on each team is one of my former players and I can't take sides. They often come in and we discuss certain things and what to do.

Sure, I'm getting away from it now. I haven't coached in ten years—in twelve years of basketball or football. And so I always insist that I don't know any of the modern terms. But I think they realize, as we all do in athletics, that the game might change a little bit to the spectators, but from the coaching angle, probably more time is spent and probably more details are taken care of. The recruiting, again, in college is red hot. I only hope it never comes into high school. But that's neither here nor there. If you're going to be a coach in college, you're going to have to take advantage of everything you can to compete.

And if the majority of schools are doing it, why, I don't think anybody can change the world overnight. It's one of the more distasteful jobs of a coach today, is recruiting. I think ninety-nine percent'll tell you that. And I didn't have to go through that. So maybe if I was coaching today, I would be at the bottom of the totem pole. I feel for them, when they have to do these other things that normally wouldn't have to be done.

[Anyone who has seen me at a basketball game knows which sport I like.] Oh, I know. I'm a funny person. I don't know what I'm doin'; I really don't. I recall the time that Chub Drakulich (I more or less recommended Chub down there take that job down there as head coach. He played for me, and Chub is a real fine guy. He's the athletic director, you know, at Nevada Southern)—. He was coachin' basketball, and he came up here. He comes up to visit me once in a while, and we go down there. He says, "I found this out." He says, "A guy told me about these tranquilizers. He said take two of 'em. When you're sittin' at the game, you take a little bit before you go up on the floor. He said it takes a little while for 'em to work. And then you sit there, and the game starts, and you *just feel fine*. And things go wrong, doesn't bother you," he said. "You don't get excited at all. You don't jump up and down. So," he said, "I'll get you some."

So he did. He got me a little bunch, a bottle of about six or seven. I thought, "Well, gosh, at this age I should be tryin' that?" I don't believe in pills, anyway.

So I took this little bottle with me. And so before the game I went up; I put two in my mouth. And the game started, and you know, everything got goin' a little tight, and, oh, gosh, I'm performin'. And so I come down at half time, and I'm hot, you know, about certain things, and I just got through chewin' out a few. And so I thought, "Good God," you

know, "watch this." So I took two more—never bothered me a bit.

So I just don't react to tranquilizers. In other words, I can be in a game, and people'll tell me what I did, and I tell 'em they're crazy, 'cause I can only see one thing. That's the score, and that hole or the goal line. I forget everything else. I just can't be bothered. And I know I do things, and I tell 'em all many times, and tell my wife, "I'm goin' this time. I'm goin' to sit there, and I'm not goin' to pay *any* attention, not goin' to get excited at all."

So I'd start. And then they'd throw the ball up, and then I'm off [laughing]. So it's a funny thing with me. I do it in basketball now. I'd go up to a basketball game, and I can't stand it! I got to leave. I come down and watch the—. Because I start—you know, like I'm in the game, and particularly if it's Nevada, because I know the players, and I start thinkin' their way. And if they're not playin' a good defense, I'm mad at them. I shouldn't say mad, I guess, but that's the way it is, that I'm like. And then if officials call somethin' wrong, I'm hot at them. And I start sayin' things, and the people around me'll wonder, "Well, what in the heck is this guy," and so I just come down and listen to it on the radio. I can't stay there.

Now, that's the funny thing. You think that I'd get over it after I quit coaching. I haven't coached basketball, now, for, what, ten years—ten, eleven years. But just the way I did it—I do things. And I've seen other guys like me, and I'm embarrassed for 'em. You know, I see 'em do things, and God! I feel like tellin' 'em, "You shouldn't—." And I know I do the same thing. So it's a crazy game.

I got a rather interesting picture. [Laughing] I wonder if I've got that thing here. I'd like to show you, that I had taken of me which I would *never* say I did in all my life—ever say that I did anything like that. But I did it, I guess, and I might as well admit it. Oh, here it

is, which shows how stupid a guy can be. You know, this is awful! After all, a guy coachin' shouldn't be that stupid! You see there, and there. There's the two of 'em. That came out of the *American Weekly*.^{*} So that's me, see, and I don't even remember doin' that, see. I think the guy sent it to me out of the Chicago— one of those. Well, you remember that used to come out in every supplement of San Francisco, and so on. And he's here, up and down—up and down coach. But, you see, here I am, so sad; here I am—. I don't even remember doin' those things. Somebody said I drank all the water in that thing, and I didn't even notice. Well, of course, I'll do that at Virginia City, that same thing. I'm glad I'm out of it. I was really glad. I'm sure my family were glad I was out of it when I quit coaching basketball, because I imagine many times they were embarrassed. But I couldn't help that. It's the way I react, and I probably shouldn't—I know I shouldn't.

It goes a little bit beyond [enthusiasm], sometimes. I'm— let's face it—wild! That's what it is [laughing], just gone wild. Maybe it's—maybe you can say I can't take it. That's the thing, see. In other words, I can't take defeat. I wonder how these guys are that can take it, you know, sit there and come back. Sometimes you have to go over and shake hands with that guy after a game. Whew! Sometimes that's a great effort.

I've always felt that the athletes improve from year to year. I wouldn't say in one year following another they improve, but over a period of years, with the training methods and so on—probably not the endurance, not the durable athlete. Like football was played before, was, you played the whole game. As I recall, the day—I mentioned before, about the Homecoming game, that Buck Shaw got us up and told us, we eleven starters, and he said, "You'll probably have to stay in 'til we drag you out because our others are injured," or such

and such. "We just don't have the material to go with it. And if we want to win this game, you may have to stay in there the whole game." Now, this is offense and defense, see. The durableness of it. We had to stay in there. Now, whether we were having a hard time getting up off the ground after each play, that's another thing. Today, an athlete that looks a little tired, they'll take him out, because they've got another good athlete to take his place, who, probably with that tiredness in one and the freshness in the other, would make a complete flip-over—in other words, the substituted'd be the best. So this is the thing that I say.

COMMENTS ON SPECIAL ASPECTS OF THE ATHLETIC PROGRAM

[Will I tell about some of the problems I have in maintaining athletes' eligibility?] I won't bare my soul on this [laughing], but I'll give you a picture. This is always a problem. You know, you go out and recruit a boy to play, you have to say a lot of things that brighten up the scene, the campus, the this, the that, "We'll pay so much of your board and so much of your room rent, and we'll help you as much as we can." And so the boy comes, and he's got an idea that he's goin' to be taken care of. And you know, believe it or not, that goes right down into his academic thinking. This, I think, is one of the evils of the recruiting. But then, you don't throw the baby out with the bath water. You have to accept this.

I think a lot has to do with the coach, a head coach, who is not just in word alone. You'll hear any coach talk about his academic record of his players, and they stretch the truth a little bit, you know, it's in their corner,

^{*}See *American Weekly*, February 19, 1950.

and you hear a lot of things coming out from different sources about it. But I think we all like to think our players are better students than they actually are. But if a coach, not by his word alone, but by action, will take the time to make a few moves, he can eliminate a lot of this that would be in these youngsters' minds when they first come. I think sometimes we try to help 'em over the hurdle too much too early and not leave enough up to themselves. I think there's a tendency for a coaching staff to babysit, to a little extent. I find that out in my classes, and I try to emphasize that to them, that they are college men now. They like to be considered grown up. They like to be considered men who will take responsibilities, and this is part of the act. And I don't think any coach but what emphasizes, always, that when you're through with football in college, you make a living. And you're coming here to get prepared to make a living. Not that you're not living while you're here, I always think, 'cause goin' to school's the greatest part of life. But very few youngsters think that when they're there. They find that out later. But I think this is the thing, that we can get over these hurdles. But if they don't, if the coaches don't keep on their toes, and if the department as a whole doesn't emphasize it—. There are a lot of ways you can work, and I think at the University of Nevada that we're fortunate in having the size of school we have, where we have a pretty direct contact between a coach and a professor in *any* area, not necessarily just our own, in physical education. But it could be in any of the colleges, or any of the departments, as well as the student having access to these people. I still think that that's one of our biggest assets here.

But these are important areas that we have to get on the ball right away. We have certain rules for waivers, which, I think, are good. There were times when I think we got a few breaks on them, where a student

is not maintaining a 2.0 average. If he isn't maintaining a 2.0 average, he can't get a waiver. And there's no way. Even though this is costing somebody (it's not actually cash that goes over the table; it's just—a waiver means you don't pay it; the money never was there), and we lose them. And our coaches—that's one thing that keeps the coaches on the ball of keeping their player on the ball. It also helps the players.

There were times when I think some of these rules were crowded a bit. But I definitely have always been for that. Sitting in the athletic director's chair, that's easy for me to say that to a coach, 'cause he's the one that has to have that fullback on Saturday afternoon and not me, But I'm sure every coach is very happy when his players take an interest academically.

And the academic mortality rate that we have usually exists in their first semester here. They're recruited. And they come. And they have a feeling that, "They'll take care of me." It's a new scene, and the player has a lot of things on his mind other than studies. He has to work hard in football. And to me, I will always say that a football player who maintains a C is oftentimes equivalent to one who doesn't participate in anything carrying a B. I don't like to go that high, sometimes, but I'll say in the overall picture, a player who has difficulty hanging around a D, and even into an F or Incomplete shows that he is too one-sided. And I know that our objectives here at school are to have them graduate. I think the greatest thrill I've ever received was seeing boys that have played for me graduate and come off of that stage with a diploma. And it makes you feel bad to see some of them drop out. Now, if there're other reasons, that's different. But if it's academically—. But it is always a problem.

And then there's another phase of it. There's a tendency for coaches, and even the players, to entice a professor to give a better grade than the boy earns. The damage that's

done, sometimes, is irreparable. You know, he gets an idea, "Well, I've got a crutch and I can use it any time I want." I know that has been done. And I know a lot of professors are interested, and they're tryin' to help, and there's a tendency to think, "Well, the end justifies the means. Maybe if I give a little better grade than actually has been earned, it might help the boy in the long run." But in a lot of cases it doesn't, and I'm sure they have their tongue in their cheek. And I definitely feel that no coach should ever put a professor on a spot, and no player should.

But we do have this happening, and I'm sure that's universal in any school in the country. A boy comes and plays football, puts a lot of time in. Not only is he tired after practice, it's hard to settle down. But when his football season is over and you think, "All right, now, he has a good chance to build up," it seems like sometimes they get even worse. They go off the campus for different things. Maybe they need a part-time job. We're aware, and I know coaches are aware of that. I wonder if a lot of professors are, that a football player has an emotional problem academically. You don't go home from football practice and you're real tired after takin' a shower and eating a meal (usually by that time, you could eat a bear), and then sit down and study. There's a reaction there. And there's a tendency toward that old word I always refer to when I think of good ol' Dr. Young, procrastination— put it off, don't do it until—"I'll do it after season's over. "Well, now that season's over, Prof, I'll do better."

But, you know, that's funny. I have never seen that work out. There are some people who do, by nature, as soon as they complete a football season, some players who immediately put their strong efforts into catching up academically. But that's not the general run of 'em. You'll find that; I've often said that. When they put 'em on probation and say, "You can't

play. You can't participate intercollegiately," that they're not accomplishing much because they think, well, they'll bring their grades up. As a rule, they don't. I've found in many, many players, and I think the majority, including my own—I can look back when I went to college, that I did better when I was playing and practicing than when I wasn't. Because the tendency's to let down and think, "Oh, I've got plenty of time now." But also, I was tryin' to make up some of my other interests that weren't academic nor athletic. So it's a hard thing. I know goin' to a show, there was a tendency after the season was over to go to a show in the afternoon. Well, that takes you off the campus. And then you forget the books, and you keep puttin' 'em off, puttin' 'em off. And then you get too far behind.

But we have those problems, and I think every school does, of players who—sure, we have good students, too. And I wouldn't say that they're necessarily scarce. But I'm talking about this certain group that will give you a little trouble. Maybe they didn't have too good a background. Maybe they were given a few breaks in high school. Maybe they were given a few breaks in junior college. And it's hard to change. And a new school. so much at stake: "our football team." "I've got to practice.. I've got to make the team." We know those things exist, and it's a hard thing to have a star tackle come in and tell you at the end of the semester that he's going to be suspended, or even if he comes in and tells you he's on a pretty bad probation. If you're on probation now, it's when you go one point under a normal advance through college. It sounds bad. But if somebody says you're on probation—. You know, you can graduate with a C average. If you have one point below a C, you're on probation. I've often wondered why they did that. It used to be twelve units down. But I suppose you could say it's—. We're about the

average. We have our problems, same as any other school, and I'm sure that's a big headache for the coaches.

I recall just the other day, they had a banquet down at the student union, down in the dining hall, for the football players and had no special speaker, and Jerry [Scattini], in talking, emphasized goin' back to the books. And I'll say this: Jerry's as aware of it as anybody, and I'm sure he's interested, and his biggest thrills will be, like I've said, watching 'em go off that stage with a diploma, with a degree. I know he's doin' a great job there, as does his young staff. They're continually on 'em. But don't worry. The problem is there, and [laughing] it's going to be there as long as [laughing] football goes on, and as long as intercollegiate athletics.

You often wonder, "what are you turning out? What's the important things in life?" Sometimes, I think a boy who participates in athletics (now, understand, I'm prejudiced)—participates in athletics through school and graduates with a C average will be a better man than a lot who come out with a B average. And he'll get more out of college, and he'll have more on the ball. Now, I'm prejudiced. I say that about anything. It doesn't have to be athletics. But when you do something extracurricular while you're in school, you're rounding yourself out. Your personality, I think, shows changes. I often think of eggheads—you know, so called. To me, that's a poor word because who am I, or anybody, to criticize a person who is brilliant. I mean, after all, that, and work at it. I know nobody is just born brilliant. They have to work at it. And they deserve credit. I had a boy go through college and was a very good student. He didn't get to participate in anything athletically, and he only participated in high school. And I often would like to've had him be—you know, participate in athletics, not because I'd like

to go and brag about my boy catching a pass or making a basket, but because I thought it might help him, you know, expressing himself, his confidence. I think athletics contributes much more than you'll ever put on paper. It can also contribute something that's not so good, too, in the egotism, sometimes, that I think can. come, and, "Maybe the world owes me a living, and maybe the waste of time I have done academically in college." You can say that, too. But I think if I find a student in my class that is an athlete, and he's workin' at it, and maybe I know that there are times he don't get the job done between classes, but he's continually fightin' back, I always feel that he's on the way. There's no way they're goin' to stop him. He's goin' to make it.

The big guy and the little guy. You hear of the big tackle. Maybe I think that because I was big. You often hear the many jokes that are made about the big, dumb football player. The big tackle's dumb, the quarterback, he's smaller, and he's smart as a whip. The tackle might be twice as smart. And not only that, but some of the players I've had over the years (and I'm sure any coach'll tell you this) that had much more on the ball and showed a deeper intelligence than a lot of so-called good students. And there've been some fine students. We've had some fine students. But nowadays, there's so many things on their minds, it's hard. You know, when you kind of have tendency to feel sorry for yourself. You know, the two handicaps I always said any player has, or anybody doin' anything, is feeling sorry for themselves or having a self-satisfaction. They're never goin' to be perfect, and that's what they're supposed to be workin' toward, athletically, because I want 'em to win. So I can be a big shot coach? No. But the thing is, I don't like 'em to feel sorry for themselves. This is something that—I think, in athletics, you learn that. You learn that, after all, you

take the bumps. And even though you don't have time to write that perfect paper and get that good grade, you might [learn].

[Aside from the gate for a game, just how important is the crowd?] Well, the crowd is—the crowd, to me—I don't like to say this, with some of the financial wizards around—but the crowd to me is more important than the gate. I wouldn't say that [of] Ohio State or USC or the University of Washington or Michigan (I'm picking out the big stadiums). I'm sure they're more concerned with the gate because their programs *have* to have money, and have to have excessive money. And that's where they get it. But for the small college, a gate—sure, it's important. We do it in our budget. We have it estimated at so much money each year, and we hope to make that. Sometimes we fall short. Sometimes we go over. We're very conservative when we estimate; we have to be. In fact, this year, now, I worked out the budget with the athletic director—present athletic director, Dick Trachok. We worked together on it, and we found out that we're about \$9,000 under. The estimate was \$9,000 over what actually the income was, in football. Now, there's several explanations for this, not necessarily news media or television, but the weather and et cetera. So this is part of our budget, and if we don't have it, why, we're short. However, if a school of our size has the money to operate, regardless of gates, this'd be a great thing, if we could do that in football in particular, because that's the one that's hurting.

Football all over the country is hurting financially. That's one of the number one highlights, I guess you could call it (maybe lowlights), of the NCAA convention every year, is how are we going to continue with these great deficits that we have, because expenses just seem to eat up—. So you do have problems of gates—no use kiddin' ourselves.

But I'll go back to this crowd. For the players, there's nothing more disappointing than to have them work all year in pretty much of an organized—it's like puttin' on a play, and then nobody comes to see it. A poor crowd, the reaction of coaches and players to a crowd—it's really funny. Even if you get beat. They feel that people in the area are not appreciating their efforts, or that people have an apathy toward their sport that they're vitally interested in. And here, these players, they go—do they react to a crowd? Oh, yes! Home crowd? If I go out there as an athlete—and I can recall it very vividly—if that crowd was packed and the band was playing, I had more adrenalin goin' through me than I would if I got a shot! And I played better. This is a great thing, the home crowd. But if the home crowd is sparse, I think it would have just the other effect. So I'm sure, from a standpoint of your putting on a show for the people, you're charging admission, and then nobody comes, I'm sure it's a much bigger jolt. I know this happened many times in the Far Western Conference—for example, San Francisco State, who, probably in football, dominated the conference over a period of fifteen years, more than any other school, but being in a metropolitan area with some large schools like University of California, Stanford, San Jose, and even some of the independent schools around there, pro teams, we'd have very poor crowds. Not even their student body, which, of course, is typical of the metropolitan area, very few people'd go. I recall Joe Verducci (he since passed away), who was the athletic director there, a very fine athletic man, would tell me that he'd put out a notice to the Boy Scouts, and the Boy Scouts within reach of the stadium (and that could include not only San Francisco, but the whole Bay area), they were all admitted free; he'd invite 'em. And he was tickled to death that a lot of 'em came because

it filled up the stadium. And he never got a nickel for it in his coffers.

So I don't know whether I've answered that question. I guess I've gone both ways. Money, sure. You have to have money to operate. But I would much rather play in front of a packed house—I'm sure any player would, and any coach would want it—and not make as much money than I would in front of a sparse crowd, with more money comin' in.

So let's go back to this television thing. We made money on the sparse crowd, as the case I gave you, I could say, and yet, from the players' standpoint and the school's standpoint, I think the very feel that you have of a big crowd, overflowing crowd—. These adjectives usually stir up interest in a community. You know, people go where the crowd goes. And it's human nature to want to go to a place—.

I've found that out handling our facilities here, that as long as they are screamin' about something that's wrong, things are goin' good. If they don't scream about somethin' that's wrong, it means they're not even interested. So oftentimes, you get criticism, and you're happy for it. If something goes wrong—for example, something goes wrong with the flag. Thu can have fifty or sixty things on a check list when you put on a football game, but just have one of 'em slip that the people know, and that's what you'll get criticized for. You'll never get any credit for what you had done.

I found that out, and it was real interesting. The first activity we had, where a crowd came for the gym since Dick took over, they had the record ready for the "Star Spangled Banner," which is a normal and, I think, nationally done with all colleges and high schools, prior to the game, all set to go. And the announcement was made, and everybody turned in the direction they had been used to turning years before to the flag, and there was no flag.

So I told Dick, "You've got your baptism of fire because people will remember that."

I made a *Sports Illustrated* one time (a paragraph in there mentioning a situation that happened with us). We had a boxing match, and I had a physical education staff member, Tibbetts, who is not with us now—and not because of this [laughing], either; he just went off to graduate school to get his doctor's degree. But anyway, he was the announcer, and we had the flag up. We had the phonograph supposedly ready by a young fellow who had been checked out, said, "Yes, I'm all ready to go." And I insisted he recheck because I've been through this for a good many years. I take nothing for granted. And so he announced just before the boxing match, "We have all the contestants come in the ring." And there was a good crowd here. And he said, "And now, we'll have the 'Star spangled Banner.'" And everybody stood, and nothing happened. The guy had not had the phonograph ready that we had the record on.

So we waited, and waited. And finally he came running out hysterically. He couldn't get it goin'. Well, by that time, the kick was gone out of it, so I had to go to the microphone. And unfortunately, I was standing right under the flag when everybody turned. And a good majority knew that I was the one that was responsible. So I had to go to the microphone, and I told 'em, I said, "I'm sorry, but the—we can't—the record player will not—has been—broke down," or whatever, "and we won't be able to have it." I said, "I could probably sing it, but I'm not too sure of those high notes," and so on. "But I think probably we'll just forego it for the time bein' because we do have a good reason."

And I left. And then somebody said to Tibbetts, "Well, let's have the Pledge of Allegiance," unbeknownst to me. So Tibbetts, he's on the loudspeaker, and he starts to give

the—. And everybody's following. "We'll have the Pledge of Allegiance." And right in the middle of it, he forgot the words, which is very easy, you know [laughing]. You know, you think that's easy. You might say it a thousand times in your life, but you'll miss. And he got all mixed up. And his was the loudest voice, of course, over the microphone. So I informed Tibbetts, "From now on, don't take advice from the crowd."

But anyway, we got through it. But I got a big writeup in one of those in *Illustrated* about what had happened.

So you have a lot of things that you do getting ready for an event. And naturally, when all those things are done, and everybody's ready, and the players in particular come out, it's real disappointing if nobody shows up.

(You know, it was a rather interesting thing. I can't help but think—and it's a very sad situation. It's just one of those things that happens. But on that card I showed you* of the records back—I think went back to 1918 and on back to '05, on there was the eleven-foot, one inch pole vault by Jap Hart, who just recently passed away, at a ripe old age, too, and a wonderful fellow. And at his funeral, so few people. It's not that they forgot Jap, it's just the thing that happens, you know, to the family. Here, he was such a wonderful guy, came to all the athletic banquets. I'm sure he was close to ninety. And you know, what a life span. And here he was, the record pole vault at Nevada. Even though it was only eleven feet, he probably had a fence post to do it with, you know, not one of those fancy poles. And so few. And so many would have if the word was just out, you know. Of course, I know when a person gets to that point, it doesn't make any difference to them. But I mean the people concerned, their relatives.)

I've heard kids come back after a game, and it might get cold or rain, and some of

the young coaches—*real* disappointed at the crowd out here. And, of course, we're fair weather people in Reno. I've found that out. They'll sit in a Middle Western stadium with a foot of snow and a blizzard, pack the stadium. Of course, maybe their caliber's a little better, but I don't think that makes that much difference.

[I will say a few words about the cheerleaders.] The cheerleader role—I'm partial to the girl cheerleaders. They still do it in high school real good, and it gives girls, the women members of the student body, a chance to express themselves in something. I have nothing against male yell leaders. I think our situation is real good in the way they operate. Their chief concern is the color they give. Usually they have certain dress, and their antics out in front. They add to the spectacle of the football game; they don't detract if they're handled right. Arid they organize the cheering. A lot of people go to a game and they want to cheer, they don't know how. So then they also feel a little bit embarrassed if they cheer on their own. They might be cheering when there's all silence, and everybody knows them. So it's great to have organized cheering, and in particular does it show a great spirit on the part of the student body. Their part is to show the public that we are behind our team.

Now, we know a lot of 'em go, and they're not really concerned about the individuals on the team. They're more or less concerned with themselves, and that's only natural. I guess I'm the same way. But I do think that they play a very important part. And they do keep the cheering under control. Sometimes they bother. There should be courtesy between schools. A cheering section, particularly a home crowd, should not cheer in a football

*In files of Athletic Department, UNR.

game when the opponents're calling their signals. Well, they shouldn't do it when *anybody's* calling out their plays, in a huddle, or calling out the numbers at the line. This, I think, has been a weakness in some of the colleges. I think there's been so much feeling generated as to who wins, I think they think if they can interfere, they will. But at Nevada, I don't think we've ever gone into that.

I know at one period of time, the yell leaders got a little bit out of hand, this typical thing that comes along with youngsters. They wanted to see if they could make some risqué remarks, you know, that might get a laugh. And we had to kinda curb that. I don't think it was vicious on their part. I think they just thought it was funny, and they heard others had done it, and I felt that our students reacted very well in eliminating that. I didn't see any of that to speak of last fall. I suppose there'll always be some that want to be noticed. But that's not their purpose. Their purpose, really, is to organize the student body, let the players know they're behind too, let the coaches know that this is a fine program, we appreciate your efforts. And their color—I think it all adds up real good.

Well, probably, as long as we were on the buildings, facilities, maybe I might mention a word about that. I think it's typical of many areas, and particularly in Nevada, because of the small population and the—even though percentage-wise we grow, we don't grow by leaps and bounds like some. I recall the many new schools, state schools, in California, they'd mushroom, and in one year, they'd have a student body as big as ours, and maybe double in three years, which is normal for California because [of] the number of people, people coming there and so on. We never grow that fast. And I think, probably, because of that, years back, there was a tendency not to be concerned about facilities. I don't think people

were too excited. I recall when I first came to Nevada as a coach—or better than that, when I first came to Nevada, we were told we were going to have a new gym (this is when I was an undergraduate) from the old one that we had, which since has been leveled down to a flat top over by the library. That, of course, didn't materialize while I was in school. And even talking about the need of a swimming pool (which we still haven't), and that has to go back forty-five years. So I am not blamin' anybody. I think there was a tendency to overlook.

The past ten years, probably the last fifteen or more, there's been a strong feeling about keeping ahead, facility-wise. I think the biggest impetus, probably, was given by Dr. Stout back in the early 1950's, when he became president. And he certainly pushed a program for that. That had started. And, of course, the alumni, who were in school twenty-five years ago— or twenty years ago are real astonished if they don't happen to come back—and see the new buildings and the growth of the school, which [is] practically a hundred and fifty percent in the last fifteen years, which is fine.

However, in 1942, when I came to coach, this building, this at present “new gym,” as we call it (the name never sounded good, and certainly hasn't sounded good the last ten years), was just that. It wasn't even completed. We had the Air Corps cadets here during '43 and '44 and used it for a dormitory. But the outline of the building, through a WPA project, was all set. And then, operating for some twenty years (1944-1962), we had this gym and the old one, which, as I say, has since been flattened. So realistically, we haven't as much gym space. We're cut to about two thirds of what we had from what we had twenty-five years ago. Consequently, there's been quite an urge on the part of people interested in physical education in particular (and, of course, the intercollegiate program of athletics

goes with it) of need for facilities. And it's more or less coming to a head now. We've had several periods of the surge, so to speak, but it seemed to die out. And I know at this stage, every area on the campus is tryin' to improve their facilities and increase them because of the growth of our student body.

Our student body was around a thousand when I came to coach here, and we had two gyms. Practically within a year, we had two gyms operating. Now, it's close to six thousand (and I'm talkin' about undergraduates now; it's more than that if you count everybody), and we only have the one gym, which I don't think was too well planned. And I think that's been one of our handicaps with the building. It has a fine gym floor, but with the need we have, it just doesn't cover it. So at the present time, we're looking forward to a legislature that will push this new phase, the new physical education building, which will be divided into three phases. I imagine it will probably include the number one phase, which is two all-purpose gyms, or an all-purpose gym, and rooms, offices, and the basics. The second phase will no doubt be the swimming pool, or natatorium, as it's being called. The third phase will be the athletic or basketball pavilion. Things right now look good that we will get the first phase. In fact, we're attempting to push it for this legislature to get it on the road. And as I mentioned before, I probably won't be here to enjoy it, but it certainly will be a great add to our facilities here at Nevada.

Now the times changed quite a bit. I know there's a tendency for older people to look back and see the good parts of what they had, and sometimes I don't know whether the "good old days" are worthwhile or not. But one thing I have noticed about Nevada is the lack of a community spirit in activities of the school. There's a tendency to be pretty materialistic today. Schools are here for youngsters to come

and get an education, and it seems like the philosophy is that they're just here for that, and get prepared for life, and then go out and live. And to me, schooltime has always been a great time of living. I don't figure these youngsters are here just to prepare for life in the future. I think this is a very important part of their life, and I think they should enjoy it and should participate.

That seems to be the number one change, and it brings me to the student body interest in our intercollegiate competition, or, let's go into drama or any type of thing the school might have. Student body assemblies used to be a very important part of school life. I can recall that the fraternity I belonged to (as did all fraternities) have rules and regulations for underclassmen. When we were underclassmen, we had to attend assemblies. Now, this wasn't necessarily a compulsion, it was just a training that we were getting. The upperclassmen more or less would follow through after they got through their sophomore year and would go to these assemblies. But there was a tendency for footloose youngsters coming out of high school, you know, where they were controlled. The freedom that they get, sometimes you go off on tangents, and that has happened with a lot of our freshmen, I know, academically.

Within our fraternity, I felt there was a strong feeling that all University songs should be known, and the words and the music, be able to sing them. I don't say that we were all, you know, Carusos, but it was a spirited thing. And the assemblies always started out—we had them once a week, usually at eleven o'clock, which would be a free period. Today, I don't think there's a free period in twenty-four hours, tryin' to probably catch up on everything. I sometimes wonder if some of the things we have, some of the subjects and courses, aren't just added because somebody had a whim, but then maybe they'll call me

nonacademic. But I still think there was room for one hour, one week. Usually they were on Fridays, for an hour assembly. And all the students'd come and sing the songs of the school. And then when they did go to a football game, if there was a song suggested to be sung, at least it sounded like they were prepared. The yells were given, and new ones were added. I think some of the new songs were added.

I've often thought that that's one of the—and I'm not really the type of person that would be so musically inclined. I guess I could say I love music. I never could play anything, but I like songs and I like singing. And particularly did I like this type. So maybe I'm prejudiced toward that—"the good old days." But they were real good, and we learned the songs. And to this day, I could sing them with a group very easily. Some of the words I suppose I'd stumble over a little bit. But not only did we learn the school songs, but the fraternity songs as well, which naturally followed. This is one thing I miss today, and I think our undergraduates might not miss because they don't know. But I think it's something that is missing, and it might be a great thing to come back. I think there are schools today who still have these programs and these routines, and I have a hunch that they're real spirited, and are real cooperative with all the activities of the school. You can't always be a winner. You just got to support your team, you support your own. And this, I think, adds a great deal.

THE BLOCK N SOCIETY

[Would I like to give a historical sketch of the participation of the Block N in athletics and athletics in the Block N?] Well, I think back when I first came to school, the Block N was a very fine, organized group. As time went on, and up to the present, and for about the

last ten, twelve, fourteen years, its activity, as an organization, has practically been limited to their picture in the *Artemesia* of those who can afford or took the time to go down and take it. That is, we used to call it the Block N Society. They have called it the Block N Club. When I first came here, the membership, of course, was limited to those who played enough in a major sport to earn a letter, an award, as we call it, athletic award. And, of course, at that time, there were only three major sports, football, basketball, and track. We didn't have baseball. There were certain rules in the student body as to what type of award was given, and it has varied a little over the years, but they're still given, and I might say, have become quite expensive. For our athletic awards right now, the average cost is between \$3,500 to \$4,000 a year. And we have added all sports as "major," with one exception, and that's riflery. And outside of riflery, which is not—has always been—there's been a feeling around here that it should not be in the other sports. Whether or not it should, that's beside the point. I personally think that any sport should be major. But it's up to the student body, and every one of these that went from a minor to a major sport was on the vote of the student body. And riflery was up and one time at the same time golf was, and golf was accepted, but riflery wasn't. I didn't interfere in any way, but I know if anybody had asked me, my recommendation was that they would all be major. Even though it's under the jurisdiction of the ROTC, we do furnish a budget to supplement what the Army has.

Our award system, I think, is standard. For your first year, we give a sweater, a Block N sweater. These cost in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars apiece, with the traditional Block N on 'em. And then the second year of a sport, you are given a jacket with a Block N. It's a regular collegiate jacket. And the third year,

given a blanket, and the fourth year a trophy. We have a pretty nice-looking trophy. Now, if you happen to letter in two sports, you get a trophy. In other words, generally speaking, no athlete can earn more than one sweater, one jacket, and one blanket. He can earn several trophies. If he happens to be in football and baseball, he might play three years varsity in football, three years varsity in baseball. So he would get six awards, which would mean he'd get one of the three major awards and then trophies for the others.

The organization of the Block N, one of their major projects was to assist at all athletic games as sort of monitors, I guess you could call 'em, or guards, or information people—in other words, on the scene to direct people if they need any assistance at games. And they'd wear their Block N insignia, either sweater or jacket. That died off rather early. And when I came up here to coach, no more did they do that. Of course, during that early times, there were a lot of high school tournaments and track meets, and so on, that were put on up here. And the Block N would aid and sometimes actually host them. And then everybody would wear their Block N and it was a good advertising for the school, I thought it was a wonderful activity, a wonderful project. And then, of course, they had their regular organization. They'd have dues, and at the end of the year [the banquet]. Oh, and always, they handled the concessions at the athletic events.

Well, during this period of, oh, the last fifteen years or so, it seems like a good many student organizations kinda fell by the wayside. There were too many organizations, I think. And you might belong to three and you didn't have the time to give. And then, pretty soon, there was the attitude of, instead of service, maybe we should get paid, the little argument between the administration and Block N as to what portion of the concessions they'd get,

and a dwindling of interests, and enough to do the job, and pretty soon it wasn't done. In fact, I can recall, down the stretch, of the Block N doing these concessions. I would end up by—you know, one year when we brought football, I was handling the tickets at the gate, coaching the team, and takin' care of the Coca Cola and ice when not a Block N man would show up. And it was hard to handle the money involved without a good business manager and a good organization. And the organization kinda went down. As I say, it got to be just pretty much of a group of people with their Block N jackets having their picture taken and putting it in the *Artemisia*. And I think that happened to a lot of the organizations. I think so many new ones came in. And then the change of interest of youngsters. Oh, at several times over the past twenty years, there've been surges. I appointed a coach, young coach, one time to reorganize it. And as few years as three or four, I had Chuck Walker, who was an assistant coach, reorganize it and try to get it together. But after about six months, he gave up the ghost. It just wasn't something you could get together. Probably because, too, we had such a number of them. There used to be maybe fifty—maybe only forty on the campus when I went to school. And now, we give out in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty awards a year. Now, of course, a lot of those are repeaters. But there are always at least forty or fifty new ones. So you can imagine how many Block N people who would qualify to join the Block N.

They did, for a while, try to go along with paying dues. Those who didn't pay their dues were automatically out. You couldn't belong to the society. And actually, today, I don't know of a project they have. And I don't know if they even have an organization now. But every once in a while, we'd try to stir 'em up. And it would be wonderful. But I think probably the

numbers. There must be on this campus right now two hundred and fifty Block N members. And that would include the hundred and fifty who will earn their Block N. And some of 'em who have earned it are not out for sports. So I think numbers sometimes hurt organizations. And I think that's what happened to the Block N.

Every year, we used to have a party at the end of the year. That was a real top social. I know all the young women students on the campus felt very important if they got an invitation to that. It was almost like the proms are. And that, of course, died out with very little income. Unless they just put money in the pot themselves, why, there wasn't any money to put on a party. But they had some real fine ones, I can recall many I went to when I was in school, and even some that I chaperoned (I use the term lightly). Afterwards, I served, probably, as a coach here, for about fifteen years as the advisor to the Block N, and I tried to keep it alive all the time. And we did a pretty good job, but down the stretch, it just didn't work out, and we had to take the concessions away and work something else out. And eventually, they dwindled. We had various people—[Willis J.] Bill Ireland at one time was advisor, and that's over ten years ago. And then, as I say, we got Chuck Walker here a few years back, and I think Jack Cook undertook organizing 'em here about two years ago. I really wouldn't know their status right now. I don't think they're very active.

I was the director of quite a few high school regional and state track meets here on Mackay Field. We used to host it every year, and the Block N were actually the host. I think that they were successful. I will have to admit, though, that a lot of the members didn't do much. It always fell on the hands of a few to do all the work, and I recall several times coming up here at about five in the morning

and lining the field with maybe one student, lining the track (that was an old cinder track during those days), and getting everything set, and all the equipment out and everything ready to go, and that would take about four and a half hours. And then at nine o'clock, they'd have their meeting for drawing in the heats, and I'd handle that, and then I'd go out and start the meet. And that was all right at first, but every year it seemed to be shorter of helpers. And then, of course, we continued to do it. We worked it out some way until the high schools themselves, under the Interscholastic League, started to work it out.

But some of our parties were real good. We had—oh, I recall one time, we had a real fine barbecue. Another time, they even wanted to have a formal dance. Somebody got ambitious to wear a tux, and I don't think that was too successful because we didn't have too many come. You know, there just wasn't—it just didn't work out for the average person to go and rent a tux. This was mandatory. This wasn't like O'Callahan's [inaugural] ball out here Friday, where I see you're allowed to come in a dark suit if you want to. But those days, everybody thought that was the thing, I guess. You had to make it big league.

But they were pretty successful. They usually used to make between five, six, sometimes eight hundred dollars in their concessions over the year and then could put on a pretty good party. Some of 'em, we had barbecues outside, off the campus. Sometimes we got a little wild, and the chaperones had to hide. But as we say, boys will be boys. They were a good organization. I think it's too bad that we can't get 'em organized now.

It just so happens that so many.—I shouldn't say anything against the Sundowners, but actually, the majority of the Sundowners are Block N people. I don't like to have that stigma go to athletics. I was a Sundowner myself

when I was in school. I felt the organization was real fine. I think at times they're all right here, but they've been out of line a little bit. I think they've run into trouble with the dean of men several times. And these kids, when they get a little bit overdoing it—after all, I'm not so stuffy that I can't see college kids doin' some things a little off-key once in a while. But I think they overdid it for a while there. I think they still operate pretty well. They do some good, too, so I'm not goin' to condemn 'em.

The original Sundowners were not allowed to do anything on the campus, original Sundowners club. They were not allowed. Everything had to be off the campus. Well, that is one of the changes. See, they want to be seen, and they do things on the campus. I certainly have criticized, I criticized them directly, too, about doin' it, because I tell 'em "I'm one of your alumni, and I want somethin' to be proud of." It's a good fellowship organization. But as I say, I think that's the only organized area that the Block N are in now. [Laughing] They're Sundowners. As a club, very little, though.

I keep thinkin' of the Sundowners and the Block N at old Mackay Day when the Block N participated as a group there, too, in the cleaning up. Of course, you don't need that now.

DEALING WITH THE NEWS MEDIA

I've been interviewed a lot by reporters. Sure, when you're in coaching, that's—the sport pages have to put something in there. And usually, they go to the coach, and the coach probably is the best source to get, as I say, from the horse's mouth. I probably haven't been too successful with the news media for many reasons. One of the reasons is, I think a lot of things are said before a game

and after a game that could be considered clichés that often people say. And I was never inclined that way. I either got beat, or I won. And I often have said—I was more or less put on the pan in a snail way, we can say, by the Sierra Nevada Sportswriters and Broadcasters when I was coaching on occasion because I wouldn't have the statistics of a game. Now, of course, things have moved ahead and everybody loves statistics. I used to always tell 'em the only statistic I was concerned with was who won and who lost, the score. Who scored or who made all the points or who made all the touchdowns never bothered me. I knew if they played well, I felt. And if they didn't, why, they'd soon hear from me. So maybe I was just careless in that respect. I never had the personnel, of course, to work with me. I mean, now, there's about six people working on these different things for the news media. You have an information director, which I never had. We have a statistic man that I never had. I'd have to take care of those things myself or through some student. But it was more or less in a kidding nature that they used to get on my back for it.

There were a lot of times that a sportswriter or a broadcaster or any news media man would come, and he likes to have you say something. They'll ask you leading questions. And maybe my attitude—maybe I'm old-fashioned. I felt that, don't wash my linen in public, I just make a statement, and that's it. They ask me a question, I give 'em an answer. And over the years, I think some of 'em felt that because of my antics during a game, I guess they thought I'd be similar outside. But I always had a tendency to clam up. I would tell 'em the facts, and if they wanted to have any prophecy about a game, I'd tell 'em how it looked, and that's it. I'd never make any wild promises, nor did I ever alibi. When we got beat, we got beat. Well that doesn't make

very good writing, and I suppose sometimes they felt I was lettin' 'em down.

But all in all, with the news media, I seemed to get along better with the news media away from Reno more than I did with it being here. I have a lot of good friends in the news media. In fact, probably all of my coaching time at the University of Nevada, the *Nevada State Journal*, the head of sports down there was Ty Cobb, who is at present business manager, or a business manager, I believe, of the *Nevada State Journal*, or general manager (he has several titles). And I had Ty in high school. He played basketball for me at Virginia City. So naturally, I had an in with Ty. And I thought Ty was one—and I still think, he's one of the best sportswriters on the West Coast, and has no superior in this area. He reported real well, and he had a fine way with a pen, and yet he was very easy to talk to, and seemed to always give the facts. And that, I think, [is] important.

I know a lot of color is necessary. They like to color up some of their stories. And there were different ones during my time. Maybe it wasn't expected as much during my time as it is now. They have so many reporters on different papers and television, or—. I know the idea of the sportswriter, of course, is the scoop and the color and the controversy. I think that we're human beings, and I can't blame them for wanting to get this type of thing. I think the average human being, the average person, will buy a paper or read a paper quicker when there's controversial news in there than not. That doesn't help somebody who might be on the bad end of the stick. But I guess it's part of life.

Well, I gave them plenty to write about sometimes that I wish they had never said [laughing]. And probably some of the things I did, I wished I hadn't. But I was never one that felt I had no weaknesses. I've had plenty.

Most of the time, I'd say, they cooperated real well. Once in a while, you get one that might not get the picture. And particularly do I dislike criticism of a program, even our program right now. And different things that happen appear by news media without finding out the facts. This is the big weakness, I think. I'm not going to tell you I'm a junior Agnew at this time, but at the same time, I do feel that oftentimes, with the desire for the color, the controversy, the thing that will sell papers, I suppose, and help your advertising oftentimes hurts and is unfair to the people involved, can be unfair to coaches. By the same token, those same coaches, when they're successful, the news media build 'em up into a—you know, almost a halo around their head. So I guess if you lap it up on one end, you got to be able to take it on the other end. This is a funny thing.

I think we all like to read about ourselves. I'm sometimes embarrassed about—particularly if somebody tells me what thing I did, and if the truth were known, I didn't have anything to do with it at all, then I kind of feel kinda "two-bitty," I guess.

But all in all, they're a very important part, sure, of athletics. I'm sure that we have some very fine ones here in Reno. And if their efforts are directed in the right way—. We may be doing something up here athletically that they don't agree with. Well, that's their kettle, if they want it. But decisions have to be made, and heavy hangs the head that wears the crown, always. I sometimes think that maybe—as I say, I love competition [laughing] oftentimes. In that area, I find I can't fight back, and that [laughing] kinda bothers. I imagine that affects a lot of coaches.

But all in all, a very necessary part, and some very wonderful people, and some wonderful stories I've had. Fortunately, some of 'em were leading—some of my athletes are leading sports media people in town. When I

talked about Ty Cobb, I could mention Rollan Melton and some of the [others].

Rollan Melton played football for me, came out of Fallon and was a very fine student. And then, of course, he took journalism, became a sportswriter, and did a wonderful job. I thought he was a great contributor to the success of Nevada's athletics during his period there, as several others I've mentioned before [were]. I recall back in 1959, when I retired from coaching and was just goin' to handle the athletic director's job, that I was given a testimonial by a lot of people connected with it. I've been accused of having drummed it up myself, which [laughing] I don't want to admit to. But anyway, some of the things that were said and done at that time—I recall both Ty and Rollan made a lot of statements that I'm sure were very much exaggerated. But it's always nice to read something nice about yourself in print. I guess I'm as susceptible as the next guy. And they did a wonderful job in some of the things they mentioned I stood for. I appreciated very much their feeling on those things, and I'm sure they were sincere. Well, they also know a lot of things about me that they didn't put in there, and [laughing] I don't blame 'em—might not be readable!

These are some of the things that are so wonderful with the news media. They've got such a way, a flourish with the pen, that they can make things sound—you know, real—well, like I say, the superman, or the halo, and I'm far from that, I know [laughing]. So, of course, in the privacy of my own home, I probably read 'em and start believin' 'em myself. But realities soon crop up, and I know it's not true [laughing]. But it's great. It's a great thing. I think it's great. People who can write the news are—I admire 'em because they can put things in such a fine way. They can make you look good when you should be looking bad. And they can go the other way, too.

Sometimes when things're piled up against a coach or a school—. Naturally, I'm prejudiced. Whenever something is said, you know, that might make the University of Nevada athletic program sound bad—even though I'm not in it now in that capacity, I still have that same feeling, and I suppose it's a hard one to—it's almost like your family. And so when these things're said, I react and probably forget all the good things that were said. So let's say all in all, I have enjoyed many contacts with various news media all over.

[On another side of the news media question, what do I think the news media have done to attendance at football and basketball games by televising or broadcasting? Do I think this keeps people away, or does it make them come more readily?] I've heard that, and the terminology, which is the best way of put it, "keep them away." I don't like to say that it keeps them away. I think the radio was a help. Now, I'm talkin' about broadcasting of games. Now, I'm not talking about the radio—about the radio and television in advertising, pre-game. Broadcasting of the games, live, yes. And even delayed broadcasts. I, at the present time, am working a little bit with KTVN doin' color on some athletic events, a very small part do I play. So naturally, I'm not goin' to make anything real derogatory toward anybody. But the radio seemed to help at first, and then maybe leveled out. But I never would say that radio hurt attendance. I think the fact that I might listen to a game on the radio on this Saturday, the following Saturday I might go because of the picture the announcer painted for me. I get an anxiety to go see what that looked like. Even though I might know the sport, and have even played it, I suddenly can become interested from a live radio broadcast. And on the other hand, I would say that there are people who will stay home rather than brave the crowd, or weather,

or the inconvenience of traveling to and from and then gettin' their car back out of there, and so on. So it could have an effect both ways. So all in all, I always felt the radio was good.

Now, with television coming in, it makes a little difference. I had occasion last year to go to several games at the Coliseum in Los Angeles. When I say several, I'll take that back and say I went to three, two college games and one professional game. And getting in and out of the Coliseum— as anybody who's been there will certainly understand how non-exaggerated I am when I say it's a mess getting out of there with your car. Besides the game time, it's almost a three-hour job, if you live three miles away, of going to and getting back, because of parking and jamming and traffic getting out. It even got to a point the third time we went last fall, we waited for about an hour and a quarter after the game before we ever attempted to start, and even then, it was getting out—. These things exist for your big games.

Now, to counteract this in many cases, they black out locally. There was quite an article, or quite a bit of publicity on the [San Francisco] Forty-finer-Oakland Raider game in pro football about two weeks ago, and how it would be a boon to Reno because people in the Bay area could not see the broadcast, and so they'd come up to Reno. And there were a lot of clubs here who were making conveniences for people to come up. And, of course, we're a tourist town, and it was a real fine weekend. The blacking out has helped to a great extent.

Let's take professional boxing matches. If they're attractive, you know, particularly if some of the top heavyweights in the country are fighting, they're closing television. And you have to pay to go into an area. It's a closed circuit deal. Bud Traynor does that here in Reno. He did it for the Mohammed Ali fight with—well, Bonavena was one, and then he

had one before that, and it definitely will be done for his fight with [Joe] Frazier, which will be, I suppose, the real champion. There have been various activities done. We have a broadcast activity in our WCAC basketball. And it is lucrative, to a point, for the schools in the WCAC. All the money that comes in goes into a pot and is split among the schools. And last year, the amount allotted to each school after it was over and all expenses paid was something like \$5,000 apiece. So it turns out that it *is* going back and *can* go back, particularly in television, to the schools involved.

Now, when you say, does it hurt the crowd, we, as athletic directors or business managers, they always say, "Does it hurt the gate?" If you can get five, six thousand people over here for a game at two dollars a head, that's \$12,000. Now, we know that doesn't happen because our students come free on their student body card, and there're a lot of other areas that come. So let's say we would make \$10,000 (that would be more than we would) in a game if that happened. If we lost five hundred or a thousand people, we'd still be ahead if we got a return on the television part, if they gave us the money back. Now, this, of course, in the WCAC I'm talkin' about is just basketball. Each school is doing it.

I think it's been worked out, with this blackout area, with this closed circuit, with the NCAA getting into the act, and the conferences getting some of the income back from television for participation of their conference teams. I think it's obvious that television, at first, really hurt. And so realizing it, they are adjusting. I think it's very necessary. I would say that if we had a game here with, say, Sacramento State, and at the same time Notre Dame and Michigan or Ohio State, or whatever, were playing at the same time, and it was on live television, it would cut our crowd

in half because—unless it's a real attractive activity; like Homecoming, for example, we always get a good crowd. But it can hurt. That I think that's been regulated very well.

Radio I don't think has hurt. I think it's good advertising. These radio people—I know Bob Stoddard had ours for quite a bit of the time. He has the high schools now. And the last couple years, KOLO has had it, and they've done a real fine job, and they've contributed more than they've ever taken away, I'm sure, from our broadcast. Also, the good part of it is for the citizens of the area when we're away. KOLO, in particular, the last two years, have done a wonderful job of getting the game broadcast live here in Reno when we've been away, like in Los Angeles or San Francisco. And this, of course, is the good part. So in the overall, I would say radio never has hurt. Television did, because of the ability to see a big league game, so-called, the big universities playing when your own local is. And that has been a problem, and it's been hashed about. And I think the solutions have been real good. So I'd rather put it that way than—. From a dollars and cents standpoint, it's goin' to be a tough—it'd be real tough to make a decision on what interferes with what. I'm sure that television did it first, though, and would, if we continued having the big game broadcast [at] the same time in our community here when we're playing a football game at Mackay Stadium. And I'm sure that's true in most cases.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS: THEIR ATTITUDES ON ATHLETICS

During the time I've been here—let's say when I first came to school, of course, our president was Walter Clark, Sr., a very fine and distinguished man, and I thought the world of him. I had a few confrontations with him as an ornery freshman, but I realized that he was

doing his job. And I understand he was about the fifth president. I know when the school was in Elko, they didn't have presidents; they had principals or headmasters or deans, or whatever. But actually, I can go on back quite a ways.

Dr. Clark, I think, came in about 1917, and he was here for a good many years; 1939, I think, is when he left, retired. He was always a great support for athletics. I don't think he was narrow in wanting athletics above all, but he certainly was well balanced in his program at the University. And athletically, I think he gave as much support as any president we ever had. His son, as I had mentioned before, was a teammate of mine on a basketball team during the late '20's, when I was an undergraduate, Walter, Jr., who now has a very prominent place on the campus, I believe, in the history of the school and some of the educational activities of the state. And I know he's a great writer. He has several outstanding books; some of 'em even were made pictures of. And then Walt also, at one time when he was living in Virginia City when he was writing, he even coached the basketball team there. So we have something in common. I had coached there way back in 1932 to '36.

Well, I think it's only natural for us all to look back and say "the good old days." I guess it doesn't make a great deal of difference. I suppose these youngsters we got now are goin' to be lookin' back thirty years from now and sayin' "the good old days when we were in school," and there'll be some other changes. I often wonder—I think the smallness of the school when I first came—and I have always felt that that's the greatest heritage we have, is that small school, that spirit of survival, that battle-born, I guess you could say— with a "battle-born state."

I keep thinkin' about the olden days even before I came. You know, about the beginning

of the school. And it was, I see—it was '74. And it was, I believe, '84 when it was moved here. And I was recalling that president Clark, who was here (actually, he was a wonderful, wonderful man), and he was about the fifth president of the school. I guess Brown and Jones didn't last too long. They weren't here too long, and I believe Hendrick, and then came Stubbs. He had quite a long time, and then came Dr. Clark. And he was the president right through my time; I guess 1917, he became president, right up through 'til he left in '39. I remember Dr. Hartman. See, I was coaching down in California then, and then Dr. Hartman, of course, was the president when I came up here to coach in '42. So when I think of the history of Nevada, it's practically my history, too, ever since I was nineteen, when I first came here, even though I was away for five years from the area.

It is rather interesting. I suppose, to me, these things are much more interesting than they would be to somebody, say, your time or a youngster's time right now in school. Now, if we have this celebration in '74, I suppose most of these kids won't be here, but there'll be another crop, and they'll take part. But they'll never be able to appreciate the things that we can go back and do. I never realized I'd ever get to this stage, where I would be interested, too much, in the past. I'm just like any other kid, I guess, at that time. I just thought of myself and the present. But this'll be real interesting, I think.

Dr. Clark, I thought, had a great appearance as a president. He had that distinguished look, sort of a—sometimes maybe haughty, but it looked solid. He always made you think of a real—. And athletically, he was very strong. I had a little incident happen down in a game with University of California. I had a little altercation, we call it, near the end of the game, and it was pretty tight for a while. Then

we got behind, and I suppose I was irritated, but two of us were thrown out— that is, a California guy and I. And I had to go by the California rooting section on the way to the dressing room. And they give me a bad go, and I made a gesture, I remember, that was never appreciated by Dr. Clark. Because about a week later, in the *Sagebrush* was written by Dr. Clark “a rather sad occasion when an athlete would get out of line.” And I later went over to see him, and I told him I wanted to tell him I was sorry of anything like that had happened. I didn't know him from Adam, and, of course, at that stage, I was just a freshman. I was a little half-scared of a president. I explained to him, I said, “Well, I took quite a beatin' comin' out of there, and I just retaliated.”

“Well,” he said, “I guess that'll happen,” he says. “You just have to realize,” he says, “how important those things are to a school, that's the image,” talks about the school— “you represent the school.” He was real good about it.

But I told him, I said, “I still don't think you should've written that editorial.” It [laughing] took him back a little bit.

But after that, that gave me the chance to know him. So a lot of good comes out of some of the bad sometimes. And any time he'd see me, he was very interested in the athletic program at the University, and I got to know him real well. And then, of course, afterwards, I came back as a coach, he was an emeritus, and he and Mrs. Clark would come to all the games. And later on, as athletic director, I saw that he had seats and passes, and always enjoyed he and Mrs. Clark real well.

But you know, when you're a freshman— now, maybe not today—I don't think so. They're a little more brash. But in those days, we were scared of a top administrator [laughing]. We didn't know whether to say hello or just sit there and wait 'til he spoke. But

I really thought he was a great man, a fine man, as most all the others who came after him.

But I do notice that. That's something that came to me the other day. So few presidents since I saw the president. It's almost like I'd seen Lincoln. But I haven't been back *that* far.

Following Dr. Clark's retirement, Dr. Hartman came in. He was the head of the physics department. I don't think his interests were as great and as broad as Dr. Clark's, but he was a very fine man, and a well-respected man. And it's a little tough to come out of a physics laboratory and run a school. But I think he did a very fine job. I recall Jim Aiken, a very colorful coach that I worked under, who came here in 1939, and Dr. Hartman had just been made president. And one of the things they did, at Jim's suggestion, was to travel around the state.

The two people were exact opposites. Jim was a real outgoing guy with a great sense of humor, and Dr. Hartman was rather quiet. But Jim told me about some of the things that happened goin' around the state and some of the places they went into that Dr. Hartman was never aware of. And Jim, having come from a coal mining district in Ohio and Pennsylvania, knew this type of people pretty well. And it was rather interesting because they were so opposite. Yet, they were, and did become such wonderful friends. Dr. Hartman, I don't think, thought athletics was a very important part of college. But before Jim got through with him that first year, he was one of the big supporters.

So he did. He went along with a lot of things, and would take Jim's suggestions on a lot of things. And I think, because of Jim's personality, Dr. Hartman did a real fine job athletically. But they were such opposite types, I can't help but— I can visualize the trip and some of the places in Nevada that Jim would take Dr. Hartman. And I imagine Dr. Hartman was real thrilled about learning a lot that

probably a lot of university professors don't get a chance to learn [laughing], being around an athletic coach like Jim Aiken.

Dr. Hartman, however, unfortunately, he passed away. I wouldn't necessarily say the strain of the teaching; I think probably just an illness that would come normally. And the interim president was named Charlie Gorman, who at that time was the comptroller.

Now, Charlie Gorman was a very fine friend of athletics. Of course, I, just getting started here under Dr. Hartman's last year or two, I got a lot of help from Mr. Gorman. He was very fine. Well, he was an old-time Nevadan, a Nevada family, and he had that feeling of informality, I think, that really spells the word. You could talk to him on anything. I wouldn't say the others before him were hard to get to, but in those days, they sort of did hold a little stronger place, and sometimes you didn't just run to 'em for every little thing you wanted. But Charlie was a wonderful man, I thought. And, of course, unfortunately, he since has passed away.

He was the comptroller here, had been in the banking business before he got here. It was decided to bring in a regular— and as I say, Mr. Gorman was just the interim president. They brought in a man from Tennessee, Dr. John Moseley. I mentioned an incident in Tulsa in which I had made the statement to Coach Sheeketski who was then our head coach and athletic director, he had started emancipation in the South. And Dr. Moseley was involved in this, and was rather concerned about the decision to play a black student. And as I had mentioned before, it turned out to be a wonderful thing. The people accepted him very well, and I know Dr. Moseley, after it was over, was glad it happened. However, he was a little apprehensive about what might happen, as those things can flare up. And everything worked out well.

Dr. Moseley retired from the position as president, and following him was Gilbert Parker. He was a colonel in the ROTC here. And about that time, I think there were several generals and colonels and people in the Army, [who] because of their experience, were given jobs in different schools. And I think Colonel Parker joined up. He was a real fine man and had done a wonderful job as the head of the ROTC here, and did a real fine job as president. However, he was not a doctor of education, and sometimes those things come up. I don't know about his relations with the faculty, but athletically, he was a very interested president and joined a long list of men who always gave great support to athletics.

Following him, Colonel Parker left, and Dr. Malcolm Love came in. Just within the past year, in fact, about two years ago, Malcolm Love, who left Nevada about 1952, went to San Diego State as assistant president, became the president, was selected as the "man of the year" down there, and just recently, when he retired, was given a tremendous testimonial. I felt real proud that I got an invitation because of my connection with the man back in the tough going times, you might say, of the 1952.

Of course, from Jim Aiken's time through Coach Sheeketski's time, from 1939 to 1950, athletics was pretty much controlled by a board of alumni, students, and some faculty representatives. The administration did not concern itself too much with the running of the operation. And, of course, when the time came when Dr. Love came in as president, it was during that time that football was dropped due to some heavy bills that were out. Finances just weren't available, and they didn't feel they could keep the program going with the schedule we had. In other words, it was a buildup for about ten years of a program that I think was not realistic. There was a feeling that Nevada could join

the ranks of the big time people, particularly in football. That was the push, and I just think they bit off more than they could chew, and consequently, financially, just couldn't complete the program.

And it was under Dr. Love's regime here that this happened. And Joe Sheeketski, who was the head football coach and athletic director, was, of course, relieved of his job, and his contract was paid up. And Dr. Love asked me to handle the job of director of athletics. I enjoyed workin' under him, although it was short-lived. Dr. Love was not here but about three years, and he left.

Of course, our program then changed from a so-called subsidized one to just plain—we referred to at that time, as "the students." And no financial help was given in way of subsidies. We still had a financial situation that was worked out through student body fees and help from the University budget to maintain a program, although football was dropped for a year.

Dr. Love, at the instigation or initiative of a good many students who went to him to get football back as a sport, decided to have a questionnaire out, sort of get an idea of what people wanted. And it was almost unanimous that we return to football. Dr. Love, I'm sure, did not realize the size of that project, but he did, and I knew we'd have to return in a small way to keep our heads above water. With everybody recruiting, we were going to have a hard time finding opposition that could be our caliber. But we did bring football back, played four games in 1952, after having none in 1951. 1953, we had five games, 1954 we had seven. In the meantime, I'm the head coach, as well as coaching other sports that we had, with just one assistant for all the sports we were having. We had about six of them then. A few part-time men worked in some of the minor areas, but in the major areas, why, just two of us.

Then Dr. Stout came in. And he was a booster of athletics. He felt they were a very important part of university life. However, because of his experience in schools in the Middle West, similar to the one we had, of going too far without the finances, he felt that we should keep a purity program. And in fact, he insisted on it. And even waivers that exist today on fees and tuition that we are allowed and were even allowed before that under Coach Aiken and Coach Sheeketski, he eliminated. And so there were a few rough years there with that type of program, tryin' to find somebody to play that was using the same policy we were. And then we brought Gordon McEachron in as head coach. And prior to that, Dr. Stout was relieved of the office of president.

There was quite a controversy during his time. Dr. Stout, as far as I'm concerned, and as far as my work with him, I have every confidence in his ability, and I have a great respect for him. He started out, I think, to do the bidding of the Board of Regents. And as times are now (and they were almost that type then), people didn't want to be told. And I think he was given an assignment to do and became more or less the goat— or, let's call him the guinea pig, and through no fault of the Regents. They meant to do what they wanted. But he was in the position as president to do their bidding, and I think the controversies that flared up were just too bad that they did. But then, that's part of life, too, and I'm sure Dr. Stout did a tremendous job here in building, getting buildings started. He did a fine job in getting faculty salaries up to what were considered then, from what were under to up in a pace with other schools. And he is at present in education in a capacity of administration at Arizona State in Tempe, and does a real fine job. He's a real fine educator.

Following him, they had his vice president, Dr. Bill Wood, who was interim, and also in the running, more or less, to become president. A real fine man and had been a fine basketball player himself, so naturally I'm prejudiced in his favor. A very personable man, a man who takes great interest in wherever he went. He probably knew the history of Nevada better than most of us who've been around here for years in about a year. He's that type of man. At present, a real pioneer, president of the University of Alaska. Even though he was in the running, that was quite a go there for a while with the Regents, and so they decided that probably they should make a change, complete. I'm sure that it wasn't any inefficiency that Bill would've had, but it was just one of those things, and Dr. Armstrong was named as president. And Dr. Wood took the job at the University of Alaska. And I since have had occasion to see him several times. In fact, we had our team go up and play his in basketball several years back. And then he makes a trip to the Mainland, or whatever you call it, once in a while. And he has a very fine family. I knew him very well.

Dr. Armstrong was here for several years, was a good support for athletics, was concerned, of course, about our program. And at the time, there was a lot of feeling that we should get out of the Far Western Conference, which we had gone into in 1952, a feeling that we should be in a stronger conference. And several attempts were made on the part of the presidents in the western universities, the schools. And Dr. Armstrong attended a couple of these sort of, you might say, initial meetings to try to form some other type of conference. Even the Big Sky, he was very much concerned with that and just what Nevada could do, and took a great interest, and, as I say, attended several meetings with other presidents trying to reorganize some kind of a conference. A lot

of things were—oh, a lot of obstacles, of course, finances being the main one, and then, of course, distance of travel eliminated a lot of the possibilities that we'd have in the western states.

Following Dr. Armstrong, I guess you can say Mr. Neil Humphrey was made president. But Dr. N. Edd Miller, our present president, was named chancellor, and, of course, we had a switch in titles as to just how it would be worked, with the University of Nevada Southern, of course, being in the—or, rather, the University of Nevada, Las Vegas (I better get that right; there might be another feud). And, of course, Dr. Miller, our current president, came in as chancellor and then changed to president.

And Dr. Miller has always shown a great deal of interest in our athletic program. All during this period, from, well, the present, up to two years ago, we were in the Far Western Conference, and as I say, during Dr. Armstrong's time, there were a lot of moves on the part of alumni and some of the coaches, and even the students to get out of the conference because of the rules and strict rules of subsidies—they didn't allow any. It came to a head here about two years ago, mainly through the coaches. They wanted it. I can't say that I anticipated leaving the conference, and I'm sure Dr. Miller didn't. We were quite apprehensive about what would—what do you do? It's great to change, but what to you change to? I think that's been what's wrong with a lot of decisions in this school and community and state, and even in the world. I think everybody wants change, but nobody will give you the answers.

The pressure was to leave, and there were a few things in the Far Western Conference that we weren't happy with, and Dr. Miller realized them. We had hoped to make some changes. Their policy was not realistic. They didn't want any subsidies. They acted like it

was a "purity" situation and bragged about it, but in a sense quite hypocritical, I think, because no football team, in a conference, in particular, was surviving under the rules. And they were all surviving. So you take your choice as to what was goin' on.

I didn't anticipate leaving too much. But when the pressure is so strong, and the feeling is that the community and the state could not participate in our program (which is good, as long as they don't run it), I felt that from 1939 to 1951, during that period, that the athletic board ran it pretty independent of the administration. And a lot of the headaches that existed in 1950 came as a result of that. The administration, from the president on down, were not involved enough, and I'm sure some of that could've been stopped. Again, I don't want to criticize what people were doing during that time. They meant well, and they were doing their best. They had an idea, and it just wasn't able to work out financially.

It's rather interesting to note that during all these times, through some ten or eleven presidents I guess I've named, the coaches seemed to keep pace in football. We have been referred to as a football graveyard, football coach graveyard. From Courtwright in 1920's, the early 1920's, to Scattini, Jerry Scattini, our current football coach, we've had eleven of those. From Dr. Clark to Dr. Miller, we've had eleven [presidents]. I wouldn't say they were all goin' out at the same time. It wasn't a package deal, but it just so happened that that did change. And I think the reason, maybe, behind it is the appetite of the area was just too big for what we should do. There is still that same feeling, that Nevada is not up high enough in the football ranks. But too many people who think that don't look around 'em to see how many other state universities, even, and schools as big as we are have had the same problem. And how realistic to be?

THE BOARD OF REGENTS AND THE SPORTS PROGRAM

I think a word should be said, probably, of the Board of Regents [and others] and their interest in athletics. I have found that they have always been, over all the years that I've been connected with the University of Nevada—and I can go back to when I played and Si Ross was the chairman. And Si Ross did my brother and I many favors here as a couple of young characters that didn't have any money. But these people on the Regents at that time were very interested in athletics. And I can remember Buck Shaw was leaving at the end of the season in '28. He had taken a job as the line coach at Santa Clara under Clipper Smith. And Philbrook was coming in. And the great support that what they called the Sagebrush Club at that time, the Sagebrushers, which was nothing else but a type of booster club. And they even subsidized a hundred percent for athletes to come in as far back—now we go back forty years. And money was not as plentiful then. Of course, it didn't cost as much, either, to go to school. But they even had a house where everybody stayed.

Welt, of course, this, what r was talkin' about, was in football. That was what they were concerned with. And it's always been king, football, at Nevada. I use that term because that's what term they use a lot. Everything is geared to football. However, schools're changing now. At one time, the football program supported the rest of the sports. I think probably when you went to school, you knew of that. This was the way; football gates supported the other sports. I don't think it ever was too realistic at Nevada because we've always had a small stadium, but I imagine, to a certain extent, it did years back. But that was the reason why the patterns were such. They're hire the football coach, and then he'd

bring in players, and they'd help 'em out. So this recruiting is nothing new.

But all through the years, the Board of Regents were always aware. I know when they called off football in 1951, it was a very reluctant decision they had to make. And I know we brought that up earlier, about the feeling against them. But they were the people that had to make the decision. You know, it's easy to sit back—I've always told players, "When you're sittin' on the bench, you never make a mistake. When you're in there, you're bound to make mistakes." Not that I'm sayin' the Regents made a mistake. But you have to make a decision. Whether you hit a home run or bunt is the decision a baseball manager makes every day. And if it doesn't work out, he's wrong. If it works out, he's right. So it's a guessing proposition. And sometimes you don't know. Now, where could we go with a lot of red ink? I knew that the Board of Regents had to do something, and I was right in the middle of it, and understood.

And sure, a lot of people concerned wouldn't like to have it. Joe Sheeketski, the head football coach, wouldn't like to have it happen. And it wasn't necessarily his fault, either. And the chairman of the board at the time would naturally be against it. But something had to be done, and somebody had to make a decision. And all those people who made it hated to see football leave, but thought it was better to take a look and sort of start from scratch again.

And I don't know whether the lesson's learned. Times change. Personnel on the boards change, personnel in towns change. A lot of the people who played or went to school who didn't understand the problems of the 1940's are now in the saddle, so to speak, makin' the decisions as boosters and as alumni. And maybe they don't know. Probably that was the reason why some of them would think that I have too many scars from having

gone into the “red ink” business, and that I was losing my grip, which, personally, I—I just make decisions for the best. It’s too late for me to worry about my own individual situation, and has been, always. I’ve always felt that way, that we’ve got to make the decisions right, and we’ve got to talk ‘em out, and we have to look at every viewpoint.

And even today, our Board of Regents has done a great deal. Our waivers, and every area that they help in has been great. Now, no matter how much you do for somebody, they always expect more, I think. And I don’t think people realize that our Board of Regents has always been a hundred percent, and have done many things. When you stop to think about the number of waivers, specifically, that we have athletically, that even though they are waivers, and the amounts are written off (there’s no cash involved), we have close to—I would say in the neighborhood of \$150,000 waived in fees and tuition. If you want to multiply about a hundred times a thousand, that’s what an out-of-state guy has, and then you add a hundred in-state, which is approximately \$250, you have a fourth of that, and you have \$125,000 in waivers alone, plus other areas that are helped. So I think, when everybody gets together and understands what each should do, I think that you can decide on the type of program they want. And I certainly have nothing but the best wishes for the success of a program in the future for Nevada, but I know it’s Nevada. It’s the type of state and the type of people, and the fact that we’re a state university, I’m a little—quite apprehensive about what Nevada Southern is tryin’ to do in football. What some of their projections and objectives they’ve stated, I’m a little afraid for their success, because football is that type of thing. But I wish them well. I hope they make me wrong. But I wonder.

CONCLUSION

[I would like to say something about my family.] Well, of course, I mentioned some things. My first wife passed away in 1949. My boy, Glenn J., Jr., at that time, was ten. And he's now a doctor. He's made out pretty good. I married again in 1951 to my present wife, Erma, who, prior to being married, she was a secretary for the graduate manager here for about six, seven years. And she's quite active in, oh, club work, church work. She even got in the library act here at the University. It's her nature. And as I say, I don't think she's overdoing it. But it's good, and it keeps her busy, keeps her active, other than just taking care of a household, which only amounts to myself and her. My son is married, has a little girl, Stephanie, six years old, and they're living in Los Angeles; in fact, they're living in Santa Monica. And he went through the grammar school here, St. Thomas, and Manogue High School, and one year at Loyola University. And then he came here his last three years at Nevada and went on to medical school at both Georgetown and UCLA.

My brother, who was out here with me, is a retired farmer. And when I say retired, I mean that. He isn't working very hard. He's a couple years older'n I am. He's eligible now for social Security, which shows how old I an. Oh, he golfs and lives in the same farm—in fact, the same house that we were born in. It's been painted a couple of times since that time. And he plays golf and bridge and has a little stock to keep him busy, and he—you know, puts up a little hay, and has a little corn, but nothing too strenuous.

Of course, the rest of my family are—I have two sisters in Los Angeles. I have another brother back in Iowa who is on another farm, Mark Lawlor. And then I have a sister, Sister Ethel (Catherine), who is a teacher in—she's in Green Bay now. She's a great fan of the Green Bay Packers [laughing]. And she's quite musical-minded. She's a music teacher. She's a Dominican nun and gets to visit out here, oh, periodically, once every two years. That about covers my immediate family. There's a lot of em running around the Middle West and the East Coast of the tree, but I'm not goin' into those

right now [laughing]. It's rather, oh, interesting to keep in touch. We keep in touch pretty much with each other. But, of course, as I say, I was the only one of my family here of any relation until the last couple of years. Some cousins of mine moved in, went to work here.

Well, I guess you could say if any of us were called extroverts, I guess I was the one. The rest of 'em've more or less conformed, I guess, all the time. We're a typical Irish group. We don't worry too much.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

Well, I might as well come right out and say my main plan's to loaf. I think I'm a confirmed loafer. I don't know, I've often thought of it. I know you have periods when you're—. Like for example, this Christmas. And, of course, this Christmas, I had no responsibilities here at the school, except any catch up I had to do in my classes, for the first time since I've been here. I've been either coaching or I've been athletic director. There's a lot of things to catch up with, books and budgets, and so on. So I actually had two weeks off for the first time in—around Christmastime for a long, long time. And my son's family came up for Christmas so we didn't have to go down there. So I was here all during the time. They were here for about four days. But I had about ten days. And you know, it was rather funny to think of what I was goin' to do. There's a lot of things I could do, hut I hated to start 'em, because I had to watch a football game every other hour, you know! And there's a lot of projects around that my wife can think of. But I know that wouldn't take too much time when I'd retire, when you've got a whole year on your hands. I probably would do something; I don't really know. I'm not really concerned about it right now. But I imagine I'll pick up something I want to do that won't tie me down too much. I definitely plan to play golf, which

I've become a nut on, so to speak, in the last two or three years. Prior to that time, I played very little, spasmodically. But I've learned to like it and enjoy it. And at my age, I'm sure it's the game I should be playing, rather than anything too strenuous.

Oh, maybe it'll be a relief, I think, when I—. It was a relief when I left athletics. Sure, I miss it, and, I miss the coaching. I miss the association with kids that I had but I've probably coached so much and so many sports and so many seasons that maybe I got a little of the edge off. I probably got so I cut corners a little bit. I found myself doin' that. And I never was that way. I used to be a stickler for details.

But the future, as far as I'm concerned—oh, sure, I have things we do, and visit, and work with different projects. A little club work and church work. But there's nothing that's goin' to take too much of my time, so I probably will pick up some—maybe I'll get a job. I've often thought about how easy a job it would be to just be a janitor in this gym, and come to work at a certain time and go home and not worry about anything all night. But I imagine they're pretty well spoken for. So I'll just say this, that I don't know. I'm goin' to take a good look, but anticipating that maybe I'd better do somethin', if I'm not too old and decrepit to do it. Maybe I'll just sit and watch TV and read. I certainly can catch up on a lot of reading. I don't think I've read a book completely through in ten years. Between the *Reader's Digest* and TV, I get all the information [laughing] I need, outside of what textbooks or outside reading in physical education I get. But there's a lot of things I don't know about, I'll guarantee you!

That's about the way I feel now. I'm not sure. I don't figure on retiring for another year and a half, if they can put up with me here. I don't know how much of a contribution I'm makin' in anything right now. But it'll be time enough then, I think, to make a decision.

ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, they have been reformatted, a process that was completed in early 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

A

Adrian, Father Anthony, 8-9, 12-13, 15
 Aiken, James "Jim," 34, 53, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 82, 83, 85, 86, 90-91, 102, 105, 119, 143-144, 145, 148, 219-221, 291-292, 294
 Alcindor, "Lew," 15
 Allen, George, 136-137
American Weekly, 247
 Anderson, Eddie, 85
 Anderson, Julian "Swede," 27
 Armanko, Mitch, 84
 Armstrong, Charles J., 298, 299
 Armstrong, Louis, 227
 Army Air Corps (U. S.), 67-68

B

Bailey, James C., 22, 27, 44, 65, 85
 Barber, Mr., 216
 Barger, William "Bill," 88
 Baseball, 9, 17-19, 24, 25, 35-41, 45, 62, 85, 86, 127, 159, 175, 202, 203
 Basketball, 4, 10-11, 15, 21, 22, 42, 43, 45, 62, 69, 70-71, 72-74, 75-82, 95, 96, 98, 116, 123, 126, 127, 149, 154, 155-157, 165, 172, 231-232, 244-246
 Baxter, Mert, 97-98
 Beasley, Scott, 74-75, 81, 87, 96
 Beattie, Bob, 193
 Belgians, 1
 Berry, Sam, 28
 Betty O'Neal mine (Nevada), 18-20
 Big Sky Conference, 141-142, 150

Binion, Benny, 102
 Bliss, Joe, 181
 Block N Society, 270-277
 Bogle, Charles, 47-48
 Boosters Club [University of Nevada], 84, 102-106, 122-123, 133, 143-144
 Borda, John, 98
 Bordagary, Stanley George "Frenchy," 37, 38-40
 Boxing, 95, 167-168, 176-182
 Boyd, Alex, 223
 Boykoff, H., 76
 Brady, Pat, 95
 Bream, Glen, 80
 Breckler, Paul, 171
 Broten, George A. "Art," 120, 130, 138
 Brown, Edmund G. "Pat," 190
 Brown, H. Monroe, 63
 Brown, Paul, 207
 Brussard, William, 190
 Burns, John "Pooch," 50-51, 52, 53-54

C

California Collegiate Boxing Conference, 167
 California State College at Hayward, 118
 Camelli, Dolph, 37
 Carlson, Tinnas, 88
 Casanova, Len, 93
 Chavez, Cesar, 60
 Chicago, Illinois, 9, 16
 Chicago Cubs, 40
 Chico State College, 109, 115, 117, 176
 City College of New York, 75
 Clark, Walter E., 35, 287-288, 289-291
 Clark, Walter Van Tilburg, 35, 288
 Cleveland Browns [professional football], 67

Cobb, Bill, 189
 Cobb, Ty, 179, 279, 281
 College of Siskiyous (Weed,
 California), 185
 Coletti, Edward S., 48
 Cook, Jack, 124, 160, 196,
 275
 Cooper, S. Hiney, 50
 Courtwright, Raymond O.,
 300
 Crocker, Molly, 48
 Crosetti, Frank, 36
 Cross-country, 196-198
 Crumley, Newton, 180
 Curtis, Archie, 216, 226,
 227

D

Damon, Lyle, 242
 Daniel, Billy, 194
 Dankworth, Richard T.
 "Dick," 124, 159-160,
 196
 Davis, Grant, 72, 77
 Delano, California, 59, 60,
 61, 70
 Demaree, Frank, 37, 40
 De Paoli, Reg, 98
 Desmond, Nora, 49
 Devine, "Bat," 180
 Dodge, Max, 72, 76, 81
 Douglas, Doug, 98
 Drakulich, "Chub," 239,
 244-245
 Drysdale, George H., 46-
 47, 48
 Drysdale, Mary Clark, 46
 Duquesne University, 79

E

Ensselin, Ted, 90
 Evans, Dick, 87

F

Far Western Conference,
 106, 113-125, 126, 127,
 129, 131, 140, 153, 160,
 165, 169, 171, 175, 177,
 194, 196, 197, 199, 204,
 258, 299-300
 Fernley, Nevada, 27
 Fisher, Hal, 72, 73, 76,
 81-82
 Fleet City (service basket-
 ball team), 75
 Flynn, John "Slug," 242
 Football, 21-22, 26, 34,
 50, 62, 67, 69, 70, 71,
 74, 82, 87, 88-96, 98,
 113-116, 118-119, 122-
 123, 124, 136, 139-140,
 143-149, 150, 153-155,
 157-158, 173, 231
 Fourth Ward School (Vir-
 ginia City, Nevada), 42,
 43
 Fradis, Tony, 37
 Frederick, Ray, 60, 62,
 66, 70
 Frost, Harry, 83-84, 106-
 107

G

Gallagher, Hugh, 48, 57
 Gallagher, Hugh, Sr., 57
 Gallagher, Mervin J., 58
 Gambling, 98-99, 102, 104
 Garvey, Jack, 15
 Georgetown University, 77-
 78
 Germans, 1
 Getchell, Louise M., 20
 Getchell, Noble H., 18-21
 Gianella, Vincent, 31
 Gillum, Horace, 216
 Gilmartin, Jack, 41, 44,
 57, 58
 Glass, Alton E., 23
 Golf, 165, 200

Gorman, Charles, 292-293
Graham, Otto, 206-207
Graves, Orsie, 69, 71, 82
Greene, Elmer, 211, 212
Grevich, Mel, 88
Grisillo, Glenn, 199
Gymnastics, 169-170, 204

H

Hart, James P. "Jap," 262
Hack, Stanley Camfield
 "Stan," 40
Hairston, Lawrence "Punjab,"
 210
Hall, Craig, 223
Hansen, Reynold, 27
Harlem Globetrotters, 57-
 58, 216
Harris, "Spud," 180
Hartman, Leon W., 289, 291-
 292
Haseaman, Charles, 29-30
Hawkins, Les, 188
Hayes, Harold, 74-75, 81,
 87, 93, 97
Heath, Stan, 89, 92, 95,
 215
Hicks, Charles R., 32
Hill, Jesse Terrill, 37,
 39
Hinch, Emmy, 45
Holman, Nat, 75
Hopper, Floyd, 88
Hopper, Fred, 88
Hovey, Alma, 2
Howard, Sherman, 89, 95,
 210, 211, 212, 214
Humboldt State College,
 117
Humphrey, Neil, 298

I

Iba, Hank, 79
Idaho State College, 177,
 181
Indiana State University,
 101

Iowa, 1-17
Ireland, Willis J. "Bill,"
 274
Irish, 1

J

Jensen, Jackie, 202, 203
Johnson, Ted, 96, 97
Jones, Howard, 28
Jones, J. Claude "Geology,"
 31

K

Kalminir, Tommy, 85, 87,
 89, 95
Kane, Harry, 194
Kilcoin (family), 7
Kinnick, Nile C., 87

L

Lane, Mills, 181
Lane, William "Bill," 37,
 38
Lapchick, Joe, 75-76
Larkin, Bert, 96, 98, 99-
 100
Larsen, Maxwell, 27
Laughter, Robert J., 138
Lawlor, Catherine (Sister
 Ethel), 2
Lawlor, Erma, 82, 305
Lawlor, Eugene "Gene," 7
Lawlor, Evelyn Evans, 49,
 305
Lawlor, Glenn J., Jr., 305
Lawlor, John, 1, 2-3, 6,
 7, 9, 16, 17, 18
Lawlor, Margaret, 2, 17
Lawlor, Mark, 306
Lawlor, Michael "Mike," 2,
 4, 7, 9, 11, 17-18, 20,
 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 305-
 306
Lawlor, Raymond "Red," 7
Lawlor, Stephanie, 305

Legarza, John, 98, 242
Leon, Fred, 88
Leonard, Chelton "Shelly,"
187-188
Levy, Art, 180
Libke, Joseph B., 96
Lindeman, "Duke," 89
Lombardi, Louis [M.D.],
84
Loper, Keith, 166, 194-196
Louisiana State University,
181
Love, Malcolm, 113-114, 139,
294, 295-296
Loyola University (Los
Angeles), 96

Mc

McDonnell, Joe T., 82-83
McEachron, Gordon, 117,
123, 124
McElroy, George, 44
McGill, Nevada, 24-25
McGuire, Dick "Mickey,"
75-76
McKay, John, 91, 121

M

Macias, Sammy, 181
Madison Square Garden, 73,
74
Magney, Mark, 184, 187
Malone, George "Molly,"
181-182
Marks, William, 47, 48
Martie, John E. "Doc," 13,
22, 24, 35, 56, 66, 68,
136
Martin, Johnny L. R.
"Pepper," 37
Mastroianni, Eugene, 69,
71
Melarky, James, 69, 71, 73,
77, 81
Melton, Rollan, 281, 282
Meyers, Pat, 188
Miller, N. Edd, 130, 298-
299

Mills Brothers, 227
Montgomery, Napoleon "Nap,"
224
Moose, J. E., 117
Moring, Lou, 37
Moseley, John, 212-215, 293
Motley, Marion, 67, 205,
206, 207-209, 210, 216,
220
Moylan, Bill, 76-77
Murgotten, Frank C., 34

N

NAIA, 72, 98, 99, 102
NCAA, 72, 126, 129, 131,
134, 153, 157, 162, 181,
187-188, 189, 191, 196
Newell, Lee, 194
Newell, Pete, 190

O

Obester, Roy, 47, 48
O'Connor, Bill, 15
O'Connor, Father Eddie,
11, 13
O'Connor, Kate, 48
Olivas, James, 167, 177,
180, 182, 202
Olson, Harold, 62, 66, 70
Orlich, Daniel, 89, 95
Osborne, Bill, 37
O'Shaughnessy, Robert, 69,
71, 73, 77, 81
Overlin, Harold "Hal," 28

P

Pacific Coast League [base-
ball], 36, 38
Paille, Harry, 69, 71, 82,
243
Paloni, Tony, 180
Parker, Gilbert, 293-294
Pepperdine Collete, 161,
162, 163
Peterson, Lee, 195

Philbrook, George, 26, 28,
29, 30, 36, 301
Psychology of Coaching, 137
Pullens, Mr., 58

R

Ray, Les, 96, 97, 241-242
Reed, Ed, 81
Regents, Board of, UNR,
301-304
Reno Chamber of Commerce,
190
Rickard, G. L. "Tex," 20
Rinehart, Ed, 88
Robinson, Carl M., 87-88,
90, 92
Ross, Silas Earl, 34, 301
Rusk, Wally, 180
Ruth, Herman "Babe," 9
Ruth, Nevada, 24-25

S

Sacramento, California
[baseball team], 36, 37
Sacramento State College,
117, 181
Sagebrush, 290
Sagebrush Club [University
of Nevada], 26
Sagebrush League, 45
St. Ambrose Catholic Acad-
emy (Davenport, Iowa), 7-
17
St. John's parochial
school (Victor, Iowa),
3-4, 6, 10-11
St. John's University, 73,
74, 76
St. Joseph's College (Phila-
delphia, Pennsylvania),
78
St. Louis Cardinals, 37
St. Mary's College [Calif-
ornia], 144
St. Patrick's parochial
school (Iowa City, Iowa),
10-11, 16

San Francisco Seals, 35-36
San Francisco State College,
117
San Jose State College, 177
Santa Clara, University,
21-22, 26, 56
Scattini, Jerry, 133, 254,
300
Schuchardt, Charles B.
"Shuey," 65, 68
Scranton, C. M. "Chet," 22-
23, 56
Sharkey, Ed, 87, 95
Shaw, Lawrence T. "Buck,"
17, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27,
56, 248, 301
Sheeketski, Joe, 83, 85,
86, 87, 90-91, 92, 212-
215, 294, 295
Sierra College (Auburn,
California), 185
Sierra Nevada Sportswriters
and Broadcasters Associa-
tion, 278
Sigma Nu fraternity (Univer-
sity of Nevada), 17-18,
23-24, 31
Simms, Kenny, 219-222
Skiing, 167, 168-169, 178-
179, 184-193
Smith, Maurice "Clipper,"
21, 301
Smithwick, Hugh, 116
Sonoma State College, 118
Sorenson, Alfred, 69-71
Southern Oregon College of
Education, 117
Spencer, Jackson M. "Jack,"
126, 132, 142, 217, 221,
224, 228
Sports Illustrated, 260
Stanford University, 71
Steinbacker, Henry John
"Hank," 37
Stoddard, Robert "Bob,"
286
Storey County [Nevada] High
School, 41-43, 49-50, 59
Stout, Minard W., 120, 265,
296-297
Sundowners, 276-277

T

Tabor, Alva, 210, 211, 212, 215
 Talcott, Donald, 87
 Tennis, 165, 198, 199-200
 Texas A and M, 96
 Thompson, Reuben C., 31-32, 34-35
 Tibbetts, Mr., 260, 261
 Trachok, Richard, 85, 87, 89, 126, 132, 133, 135, 138, 142, 153, 203, 216, 257
 Track, 62, 86, 95, 159-164
 Traner, Fred W., 33-34, 208
 Traynor, Bud, 285
 Triple A [baseball league], 36
 Truman, Dick, 243
 Twardokens, George, 188-189
 Twombly, Les, 29

University of Pacific [form. College of the Pacific], 108, 109, 163
 University of San Francisco, 91, 92, 144
 University of Santa Clara, 93-94, 96, 144
 University of Southern California (USC), 59, 91, 121
 University of Southern Illinois, 72
 University of Utah, 71
 University of Wisconsin, 177, 181

V

Van Brocklin, Norman, 91
 Victor, Iowa, 1, 3, 8
 Vidovich, Dan, 98
 Viet Nam, 97, 98
 Virginia City, Nevada, 41-54, 57, 58-59, 60, 179

U

University of California, 71, 176, 190-191
 University of California at Davis, 115, 117
 University of Dayton, 96
 University of Hawaii, 74-75
 University of Iowa, 87
 University of Montana, 75, 90
 University of Nevada, 17, 18, 21, 53, 56, 57, 65, 67, 76-304 *passim*.
 University of Nevada, Las Vegas, 161
 University of Notre Dame, 172
 University of Oklahoma (Tulsa), 212-215
 University of Oregon, 83, 90, 91, 92

W

Wagner, Robert "Shorty," 11
 Walker, Charles H. "Chuck," 273
 Wallace, Dick, 180
 Walsh, Ned, 73
 Walther, Jack, 29, 31, 84
 Western Collegiate Athletic Conference (WCAC), 125-143 *passim*., 153, 157, 159, 163, 165, 196, 199, 285
 Whitehead, Edwin "Tip," 27-28, 29
 Wichita State University, 96
 Wilson, Frank W. "Tim," 57
 Wingfield, George, 20
 Women's basketball, 204-205
 Women's football, 206

Wood, William, 297-298
Wooden, John, 15, 81
Wrestling, 165, 166, 170,
194-196

XYZ

York, Val, 232-233
Young, James R., 32-33, 237
Zalac, John, 45, 48

FOR REFERENCE ONLY

